00141341

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from
Hemendra Kothari
on 06 November, 2019

THE WORKS.

Of the CELEBRATED

1667 - 1723

Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

14341

CONTAINING

The WONDER.
The MAN BEWITCH'D.
GOTHAM ELECTION.
WIFE WELL MANAGED.
BICKERSTAFE'S BURIAL.
BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.
CE.

B1651

LL
d 85

LONDON:

Printed for J. KNAPTON, C. HITCH and L. HAWES, J. and R. TONSON, S. CROWDER, W. BATHOE, T. LOWNDS, T. CASLON, H. WOODGATE and S. BROOKS, and G. KEARSLY. MDCCLX.

822.5
Gen/Wor
141341
00141341

THE WONDER:

A WOMAN keeps a SECRET.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. MILLS.

OUR Author *fears the Criticks of the Stage,*
Who, like Barbarians, ſpare nor Sex, nor Age;
She trembles at thoſe Cenſors in the Pit,
Who think good Nature ſhews a Want of Wit:
Such Malice, O! what Muſe can undergo it?
To ſave themſelves, they always damn the Poet.
Our Author flies from ſuch a partial Jury,
As wary Lovers from the Nymphs of Drury:
To the few candid Judges for a Smile,
She humbly ſues to recompenſe her Toil.
To the bright Circle of the Fair, ſhe next
Commits her Cauſe, with anxious Doubts perplext.
Where can ſhe with ſuch Hopes of Favour kneel,
As to thoſe Judges, who her Frailties feel?
A few Miſtakes, her Sex may well excuſe,
And ſuch a Plea, No Woman *ſhou'd refuſe:*
If ſhe ſucceeds, a Woman *gains Applauſe,*
What Female *but muſt favour ſuch a Cauſe?*
Her Faults,—whate'er they are—e'en paſs 'em by,
And only on her Beauties fix your Eye.
In Plays, like Veſſels floating on the Sea,
There's none ſo wiſe to know their Deſtiny.
In this, howe'er, the Pilot's Skill appears,
While by the Stars his conſtant Courſe he ſteers:
Rightly our Author *does her Judgment ſhew,*
That for her Safety ſhe relies on You.
Your Approbation, Fair ones, can't but move,
Thoſe ſtubborn Hearts, which firſt you taught to love:
The Men muſt all applaud this Play of Ours,
For who dares ſee with other Eyes, than Yours.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Don Lopez,	a Grandee of *Portugal.*	Mr. *Norris.*
Don Felix,	his Son, in Love with *Violante.*	Mr. *Wilks.*
Frederick,	A Merchant.	Mr. *Bickerſtaff,*
Don Pedro,	Father to *Violante.*	Mr. *Bullock,* Jun.
Col. *Britton,*	A *Scotchman.*	Mr. *Mills.*
Gibby,	His Footman.	Mr. *Bullock,* Sen.
Liſſardo,	Servant to *Felix.*	Mr. *Pack.*

WOMEN.

Donna Violante,	Deſigned for a Nun by her Father, in Love with *Felix.*	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Donna Iſabella,	Siſter to *Felix.*	Miſs *Santlow.*
Inis,	Her Maid.	Mrs. *Cox.*
Flora,	Maid to *Violante.*	Mrs. *Saunders.*

Alguazil, Attendants, Servants, *&c.*

SCENE *LISBON.*

THE WONDER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Don Lopez *meeting* Frederick.

Fred. MY Lord *Don Lopez.*

Don Lop. How d'ye *Frederick?*

Fred. At your Lordſhip's Service, I am glad to ſee you look ſo well my Lord, I hope *Antonio* is out of danger.

D. Lop. Quite contrary; his Fever increaſes, they tell me; and the Surgeons are of Opinion his Wound is mortal.

Fred. Your Son *Don Felix* is ſafe I hope.

D. Lop. I hope ſo too, but they offer large Rewards to apprehend him.

Fred. When heard your Lordſhip from him?

D. Lop. Not ſince he went; I forbad him writing till the publick News gave him an Account of *Antonio*'s Health. Letters might be intercepted, and the Place of his Abode diſcovered.

Fred. Your Caution was good, my Lord; tho' I am impatient to hear from *Felix*, yet his Safety is my chief Concern. Fortune has maliciouſly ſtruck a Bar between us ſo

the Affairs of Life, but she has done me the Honour to unite our Souls.

D. Lop. I am not ignorant of the Friendship between my Son and you. I have heard him commend your Morals, and lament your want of noble Birth.

Fred. That's Nature's Fault, my Lord, 'tis some Comfort not to owe one's Misfortunes to one's self, yet 'tis impossible not to regret the want of noble Birth.

D. Lop. 'Tis pity indeed such excellent Parts as you are Master of, should be eclipsed by mean Extraction.

Fred. Such Commendation wou'd make me vain, my Lord, did you not cast in the Allay of my Extraction.

D. Lop. There is no Condition of Life without its Cares, and it is the Perfection of a Man to wear 'em as easy as he can; this unfortunate Duel of my Son's does not pass without Impression. But since 'tis past Prevention, all my Concern is now, how he may escape the Punishment; if *Antonio* dies, *Felix* shall for *England*. You have been there, what sort of People are the *English*?

Fred. My Lord, the *English* are by Nature, what the ancient *Romans* were by Discipline, courragious, bold, hardy, and in love with Liberty. Liberty is the Idol of the *English*, under whose Banner all the Nation lists; give but the Word for Liberty, and straight more armed Legions wou'd appear, than *France*, and *Philip* keep in constant Pay.

D. Lop. I like their Principles; who does not wish for Freedom in all Degrees of Life? Tho' common Prudence sometimes makes us act against it, as I am now oblig'd to do, for I intend to marry my Daughter to *Don Guzman*, whom I expect from *Holland* every Day, whither he went to take Possession of a large Estate left him by his Uncle.

Fred. You will not sure sacrifice the lovely *Isabella* to a Miser, Avarice, and a Fool; pardon the Expression, my Lord, but my Concern for your beauteous Daughter [illegible] me beyond that good Manners which I ought to [illegible] your Lordship's Presence.

D. Lop. I don't deny the Justness of the Character, *Frederick*, but you are not insensible what I have suffered by [illegible] and he has two things which render him very [illegible] for a Son-in-Law, he is rich and well born; [illegible] a Fool, I don't conceive how that can be

any

any Blot in a Husband, who is already possess'd of a good Estate.—A poor Fool indeed is a very scandalous Thing, and so are your poor Wits, in my Opinion, who have nothing to be vain of, but the Inside of their Skulls: Now for *Don Guzman* I know I can rule him, as I think it; this is acting the politick Part, *Frederick*, without which, it is impossible to keep up the Port of this Life.

Fred. But have you no Consideration for your Daughter's Welfare, my Lord?

D. Lop. Is a Husband of twenty thousand Crowns a Year, no Consideration? Now I think it a very good Consideration.

Fred. One way, my Lord. But what will the World say of such a Match?

D. Lop. Sir, I value not the World a Button.

Fred. I cannot think your Daughter can have any Inclination for such a Husband.

D. Lop. There I believe you are pretty much in the right, tho' it is a Secret which I never had the Curiosity to enquire into, nor I believe ever shall.—Inclination, quotha! Parents would have a fine Time on't if they consulted their Childrens Inclinations! I'll venture you a Wager, that in all the garrison Towns in *Spain* and *Portugal*, during the late War, there were not three Women, who have not had an Inclination to every Officer in the whole Army; does it therefore follow, that their Fathers ought to pimp for them? No, no, Sir, it is not a Father's Business to follow his Childrens Inclinations till he makes himself a Beggar.

Fred. But this is of another Nature, my Lord.

D. Lop. Look ye, Sir, I resolve she shall marry *Don Guzman* the Moment he arrives; tho' I cou'd not govern my Son, I will my Daughter, I assure you.

Fred. This Match, my Lord, is more preposterous than that which you proposed to your Son, from whence arose this fatal Quarrel.—*Don Antonio*'s Sister, *Elvira*, wanted Beauty only, but *Guzman* every thing, but—

D. Lop. Money—and that will purchase every thing, and so Adieu.

(E 2)

Fred. Monstrous! These are the Resolutions which destroy the Comforts of Matrimony——he is rich, and well born, powerful Arguments indeed! Could I but tell the

to the Friendſhip of *Don Felix*, what might I not hope? But a Merchant, and a Grandee of *Spain*, are inconſiſtent Names—*Liſſardo!* From whence came you?

Enter Liſſardo *in a Riding Habit.*

Liſſ. That Letter will inform you, Sir.

Fred. I hope your Maſter's ſafe.

Liſſ. I left him ſo; I have another to deliver which requires haſte—Your moſt humble Servant, Sir. (*bowing.*

Fred. To *Violante*, I ſuppoſe.

Liſſ. The ſame. [*Exit.*

Fred. (*Reads*) Dear *Frederick*, the two chief Bleſſings of this Life are a Friend, and a Miſtreſs; to be debarred the Sight of thoſe is not to live. I hear nothing of *Antonio*'s Death, therefore reſolve to venture to thy Houſe this Evening, impatient to ſee *Violante*, and embrace my Friend. Yours, *Felix.*

Pray Heaven he comes undiſcover'd.——Ha! Colonel *Britton.*

Enter Colonel Britton *in a Riding Habit.*

Col. Frederick, I rejoice to ſee thee.

Fred. What brought you to *Liſbon*, Colonel?

Col. La Fortune de la Guerre, as the *French* ſay, I have commanded theſe three laſt Years in *Spain*, but my Country has thought fit to ſtrike up a Peace, and give us good *Proteſtants* leave to hope for Chriſtian Burial, ſo I reſolve to take *Liſbon* in my Way home.

Fred. If you are not provided of a Lodging, Colonel, pray command my Houſe, while you ſtay.

Col. If I were ſure I ſhould not be troubleſome, I wou'd accept your Offer, *Frederick.*

Fred. So far from Trouble, Colonel, I ſhall take it as a particular Favour; what have we here?

[illegible]an, this is our Country Dreſs, you muſt [illegible] the Honour of *Scotland*, I make all my

[illegible] Gibby *in a* Highland *Dreſs.*

[illegible]un I de with the Horſes, an like yer Ho[illegible] they will tack cold gin, they ſtand in the Cauſe-

Frede

Fred. Oh! I'll take care of them, what hoa *Vaſquez*.

[*Enter* Vaſquez.

put thoſe Horſes which that honeſt Fellow will ſhow you into my Stable, do you hear? and feed them well.

Vaſ. Yes, Sir.—Sir, by my Maſter's Order, I am, Sir, your moſt obſequious humble Servant. Be pleas'd to lead the Way. [*bowing.*

Gib. S'bled gang yer gat, Sir, and I ſall follow ye: Ise tee hungry to feed on Compliments. [*Exit.*

Fred. Ha, ha, a comical Fellow.— Well, how do you like our Country, Colonel?

Col. Why Faith, *Frederick*, a Man might paſs his Time agreeable enough with-inſide of a Nunnery, but to behold ſuch Troops of ſoft, plump, tender, melting, wiſhing, nay, willing Girls too, thro' a damn'd Grate, gives us *Britons* ſtrong Temptation to plunder. Ah *Frederick*, your Prieſts are wicked Rogues. They immure Beauty for their own proper Uſe, and ſhow it only to the Laity to create Deſires, and inflame Accompts, that they may purchaſe Pardons at a dearer Rate.

Fred. I own Wenching is ſomething more difficult here than in *England*, where Womens Liberties are ſubſervient to their Inclinations, and Huſbands ſeem of no Effect but to take Care of the Children which their Wives provide.

Col. And does Reſtraint get the better of Inclination with your Women here? No, I'll be ſworn not one even in fourſcore. Don't I know the Conſtitution of the *Spaniſh* Ladies?

Fred. And of all Ladies where you come, Colonel, you were ever a Man of Gallantry.

Col. Ah *Frederick*, the *Kirk* half ſtarves us *Scotchmen*. We are kept ſo ſharp at home, that we feed like Cannibals abroad. Hark ye, haſt thou never a pretty Acquaintance now, that thou would'ſt conſign over to a Friend for half an Hour, ha?

Fred. Faith, Colonel, I am the worſt Pimp in *Chriſtendom*, you had better truſt to your own Luck! the Women will ſoon find you out, I warrant you.

Col. Ay, but it is dangerous foraging in an Enemy's Country, and ſince I have ſome hopes of ſeeing my own again, I had rather purchaſe my Pleaſure, than run the Hazard of a *Stilletto* in my Guts. 'Egad, I think I muſt

e'en marry, and ſacrifice my Body for the Good of my Soul; wilt thou recommend me to a Wife then, one that is willing to exchange her *Moydores* for *Engliſh* Liberty; his Friend?

Fred. She muſt be very handſome, I ſuppoſe.

Col. The handſomer the better—but be ſure ſhe has a Noſe.

Fred. Ay, ay, and ſome Gold.

Col. Oh, very much Gold, I ſhall never be able to ſwallow the Matrimonial Pill, if it be not well gilded.

Fred. Puh, Beauty will make it ſlide down nimbly.

Col. At firſt perhaps it may, but the ſecond or third Doſe will choak me——I confeſs, *Frederick*, Women are the prettieſt Play-things in Nature; but Gold, ſubſtantial Gold, gives 'em the Air, the Mien, the Shape, the Grace, and Beauty of a Goddeſs.

Fred. And has not Gold the ſame Divinity in their Eyes, Colonel?

Col. Too often.—Money is the very God of Marriage; the Poets dreſs him in a Saffron Robe, by which they figure out the golden Deity, and his lighted Torch blazons thoſe mighty Charms, which encourage us to liſt under his Banner.

None marry now for Love, no, that's a Jeſt.
The ſelf ſame Bargain, ſerves for Wife, and Beaſt.

Fred. You are always gay, Colonel; come, ſhall we take a refreſhing Glaſs at my Houſe, and conſider what has been ſaid?

Col. I have two or three Compliments to diſcharge for ſome Friends, and then I ſhall wait on you with Pleaſure: Where do you live?

Fred. At yon Corner Houſe with the green Rails.

Col. In the Cloſe of the Evening I will endeavour to kiſs your Hand. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Fred. I ſhall expect you with Impatience. [*Exit.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Inis *her Maid.*

Inis. For Goodneſs ſake, Madam, where are you going in this Pet?

Iſab. Any where to avoid Matrimony; the Thoughts of a Husband is as terrible to me as the Sight of a Hobgoblin.

Inis.

Inis. Ay, of an old Husband; but if you may chuse for yourself, I fancy Matrimony would be no such frightful thing to you.

Isab. You are pretty much in the right, *Inis*; but to be forc'd into the Arms of an Idiot, a sneaking, snivling, drivling, avaricious Fool, who has neither Person to please the Eye, Sense to charm the Ear, nor Generosity to supply those Defects. Ah, *Inis!* What pleasant Lives Women lead in *England*, where Duty wears no Fetter but Inclination: The Custom of our Country inslaves us from our very Cradles, first to our Parents, next to our Husbands; and when Heaven is so kind to rid us of both these, our Brothers still usurp Authority, and expect a blind Obedience from us; so that Maids, Wives, or Widows, we are little better than Slaves to the Tyrant Man; therefore to avoid their Power, I resolve to cast myself into a Monastery.

Inis. That is, you'll cut your own Throat to avoid another's doing it for you. Ah, Madam, those Eyes tell me you have no Nun's Flesh about you; a Monastery, quotha! Where you'll waste yourself in the Green-Sickness in a Month.

Isab. What care I, there will be no Man to plague me.

Inis. No, nor what's much worse, to please you neither—Ad'slife, Madam, you are the first Woman that e'er despair'd in a Christian Country —— Were I in your Place——

Isab. Why, what would your Wisdom do if you were?

Inis. I'd imbark with the first fair Wind with all my Jewels, and seek my Fortune on t'other side the Water; no Shore can treat you worse than your own; there's ne'er a Father in *Christendom* should make me marry any Man against my Will.

Isab. I am too great a Coward to follow your Advice. I must contrive some way to avoid *Don Guzman*, and yet stay in my own Country.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. Must you so, Mistress? but I shall take Care to prevent you. *(Aside.)* *Isabella*, whither are you going, my Child.

Isab. Ha! my Father! to Church, Sir.

Inis.

Inis. The old Rogue has certainly over-heard her. [*Aside.*

Lop. Your Devotion muſt needs be very ſtrong, or your Memory very weak, my Dear; why, Veſpers are over for this Night; come, come, you ſhall have a better Errand to Church than to ſay your Prayers there. *Don Guzman* is arriv'd in the River, and I expect him aſhore To-morrow.

Iſab. Ha, To-morrow!

Lop. He writes me Word, That his Eſtate in *Holland* is worth 12000 Crowns a Year, which, together with what he had before, will make thee the happieſt Wife in *Liſbon*.

Iſab. And the moſt unhappy Woman in the World. Oh Sir! If I have any Power in your Heart, if the Tenderneſs of a Father be not quite extinct, hear me with Patience.

Lop. No Objection againſt the Marriage, and I will hear whatever thou haſt to ſay.

Iſab. That's torturing me on the Rack, and forbidding me to groan; upon my Knees I claim the Privilege of Fleſh and Blood. [*Kneels.*

Lop. I grant it, thou ſhalt have an Arm full of Fleſh and Blood To-morrow; Fleſh and Blood, quotha; Heaven forbid I ſhould deny thee Fleſh and Blood, my Girl.

Inis. Here's an old Dog for you. [*Aside.*

Iſab. Do not Miſtake, Sir; the fatal Stroke which ſeparates Soul and Body, is not more terrible to the Thoughts of Sinners, than the Name of *Guzman* to my Ear.

Lop. Puh, Puh; you lye, you lye.

Iſab. My frighted Heart beats hard againſt my Breaſt, as if it ſought a Paſſage to your Feet, to beg you'd change your Purpoſe.

Lop. A very pretty Speech this; if it were turn'd into blank Verſe, it would ſerve for a *Tragedy*; why, thou haſt more Wit than I thought thou hadſt, Child. ——I fancy this was all *extempore*, I don't believe thou did'ſt ever think of one Word on't before.

Inis. Yes, but ſhe has, my Lord, for I have heard her ſay the ſame Things a thouſand Times.

Lop. How, how? What do you top your ſecond-hand Jeſts upon your Father, Huſſy, who knows better what's good for you than you do yourſelf? remember 'tis your Duty to obey.

Iſab.

Iſab. (Riſing) I never diſobey'd before, and wiſh I had not Reaſon now; but Nature has got the better of my Duty, and makes me loath the harſh Commands you lay.

Lop. Ha, ha, very fine! Ha, ha.

Iſab. Death itſelf wou'd be more welcome.

Lop. Are you ſure of that?

Iſab. I am your Daughter, my Lord, and can boaſt as ſtrong a Reſolution as yourſelf; I'll die before I'll marry *Guzman*.

Lop. Say you ſo? I'll try that preſently. *(Draws.)* Here let me ſee with what Dexterity you can breathe a Vein now *(offers her his Sword.)* The Point is pretty ſharp, 'twill do your Buſineſs I warrant you.

Inis. Bleſs me, Sir, What do you mean to put a Sword into the Hands of a deſperate Woman?

Lop. Deſperate! ha, ha, ha, you ſee how deſperate ſhe is; what art thou frighted little *Bell?* ha!

Iſab. I confeſs I am ſtartled at your Morals, Sir.

Lop. Ay, ay, Child, thou hadſt better take the Man, he'll hurt thee the leaſt of the two.

Iſab. I ſhall take neither, Sir; Death has many Doors, and when I can live no longer with Pleaſure, I ſhall find one to let him in at without your Aid.

Lop. Say'ſt thou ſo, my dear *Bell?* Ods, I'm afraid thou art a little Lunatick, *Bell.* I muſt take care of thee Child, *(takes hold of her, and pulls out of his Pocket a Key)* I ſhall make bold to ſecure thee, my Dear: I'll ſee if Locks and Bars can keep thee till *Guzman* comes; go, get you into your Chamber.

There I'll your boaſted Reſolution try,
And ſee who'll get the better, you or I.

(puſhes her in, and locks the Door.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *a Room in* Don Pedro's *Houſe.*

Enter Donna Violante *reading a Letter, and* Flora *following.*

Flora. WHAT muſt that Letter be read again?

Vio. Yes, and again, and again, and again, a thouſand Times again; a Letter from a faithful Lover can ne'er be read too often; it ſpeaks ſuch kind, ſuch ſoft, ſuch tender Things—— [*Kiſſes it.*

Flo. But always the ſame Language.

Vio. It does not charm the leſs for that.

Flo. In my Opinion nothing charms that does not change; and any Compoſition of the four and twenty Letters, after the firſt Eſſay, from the ſame Hand, muſt be dull, except a Bank Note, or a Bill of Exchange.

Vio. Thy Taſte is my Averſion—*(Reads)* My all that's charming, ſince Life's not Life exil'd from thee, this Night ſhall bring me to thy Arms. *Frederick* and thee are all I truſt: Theſe ſix Weeks Abſence has been in Love's Accompt ſix hundred Years; when it is dark, expect the wonted Signal at thy Window, till when, adieu, thine more than his own. *Felix.*

Flo. Who wou'd not have ſaid as much to a Lady of her Beauty, and twenty thouſand Pounds.—Were I a Man, methinks I could have ſaid a hundred finer Things; I wou'd have compar'd your Eyes to the Stars, your Teeth to Ivory, your Lips to Coral, your Neck to Alabaſter, your Shape to——

Vio. No more of your Bombaſt, Truth is the beſt Eloquence in a Lover.—What Proof remains ungiven of his Love? When his Father threatned to diſinherit him, for refuſing *Don Antonio*'s Siſter, from whence ſprung this unhappy Quarrel, did it ſhake his Love for me? And now, tho' ſtrict Enquiry runs thro' every Place, with large Rewards to apprehend him, does he not venture all for me?

Flo. But you know, Madam, your Father *Don Pedro* deſigns

designs you for a Nun, and says your Grandfather left you your Fortune upon that Condition.

Vio. Not without my Approbation, Girl, when I come to one and Twenty, as I am inform'd. But however, I shall run the Risk of that; go call in *Lissardo*.

Flo. Yes, Madam; now for a Thousand Verbal Questions. [Exit, *and enter with* Lissardo.

Vio. Well, and how do you do, *Lissardo?*

Liss. Ah, very weary, Madam—Faith thou look'st wondrous pretty, *Flora*. [*Aside to* Flora.

Vio. How came you?

Liss. *En Cavalier*, Madam, upon a Hackney-Jade, which they told me formerly belong'd to an *English* Colonel. But I should have rather thought she had been bred a good *Roman Catholick* all her Life-time; for she down on her Knees to every Stock and Stone we came along by. My Chaps waters for a Kiss, they do, *Flora*. [*Aside to* Flora.

Flo. You'd make one believe you are wondrous fond, now.

Vio. Where did you leave your Master.

Liss. Od, if I had you alone House Wife, I'd show you how fond I cou'd be—— (*Aside to* Flora) at a little Farm-House, Madam, about five Miles off; he'll be at *Don Frederick*'s in the Evening—— Od, I will so revenge myself of those Lips of thine. [*to* Flora.

Vio. Is he in Health?

Flo. Oh, you counterfeit wondrous well. [*to* Liss.

Liss. No, every Body knows I counterfeit very ill. [*to* Flora.

Vio. How say you? Is *Felix* ill? What's his Distemper? Ha!

Liss. A pies on't, I hate to be interrupted—— Love, Madam, Love—— In short, Madam, I believe he has thought of nothing but your Ladyship ever since he left *Lisbon*. I am sure he cou'd not, if I may judge of his Heart by my own. [*Looking lovingly upon* Flora.

Vio. How came you so well acquainted with your Masters Thoughts, *Lissardo?*

Liss. By an infallible Rule, Madam; Words are the Pictures of the Mind, you know; now to prove he thinks of nothing but you, he talks of nothing but you—— for Example,

Example, Madam, coming from ſhooting t'other Day, with a Brace of Partridges, *Liſſardo*, ſaid he, go bid the Cook roaſt me theſe *Violante's*——I flew into the Kitchin, full of Thoughts of thee, cry'd, here Cook, roaſt me theſe *Florella's*. [*to* Flora.

Flo. Ha, ha, excellent —— You mimick your Maſter then it ſeems.

Liſſ. I can do every Thing as well as my Maſter, you little Rogue: —Another Time, Madam, the Prieſt came to make him a Viſit, he call'd out haſtily, *Liſſardo*, ſaid he, bring a *Violante* for my Father to ſit down on——then he often miſtook my Name, Madam, and call'd me *Violante*; in ſhort, I heard it ſo often, that it became as familiar to me as my Prayers.

Vio. You liv'd very merrily then it ſeems.

Liſſ. Oh, exceeding merry, Madam. [*Kiſſes* Flora's *Hand.*

Vio Ha! exceeding merry; had you Treats and Balls?

Liſſ. Oh! Yes, yes, Madam, ſeveral.

Flo. You are mad, *Liſſardo*, you don't mind what my Lady ſays to you. [*Aſide to* Liſſardo.

Vio. Ha! Balls——Is he ſo merry in my Abſence? And did your Maſter dance, *Liſſardo?*

Liſſ. Dance Madam! Where Madam?

Vio. Why, at thoſe Balls you ſpeak of.

Liſſ. Balls? What Balls Madam?

Vio. Why, ſure you are in Love, *Liſſardo*; did not you ſay, but now, you had Balls where you have been?

Liſſ. Balls, Madam! Od'slife, I aſk your Pardon, Madam! I, I, I, had miſlaid ſome Waſh-Balls of my Maſter's t'other day; and becauſe I cou'd not think where I had laid them, juſt when he aſk'd for them, he very fairly broke my Head, Madam, and now it ſeems I can think of nothing elſe. Alas! He dance, Madam! No, no, poor Gentleman, he is as melancholy as an unbrac'd Drum.

Vio. Poor *Felix!* There, wear that Ring for your Maſter's Sake, and let him know, I ſhall be ready to receive him. [*Exit* Vio.

Liſſ. I ſhall Madam—(*puts on the Ring*) methinks a Diamond Ring is a vaſt Addition to the little Finger of a Gentleman. [*admiring his Hand.*

Flo. That Ring muſt be mine——Well *Liſſardo!* What Haſte

Haſte you make to pay off Arrears now? Look how the Fellow ſtands!

Liſſ. Egad, methinks I have a very pretty Hand——. and very white——and the Shape!——Faith, I never minded it ſo much before!——In my Opinion it is a very fine ſhap'd Hand——and becomes a Diamond Ring, as well as the firſt Grandee's in *Portugal.*

Flo. The Man's tranſported! Is this your Love! This your Impatience!

Liſſ. (*Takes Snuff.*) Now in my Mind——I take Snuff with a very *Jantee* Air——Well, I am perſuaded I want nothing but a Coach, and a Title, to make me a very fine Gentleman. [*Struts about.*

Flo. Sweet Mr. *Liſſardo*, (*curteſying*) if I may preſume to ſpeak to you, without affronting your little Finger.——

Liſſ. Odſo Madam, I aſk your Pardon——Is it to me, or to the Ring——you direct your Diſcourſe, Madam?

Flo. Madam! Good lack! How much a Diamond Ring improves one!

Liſſ. Why, tho' I ſay it——I can carry myſelf as well as any Body——But what wer't thou going to ſay Child?

Flor. Why I was a going to ſay, that I fancy you had beſt let me keep this Ring; it will be a very pretty Wedding-Ring, *Liſſardo*, would it not?

Liſſ. Humph! Ah! But——but——but——I believe I ſhan't marry yet a while.

Flo. You ſhan't you ſay——Very well! I ſuppoſe you deſign that Ring for *Iris.*

Liſſ. No, no, I never bribe an old Acquaintance—— Perhaps I might let it ſparkle in the Eyes of a Stranger a little, till we come to a right Underſtanding—But then like all other mortal Things, it would return from whence it came.

Flor. Inſolent——Is that your Manner of dealing?

Liſſ. With all but thee——Kiſs me, you little Rogue you. [*Hugging her.*

Flor. Little Rogue! Prithee Fellow, don't be ſo familiar, (*puſhing him away*) if I mayn't keep your Ring, I can keep my Kiſſes.

Liſſ. You can, you ſay! Spoke with the Air of a Chamber-maid.

Flor. Reply'd with the Spirit of a ſerving Man.

Liff. Prithee, *Flora*, don't let you and I fall out, I am in a merry Humour, and ſhall certainly fall in ſomewhere.

Flor. What care I, where you fall in.

Enter Violante.

Vio. Why do you keep *Liſſardo* ſo long, *Flora?* When you don't know how ſoon my Father may awake, his Afternoon Naps are never long.

Flor. Had *Don Felix* been with her, ſhe wou'd not have thought the Time long; theſe Ladies conſider no Body's Wants but their own. [*Aſide.*

Vio. Go, go, let him out, and bring a Candle.

Flo. Yes, Madam.

Liff. I fly, Madam. [*Exit* Liff. *and* Flora.

Vio. The Day draws in, and Night,——the Lover's Friend advances——Night more welcome than the Sun to me, becauſe it brings my Love.

Flor. (Shrieks within) Ah Thieves! Thieves! Murder, Murder!

Vio. (Shrieks) Ah! defend me Heaven! What do I hear? *Felix* is certainly purſu'd, and will be taken.

Enter Flora *running.*

Vio. How now! Why doſt ſtare ſo? Anſwer me quickly! What's the Matter?

Flo. Oh Madam! as I was letting out *Liſſardo*, a Gentleman ruſhed between him and I, ſtruck down my Candle, and is bringing a dead Perſon in his Arms into our Houſe.

Vio. Ha! a dead Perſon! Heaven grant it do's not prove my *Felix*.

Flor. Here they are, Madam.

Enter Colonel *with* Iſabella *in his Arms.*

Vio. I'll retire till you diſcover the Meaning of the Accident. [*Exit.*

Col. (Sets Iſabella *down in the Chair, and addreſſes himſelf to* Flora.)

Madam, The Neceſſity this Lady was under, of being ſecretly'd into ſome Houſe with Speed and Secrecy, will I hope excuſe any Indecency I might be guilty of, in preſſing ſo rudely into this——I am an entire Stranger to her Name

Name and Circumſtances; wou'd I were ſo to her Beauty too. *(Aſide)* I commit her, Madam, to your Care, and fly to make her Retreat ſecure, if the Streets be clear; permit me to return and learn from her own Mouth, if I can be farther ſerviceable; pray Madam, how is the Lady of this Houſe call'd?

Flor. Violante, Senior——He is a handſome *Cavalier*, and promiſes well. [*Aſide.*

Col. Are you ſure, Madam?

Flor. Only her Woman, *Senior.*

Col. Your humble Servant. Mrs. Pray be careful of the Lady——*(gives her two Moydores.)* [*Exit Col.*

Flor. Two Moydores! Well he is a generous Fellow. This is the only Way to make one careful; I find all Countries underſtand the Conſtitution of a Chamber-maid.

Enter Violante.

Vio. Was you diſtracted *Flora*? To tell my Name to a Man you never ſaw! Unthinking Wench! Who knows what this may turn to—What is the Lady dead! Ah! defend me Heaven! 'tis *Iſabella*, Siſter to my *Felix*, what has befal'n her? Praiſe Heaven he's ſafe——Run and fetch ſome cold Water, *(Exit* Flora, *and enters with Water) Iſabella*, Friend, ſpeak to me, Oh! ſpeak to me, or I ſhall die with Apprehenſion.

Flor. See, ſhe revives.

Iſab. Oh! hold my deareſt Father, do not force me, indeed I cannot love him.

Vio. How wild ſhe talks.——

Iſab. Ha! where am I?

Vio. With one as ſenſible of thy Pain as thou thyſelf canſt be.

Iſab. Violante! What kind Star preſerv'd, and lodg'd me here?

Flor. It was a Terreſtial Star call'd a Man, Madam; pray *Jupiter* he proves a lucky one.

Iſab. Oh! I remember now, forgive me dear *Violante*, my Thoughts ran ſo much upon the Danger I eſcap'd, I had forgot.

Vio. May I not know your Story?

Iſab. Thou art no Stranger to one part of it; I have often told thee that my Father deſign'd to ſacrifice me to the

the Arms of *Don Guzman*, who it ſeems is juſt return'd from *Holland*, and expected aſhore to-morrow, the Day that he has ſet to celebrate our Nuptials; upon my refuſing to obey him, he lock'd me into my Chamber, vowing to keep me there till he arriv'd, and force me to conſent. I know my Father to be poſitive, never to be won from his Deſign; and having no hope left me, to eſcape the Marriage, I leap'd from the Window, into the Street.

Vio. You have not hurt yourſelf I hope.

Iſab. No, a Gentleman paſſing by, by Accident caught me in his Arms; at firſt my Fright made me apprehend it was my Father, till he aſſur'd me to the contrary.

Flor. He is a very fine Gentleman I promiſe you, Madam, and a well bred Man I warrant him. I think I never ſaw a Grandee put his Hand into his Pocket with a better Air in my whole Life Time; then he open'd his Purſe with ſuch a Grace, that nothing but his Manner of preſenting me the Gold could equal.

Vio. There is but one common Road to the Heart of a Servant, and 'tis impoſſible for a generous Perſon to miſtake it.—But how came you hither *Iſabella?*

Iſab. I know not, I deſir'd the Stranger to convey me to the next *Monaſtery*, but e'er I reach'd thy Door, I ſaw, or fancy'd that I ſaw, *Liſſardo*, my Brother's Man, and the Thought that his Maſter might not be far off, ſtung me into a Swoon, which is all that I remember: Ha! What's here *(takes up a Letter) For* Colonel *Britton, to be left at the Poſt-Houſe in* Liſbon; this muſt be drop'd By the Stranger which brought me hither.

Vio. Thou art fallen into the Hands of a Soldier, take care he does not lay thee under Contribution, Girl.

Iſab. I find he is a Gentleman; and if he be but unmarried I cou'd be content to follow him all the World over.—But I ſhall never ſee him more I fear. *(Sighs and Pauſes.)*

Vio. What makes you ſigh, *Iſabella?*

Iſab. The fear of falling into my Father's Clutches again.

Vio. Can I be ſerviceable to you?

Iſab. Yes, if you'll conceal me two or three Days.

Vio. You command my Houſe and Secrecy.

Iſab.

Isab. I thank you *Violante*,—I wish you wou'd oblige me with Mrs. *Flora* a while.

Vio. I'll send for her to you—I must watch if Dad be still asleep, or here will be no room for *Felix*. [*Exit.*

Isab. Well, I don't know what ails me, but methinks I wish I cou'd find this Stranger out.

Enter Flora.

Flor. Does your Ladyship want me, Madam?

Isab. Ay, Mrs. *Flora*, I resolve to make you my Confident.

Flor. I shall endeavour to discharge my Duty, Madam.

Isab. I doubt it not, and desire you to accept this as a Token of my Gratitude.

Flora. O dear *Senjora*, I shou'd have been your humble Servant, without a Fee.

Isab. I believe it—But to the Purpose—Do you think if you saw the Gentleman which brought me hither, you shou'd know him again?

Flor. From a Thousand, Madam, I have an excellent Memory where a handsome Man's concern'd; when he went away he said he would return again immediately, I admire he comes not.

Isab. Here, did you say? You rejoice me—Tho' I'll not see him, if he comes, cou'd not you contrive to give him a Letter?

Flor. With the Air of a Duenna.—

Isab. Not in this House—You must veil and follow him—He must not know it comes from me.

Flor. What do you take me for a Novice in Love Affairs? Tho' I have not practis'd the Art since I have been in *Donna Violante's* Service, yet I have not lost the Theory of a Chamber-maid—Do you write the Letter, and leave the rest to me—Here, here, here's Pen, Ink and Paper.

Isab. I'll do't in a Minute. [*Sits down to write.*

Flor. So! This is Business after my own Heart; Love always takes care to reward his Labourers, and *Great Britain* seems to be his Favourite Country—Oh, I long to see the t'other two Moydores with a British Air—Me thinks there's a Grace peculiar to that Nation in making a Present.

Isab.

Isab. So I have done, now if he does but find this House again!

Flor. If he shou'd not — I warrant I'll find him if he's in *Lisbon.* [*Puts the Letter into her Bosom.*

Enter Violante.

Vio. Flora, watch my Papa; he's fast asleep in his Study—If you find him stir, give me Notice.—Hark, I hear *Felix* at the Window, admit him instantly, and then to your Post. [*Exit Flora.*

Isab. What say you *Violante?* Is my Brother come?

Vio. It is his Signal at the Window.

Isab. (Kneels.) Oh! *Violante,* I conjure thee by all the love thou bear'st to *Felix*—By thy own generous Nature —Nay more, by that unspotted Vertue thou art Mistress of, do not discover to my Brother I am here.

Vio. Contrary to your Desire, be assur'd I never shall, but where's the Danger?

Isab. Art thou born in *Lisbon,* and ask that Question? He'll think his Honour blemish'd by my Disobedience, and wou'd restore me to my Father, or kill me, therefore dear, dear Girl.

Vio. Depend upon my Friendship, nothing shall draw thy Secret from these Lips, not even *Felix,* tho' at the Hazard of his Love; I hear him coming, retire into that Closet.

Isab. Remember *Violante,* upon thy Promise my very Life depends. [*Exit.*

Vio. When I betray thee, may I share thy Fate.

Enter Flora *with* Felix.

Vio. My *Felix,* My everlasting Love. [*runs into his Arms.*

Fel. My Life, my Soul! My *Violante!*

Vio. What Hazards dost thou run for me; Oh, how shall I requite thee?

Fel. If during this tedious painful Exile, thy Thoughts have never wander'd from thy *Felix,* thou hast made me more than Satisfaction.

Vio. Can there be room within this Heart for any but thyself No, if the God of Love were lost to all the rest of Human Kind, thy Image wou'd secure him in my Breast,

Breaſt, I am all Truth, all Love, all Faith, and know no jealous Fears.

Fel. My Heart's the proper Sphere where Love reſides; cou'd he quit that he wou'd be no where found: And yet *Violante* I'm in doubt.

Vio. Did I ever give thee Cauſe to doubt, my *Felix*.

Fel. True Love has many Fears, and Fear as many Eyes as Fame; yet ſure I think they ſee no Fault in thee—— What's that? [*the Colonel pats at the Window without.*

Vio. What? I heard nothing. [*He pats again.*

Fel. Ha! What means this Signal at your Window?

Vio. Some Body perhaps, in paſſing by, might accidentally hit it, it can be nothing elſe.

Col. (Within) Hiſt, hiſt, *Donna Violante, Donna Violante.*

Fel. They uſe your Name by Accident too, do they, Madam? [*Enter* Flora.

Flo. There is a Gentleman at the Window, Madam, which I fancy to be him who brought *Iſabella* hither; ſhall I admit him? [*Aſide to* Violante.

Vio. Admit Diſtraction rather, thou art the Cauſe of this, unthinking Wretch! [*Aſide to* Flora.

Fel. What has Miſtreſs *Scout* brought you freſh Intelligence? Death, I'll know the Bottom of this immediately! [*offers to go.*

Flor. Scout, I ſcorn your Words, *Senior*.

Vio. Nay, nay, nay, nay, you muſt not leave me. [*runs and catches hold of him.*

Fel. Oh! 'Tis not fair, not to anſwer the Gentleman, Madam. It is none of his Fault, that his Viſit proves unſeaſonable; pray let me go, my Preſence is but a Reſtraint upon you. [*ſtruggles to get from her.*

[*The Colonel pats again.*

Vio. Was ever Accident ſo miſchievous? [*Aſide.*

Flor. It muſt be the Colonel, now to deliver my Letter to him. [*Exit.*

Fel. Hark, he grows impatient at your Delay—Why do you hold the Man, whoſe Abſence wou'd oblige you, pray let me go, Madam; conſider, the Gentleman waits you at the Window. Confuſion! [*ſtruggles ſtill.*

Vio. It is not me he wants.

Fel. Death, not you? Is there another of your Name in

the Houſe? But, come on, convince me of the Truth of what you ſay: Open the Window, if his Buſineſs does not lye with you, your Converſation may be heard —— This, and only this, can take off my Suſpicion — What do you pauſe! Oh! Guilt! Guilt! Have I caught you, nay then I'll leap the Balcony. If I remember, this Way leads to it. [*breaks from her, and goes to the Door where* Iſabella *is.*]

Vio. Oh Heavens! What ſhall I do now? Hold, hold, hold, hold, not for the World —— You enter there —— Which way ſhall I preſerve his Siſter from his Knowledge? [*Aſide.*

Fel. What have I touch'd you; do you fear your Lover's Life?

Vio. I fear for none but you——For Goodneſs Sake, do not ſpeak ſo loud my *Felix.* If my Father hear you I am loſt for ever, that Door opens into his Apartment, What ſhall I do if he enters? There he finds his Siſter — If he goes out he'll quarrel with the Stranger——Nay, do not ſtruggle to be gone, my *Felix.*—— If I open the Window he may diſcover the whole Intrigue; and yet of all Evils we ought to chuſe the leaſt. Your Curioſity ſhall be ſatisfied. Whoe'er you are that with ſuch Inſolence dare uſe my Name, and give the Neighbourhood Pretence to reflect upon my Conduct: I charge you inſtantly be gone, or expect the Treatment you deſerve. [*goes to the Window, and throws up the Saſh.*

Col. I aſk your Pardon, Madam, and will obey; but when I left this Houſe to Night.

Fel. Good!

Vio. It is moſt certainly the Stranger, what will be the Event of this, Heaven knows. (*Aſide.*) you are miſtaken in the Houſe I ſuppoſe, Sir.

Fel. No, no, he is not miſtaken —— Pray Madam let the Gentleman go on.

Vio. Wretched Misfortune, pray be gone Sir, I know of no Buſineſs you have here.

Col. I wiſh I did not know it neither——But this Houſe contains my Soul, then can you blame my Body for hovering about it!

Fel. Excellent!

Vio. Diſtraction! He will infallibly diſcover *Iſabella.*

I tell

I tell you again you are miſtaken; however, for your own Satisfaction, call To-morrow.

Fel. Matchleſs Impudence! An Aſſignation before my Face——No, he ſhall not live to meet your Wiſhes.

[*Takes out a Piſtol and goes towards the Window; ſhe catches hold of him.*

Vio. Ah! (*Shrieks*) hold I conjure you.

Col. To-morrow's an Age, Madam! May I not be admitted to Night?

Vio. If you be a Gentleman, I command your Abſence. Unfortunate! What will my Stars do with me? [*Aſide.*

Col. I have done—Only this—Be careful of my Life, for it is in your keeping. [*Exit from the Window.*

Fel. Pray obſerve the Gentleman's Requeſt, Madam. [*Walking off from her.*

Vio. I am all Confuſion. [*Aſide.*

Fel. You are all Truth, all Love, all Faith; Oh! thou all Woman!——How have I been deceiv'd? S'Death, cou'd not you have impos'd upon me for this one Night? Cou'd neither my faithful Love, nor the Hazard I have run to ſee you, make me worthy to be cheated on?

Vio. Can I bear this from you? [*Weeps.*

Fel. (*Repeats*) When I left this Houſe to Night——to Night the Devil! Return ſo ſoon!

Vio. Oh *Iſabella!* What haſt thou involv'd me in! [*Aſide.*

Fel. (*Repeats*) This Houſe contains my Soul.

Vio. Yet I reſolve to keep the Secret. [*Aſide.*

Fel. (*Repeats*) Be careful of my Life, for 'tis in your keeping——Damnation!——How ugly ſhe appears! [*Looking at her.*

Vio. Do not look ſo ſternly on me, but believe me, *Felix*, I have not injur'd you, nor am I falſe.

Fel. Not falſe, not injur'd me! O *Violante*, loſt and abandon'd to thy Vice! Not falſe, Oh monſtrous!

Vio. Indeed I am not — There is a Cauſe which I muſt not reveal—Oh think how far Honour can oblige your Sex——Then allow a Woman may be bound by the ſame Rule to keep a Secret.

Fel. Honour, what haſt thou to do with Honour, thou that canſt admit plurality of Lovers, a Secret? Ha, ha, ha, his Affairs are wondrous ſafe, who truſts his Secret to

a Woman's keeping, but you need give yourself no Trouble about clearing this Point, Madam, for you are become so indifferent to me, that your Truth, and Falshood are the same!

Vio. My Love! [*Offers to take his Hand.*

Fel. My Torment! [*Turns from her.*

Enter Flora.

Flo. So I have deliver'd my Letter to the Colonel, and receiv'd my Fee. (*Aside*) Madam, your Father back me see what Noise that was — For Goodness sake, Sir, why do you speak so loud!

Fel. I understand my cue Mistress, my Absence is necessary, I'll oblige you. (*going*) [*takes hold of him.*

Vio. Oh, let me undeceive you first!

Fel. Impossible!

Vio. 'Tis very possible if I durst.

Fel. Durst! Ha, ha, ha, durst quotha.

Vio. But another Time I'll tell thee all.

Fel. Nay, now or never.———.

Vio. Now it cannot be.

Fel. Then it shall never be—Thou most ungrateful of thy Sex, farewel. [*Breaks from her and Exit.*

Vio. Oh exquisite Tryal of my Friendship! Yet not even this, shall draw the *Secret* from me,

That I'll preserve, let Fortune frown, or smile,
And trust to Love, my Love to reconcile. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. WAS ever Man thus plagu'd! Odsheart, I cou'd swallow my Dagger for Madness; I know not what to think, sure *Frederick* had no Hand in her Escape—She must get out of the Window; and she could not do that without a Ladder; and who cou'd bring it her, but him? Ay, it must be so. The Dislike he shew'd to

Don

Don Guzman in our Diſcourſe to Day, confirms my Suſpicion, and I will charge him home with it; ſure Children were given me for a Curſe! Why, what innumerable Misfortunes attend us Parents, when we have employ'd our whole Care to educate, and bring our Children up to Years of Maturity? Juſt when we expect to reap the Fruits of our Labour; a Man ſhall in the tinkling of a Bell, ſee one hang'd, and t'other whor'd. —— This graceleſs Baggage ——But I'll to *Frederick* immediately. I'll take the Alguazil with me, and ſearch his Houſe; and if I find her, I'll uſe her —— by St. *Anthony*, I don't know how I'll uſe her. [*Exit.*

The Scene changes to the Street.

Enter Colonel *with* Iſabella's *Letter in his Hand, and* Gibby *following.*

Col. Well, tho' I cou'd not ſee my fair *Incognita*, Fortune, to make me amends, has flung another Intrigue in my way. Oh! How I love theſe pretty, kind, coming Females, that won't give a Man the Trouble of wracking his Invention to deceive them. —— Oh *Portugal!* Thou dear Garden of Pleaſure——Where Love drops down his mellow Fruit, and every Bough bends to our Hands, and ſeems to cry come, Pull and Eat, how deliciouſly a Man lives here without Fear of the Stool of Repentance? — This Letter I receiv'd from a Lady in a Veil—Some *Duenna!* Some neceſſary Implement of *Cupid?* I ſuppoſe the Stile is frank and eaſy, I hope like her that writ it. *(Reads.)* "Sir, I have ſeen your Perſon, and like it.—— *Very conciſe* ——" And if you'll meet at five o'Clock in "the Morning upon the *Terriero de paſſa*, half an Hours "Converſation will let me into your Mind."——*He, ha, ha, a philoſophical Wench: This is the firſt Time I ever knew a Woman had any Buſineſs with the Mind of a Man.*— "If your Intellects anſwer your outward Appearance, the "Adventure may not diſpleaſe you. I expect you'll not "attempt to ſee my Face, nor offer any thing unbecom-"ing the Gentleman I take you for:" — Humph, the Gentleman ſhe takes me for; I hope ſhe takes me to be Fleſh and Blood, and then I am ſure I ſhall do nothing unbecoming a Gentleman. Well, if I muſt not ſee her

Face, it ſhall go hard if I don't know where ſhe lives. ——*Gibby.*

Gib. Here, an lik yer Honour.

Col. Follow me at a good Diſtance, do you hear, *Gibby?*

Gib. In troth dee I, weel eneugh, Sir.

Col. I am to meet a Lady upon the *Terreira de paſſa.*

Gib The Deel an mine Eye gin I kenn her, Sir.

Col. But you will when we come there, Sirrah.

Gib. Like eneugh, Sir; I have as ſharp an Eye tul a bony Laſs, as ere a Lad in aw *Scotland*; and what mun I dee wi her, Sir?

Col. Why, if ſhe and I part, you muſt watch her home, and bring me Word where ſhe lives.

Gib. In troth ſal I, Sir, gin the Deel tak her not.

Col. Come along then, 'tis pretty near the Time.——I like a Woman that riſes early to purſue her Inclination.

Thus we improve the Pleaſures of the Day,
While taſteleſs Mortals ſleep their Time away. [Exit.

Scene changes to Frederick's *Houſe.*

Enter Inis *and* Liſſardo.

Liſſ. Your Lady run away, and you not know whither? Say you?

Inis. She never greatly car'd for me after finding you and I together; but you are very grave, methinks, *Liſſardo.*

Liſſ. (Looking upon the Ring) Not at all—I have ſome Thoughts indeed of altering my Courſe of living; there is a critical Minute in every Man's Life, which, if he can but lay hold of, he may make his Fortune.

Inis. Ha! What, do I ſee a Diamond Ring! Where the Deuce had he that Ring? You have got a very pretty Ring there, *Liſſardo.*

Liſſ. Ay, the Trifle is pretty enough——But the Lady which gave it me is a *Bona Roba* in Beauty, I aſſure you. [*Cocks his Hat and ſtruts.*

Inis. I can't bear this——The Lady! What Lady, pray?

Liſſ. Oh fy! There's a Queſtion to aſk a Gentleman.

Inis.

Inis. A Gentleman! Why, the Fellow's ſpoil'd! is this your Love for me? Ungrateful Man, you'll break my Heart, ſo you will. [*Burſts into Tears.*

Liſſ. Poor tender-hearted Fool.——

Inis. If I knew who gave you that Ring, I'd tear her Eyes out, ſo I wou'd. [*Sobs.*

Liſſ. So, now the Jade wants a little Coaxing; why, what doſt thou weep for now, my Dear? Ha!

Inis. I ſuppoſe *Flora* gave you that Ring; but I'll—

Liſſ. No, the Devil take me if ſhe did, you make me ſwear now —— So, they are All for the Ring, but I ſhall bob 'em: I did but joke, the Ring is none of mine, it is my Maſter's; I am to give it to be new ſet, that's all; therefore, prithee dry thy Eyes, and kiſs me, come.

[*Enter* Flora.

Inis. And do you really ſpeak Truth now?

Liſſ. Why do you doubt it?

Flo. So, ſo, very well! I thought there was an Intrigue between him and *Inis*, for all he has forſworn it ſo often. [*Aſide.*

Inis. Nor han't you ſeen *Flora* ſince you came to Town.

Flo. Ha! How dares ſhe name my Name? [*Aſide.*

Liſſ. No, by this Kiſs I han't. [*Kiſſes her.*

Flo. Here's a diſſembling Varlet. [*Aſide.*

Inis. Nor don't you love her at all?

Liſſ. Love the Devil; why did not I always tell thee ſhe was my Averſion?

Flo. Did you ſo, Villain? [*Strikes him a Box on the Ear.*

Liſſ. Zounds, ſhe here! I have made a fine Spot of Work on't. [*Aſide.*

Inis. What's that for? Ha. [*Bruſhes up to her.*

Flo. I ſhall tell you by and by, Mrs. *Frippery*, if you don't get about your Buſineſs.

Inis. Who do you call *Frippery*, Mrs. *Trollop?* Pray get about your Buſineſs: If you go to that, I hope you pretend to no Right and Title here.

Liſſ. What the Devil do they take me for, an Acre of Land, that they quarrel about Right and Title to me? [*Aſide.*

Flo. Pray what Right have you, Miſtreſs, to aſk that Queſtion?

Inis. No matter for that, I can ſhow a better Title to him than you, I believe.

Flo. What, has he given thee nine Months earneſt for a living Title? Ha, ha.

Inis. Don't fling your ſaunting Jeſts at me, Mrs. *Bold-face*, for I won't take 'em, I aſſure you.

Liſſ. So! Now am I as great as the fam'd *Alexander*. But my dear *Statira* and *Roxana*, don't exert yourſelves ſo much about me: Now, I fancy, if you wou'd agree lovingly together, I might, in a modeſt Way, ſatisfy both your Demands upon me.

Flo. You ſatisfy! No, Sirrah, I am not to be ſatisfy'd ſo ſoon as you think, perhaps.

Inis. No, nor I neither——What, do you make no Difference between us?

Flor. You pityful Fellow, you; what, you fancy, I warrant, that I gave myſelf the trouble of dogging you, out of Love to your filthy Perſon; but you are miſtaken, Sirrah—It was to detect your Treachery.—How often have you ſworn to me that you hated *Inis*, and only carried fair for the good Chear ſhe gave you; but that you could never like a Woman with crooked Legs, you ſaid.

Inis. How, how, Sirrah, crooked Legs! Ods; I cou'd find in my Heart. [*Snatching up her Petticoat a little.*

Liſſ. Here's a lying young Jade now! Prithee, my Dear, moderate thy Paſſion. [*Coaxingly.*

Inis. I'd have you to know, Sirrah, my Legs was never your Maſter, I hope, underſtands Legs better than you do, Sirrah. [*paſſionately.*

Liſſ. My Maſter, ſo, ſo. [*Shaking his Head and winking.*

Flo. I am glad I have done ſome Miſchief, however. [*Aſide.*

Liſſ. (*To Inis.*) Art thou really ſo fooliſh to mind what an enrag'd Woman ſays? Don't you ſee ſhe does it on purpoſe to part you and I? (*runs to* Flora) cou'd not you find the Joke without putting yourſelf in a Paſſion! You ſilly Girl you? why I ſaw you follow us plain enough, Mun, and ſaid all this, that you might not go back with only your Labour for your Pains—But you are a revengeful young Slut tho'. I tell you that, but come kiſs, and be Friends.

Flo. Don't think to coax me; hang your Kiſſes.

Flo.

Fel. (Within.) Liſſardo.

Liſſ. Odſheart, here's my Maſter; the Devil take both theſe Jades for me, what ſhall I do with them?

Inis. Ha! 'Tis *Don Felix*'s Voice; I wou'd not have him find me here, with his Footman, for the World. [*Aſide.*

Fel. (Within) Why, *Liſſardo, Liſſardo!*

Liſſ. Coming Sir, What a Pox will you do?

Flo. Bleſs me, which Way ſhall I get out!

Liſſ. Nay, nay, you muſt e'en ſet your Quarrel aſide, and be content to be mew'd up in this Cloaths Preſs together, or ſtay where you are, and face it out ——there is no help for it!

Flo. Put me any where, rather than that; come, come, let me in. [*He opens the Preſs, and ſhe goes in.*

Inis. I'll ſee her hang'd, before I'll go into the Place where ſhe is. —— I'll truſt Fortune with my Deliverance: Here us'd to be a Pair of back Stairs, I'll try to find them out. [*Exit.*

Enter Felix *and* Frederick.

Fel. Was you aſleep, Sirrah, that you did not hear me call?

Liſſ. I did hear you, and anſwer'd you, I was coming, Sir.

Fel. Go get the Horſes ready, I'll leave *Liſbon* to Night, never to ſee it more.

Liſſ. Hey dey! What's the Matter now? [*Aſide.*

Fred. Pray tell me, *Don Felix!* What has ruffled your Temper thus?

Fel. A Woman — Oh Friend, who can name Woman, and forget Inconſtancy!

Fred. This from a Perſon of mean Education were excuſable, ſuch low Suſpicions have their Source from vulgar Converſation; Men of your politer Taſte never raſhly cenſure.—Come, this is ſome groundleſs Jealouſy — Love raiſes many Fears.

Fel. No, my Ears convey'd the Truth into my Heart, and Reaſon juſtifies my Anger: *Violante*'s falſe, and I have nothing left, but thee, in *Liſbon*, which can make me wiſh ever to ſee it more, except Revenge upon my Rival, of whom I am ignorant. Oh, That ſome Miracle wou'd re-

veal him to me, that I might thro' his Heart puniſh her Infidelity.

Enter Liſſardo.

Liſſ. Oh! Sir, here's your Father *Don Lopez* coming up.

Fel. Does he know that I am here?

Liſſ. I can't tell, Sir, he aſk'd for *Don Frederick*.

Fred. Did he ſee you?

Liſſ. I believe not, Sir, for as ſoon as I ſaw him, I ran back to give my Maſter Notice.

Fel. Keep out of his Sight then.—And dear *Frederick*, permit me to retire into the next Room, for I know the old Gentleman will be very much diſpleaſed at my Return without his Leave. [*Exit.*

Fred. Quick, quick, be gone, he is here.

Enter Don Lopez, *ſpeaking as he enters.*

Lop. Mr. *Alguazil*, wait you without till I call for you. *Frederick*, an Affair brings me here—which—requires Privacy—So that if you have any Body within Ear-ſhot, pray order them to retire.

Fred. We are private, my Lord, ſpeak freely.

Lop. Why then, Sir, I muſt tell you, that you had better have pitch'd upon any Man in *Portugal* to have injur'd, than myſelf.

Fel. (*Peeping*) What means my Father?

Fred. I underſtand you not, my Lord!

Lop. Tho' I am old, I have a Son.—Alas! Why name I him? He knows not the Diſhonour of my Houſe.

Fel. I am confounded! The Diſhonour of his Houſe.

Fred. Explain yourſelf my Lord! I am not conſcious of any diſhonourable Action to any Man, much leſs to your Lordſhip.

Lop. 'Tis falſe! you have debauched my Daughter.

Fel. Debauch'd my Siſter! Impoſſible! He cou'd not, durſt not be that Villain.

Fred. My Lord I ſcorn ſo foul a Charge.

Lop. You have debauch'd her Duty at leaſt, therefore, inſtantly reſtore her to me, or by St. *Anthony* I'll make you.

Fred. Reſtore her my Lord! Where ſhall I find her?

Lop. I have thoſe that will ſwear ſhe is here in your Houſe.

Fel.

Fel. Ha! In this Houſe?

Fred. You are miſinform'd, my Lord, upon my Reputation I have not ſeen *Donna Iſabella*, ſince the Abſence of *Don Felix*.

Lop. Then, pray Sir——If I am not too inquiſitive, what Motive had you for thoſe Objections you made againſt her Marriage with *Don Guzman* Yeſterday?

Fred. The Diſagreeableneſs of ſuch a Match, I fear'd, wou'd give your Daughter cauſe to curſe her Duty, if ſhe comply'd with your Demand, that was all, my Lord!

Lop. And ſo you help'd her thro' the Window to make her diſobey.

Fel. Ha, my Siſter gone! Oh Scandal to our Blood!

Fred. This is inſulting me, my Lord, when I aſſure you I have neither ſeen, nor know any thing of your Daughter——If ſhe is gone, the Contrivance was her own, and you may thank your Rigour for it.

Lop. Very well, Sir; however, my Rigour ſhall make bold to ſearch your Houſe: Here, call in the Alguazil.—

Flo. (Peeping) The Alguazil! What in the Name of Wonder will become of me!

Fred. The Alguazil! My Lord, you'll repent this.

Enter Alguazil *and Attendants.*

Lop. No Sir, 'tis you that will repent it, I charge you, in the King's Name, to aſſiſt me in finding of my Daughter.—Before you leave no Part of the Houſe unſearch'd; come, follow me. [*Goes towards the Door where* Felix *is*; Frederick *draws, and plants himſelf before the Door.*

Fred. Sir, I muſt firſt know by what Authority you pretend to ſearch my Houſe, before you enter here.

Alg. How! Sir, dare you preſume to draw your Sword upon the Repreſentative of Majeſty! I am, Sir, I am his Majeſty's *Alguazil*, and the very Quinteſſence of Authority——therefore put up your Sword, or I ſhall order you to be knock'd down——for know, Sir, the Breath of an *Alguazil*, is as dangerous as the Breath of a *Demy-Culverin*.

Lop. She is certainly in that Room, by his guarding the Door——if he diſputes your Authority, knock him down, I ſay.

Fred. I ſhall ſhow you ſome Sport firſt! The Woman you look for is not here, but there is ſomething in this Room, which I'll preſerve from your Sight at the Hazard of my Life.

Lop. Enter, I ſay, nothing but my Daughter can be there—Force his Sword from him. [Felix *comes out and joins* Frederick.

Fel. Villains, ſtand off! Aſſaſſinate a Man in his own Houſe.

Lop. Oh, oh, oh, *Miſericordia*, what do I ſee my Son!

Alg. Ha, his Son! Here's five hundred Pounds good, my Brethren, if *Antonio* dies, and that's in the Surgeon's Power, and he's in love with my Daughter, you know—*Don Felix!* I command you to ſurrender yourſelf into the Hands of Juſtice, in order to raiſe me and my Poſterity, and in Conſideration you loſe your Head to gain me five hundred Pounds, I'll have your Generoſity recorded on your Tomb-ſtone——at my own proper Coſt and Charge—I hate to be ungrateful.

Fred. Here's a generous Dog now——

Lop. Oh that ever I was born—Hold, hold, hold.

Fred. Did I not tell you, you wou'd repent, my Lord. What ho! Within there *(Enter Servants)* Arm yourſelves, and let not a Man in, nor out, but *Felix* —— Look ye, *Alguazil*, when you wou'd betray my Friend for filthy Lucre, I ſhall no more regard you as an Officer of Juſtice, but as a Thief and Robber thus reſiſt you.

Fel. Generous *Frederick!* Come on, Sir, we'll ſhow you Play for the five hundred Pounds.

Alg. Fall on, ſeize the Money right or wrong, ye Rogues. [*They fight.*

Lop. Hold, hold, *Alguazil!* I'll give you the five hundred Pounds, that is, my Bond to pay it upon *Antonio*'s Death, and twenty Piſtoles however Things go, for you and theſe honeſt Fellows to drink my Health.

Alg. Say you ſo, my Lord! Why look ye, my Lord, I bear the young Gentleman no ill Will, my Lord, if I get but the five hundred Pounds, my Lord — Why, look ye, my Lord——'Tis the ſame Thing to me whether your Son be hanged or not, my Lord.

Fel. Scoundrels.——

Lop. Ay, well, thou art a good-natur'd Fellow, that

is the Truth on't——Come then, we'll to the Tavern, and ſign and ſeal this Minute: Oh *Felix!* be careful of thyſelf, or thou wilt break my Heart. [*Exit* Lopez, Alguazil *and Attendants.*

Fel. Now *Frederick*, tho' I ought to thank you for your Care of me, yet, till I am ſatisfied about my Father's Accuſation, I can't return the Acknowledgments I owe you: Know you aught relating to my Siſter?

Fred. I hope my Faith and Truth are known to you—And here by both I ſwear, I am ignorant of every Thing relating to your Father's Charge.

Fel. Enough, I do believe thee! Oh Fortune! Where will thy Malice end!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, I bring you joyful News; I am told that *Don Antonio* is out of Danger, and now in the Palace.

Fel. I wiſh it be true, then I'm at Liberty to watch my Rival, and purſue my Siſter? Prithee *Frederick*, inform thyſelf of the Truth of this Report.

Fred. I will this Minute——Do you hear, let no body in to *Don Felix* till my Return. [*Exit.*

Ser. I'll obſerve, Sir. [*Exit.*

Flo. *(Peeping)* They have almoſt frighted me out of my Wits—I'm ſure—Now *Felix* is alone, I have a good Mind to pretend I came with a Meſſage from my Lady; but then how ſhall I ſay I came into the Cupboard. [*Aſide.*

Enter Servant, ſeeming to oppoſe the Entrance of ſomebody.

Ser. I tell you, Madam, *Don Felix* is not here.

Vio. *(Within)* I tell you, Sir, he is here, and I will ſee him. *(breaks in)* You are as difficult of Acceſs, Sir, as a firſt Miniſter of State.

Flo. My Stars! My Lady here! [*Shuts the Preſs cloſe.*

Fel. If your Viſit was deſign'd to *Frederick*, Madam, he is abroad.

Vio. No Sir, the Viſit is to you.

Fel. You are very punctual in your Ceremonies, Madam.

Vio. Tho' I did not come to return your Viſit, but to take that which your Civility ought to have brought me.

Fel.

Fel. If my Ears, my Eyes and my Underſtanding ly'd, then I am in your Debt, elſe not, Madam.

Vio. I will not charge them with a Term ſo groſs, to ſay they ly'd, but call it a Miſtake, nay, call it any thing to excuſe my *Felix*—Cou'd I, think ye, cou'd I put off my Pride ſo far, poorly to diſſemble a Paſſion which I did not feel? Or ſeek a Reconciliation, with what I did not love? Do but conſider, if I had entertain'd another, ſhou'd I not rather embrace this Quarrel, pleas'd with the Occaſion that rid me of your Viſits, and gave me Freedom to enjoy the Choice which you think I have made; have I any Intereſt in thee but my Love? Or am I bound by aught but Inclination to ſubmit and follow thee —— No Law whilſt ſingle binds us to obey, but you by Nature and Education, are oblig'd to pay a Deference to all Woman-kind.

Fel. Theſe are fruitleſs Arguments: 'Tis moſt certain thou wert dearer to theſe Eyes than all that Heaven e're gave to charm the Senſe of Man; but I wou'd rather tear them out, than ſuffer 'em to delude my Reaſon, and enſlave my Peace.

Vio. Can you love without Eſteem? And where is the Eſteem for her you ſtill ſuſpect? Oh *Felix!* There is a Delicacy —— in Love, which equals even a religious Faith; true Love ne'er doubts the Object it adores, and Scepticks there, will diſbelieve their Sight.

Enter Servant.

Fel. Your Notions are too refin'd for mine, Madam. How now, what do you want?

Ser. Only my Maſter's Cloak out of this Preſs, Sir, that's all——Oh! The Devil, the Devil. [*Opens the Preſs, ſees* Flora, *and roars out.*

Vio. Ha, a Woman conceal'd! Very well, *Felix!*

Flo. Diſcover'd! Nay then Legs befriend me. [*runs out.*

Fel. A Woman in the Preſs! [*Enter* Liſſardo. How the Devil came a Woman there, Sirrah?

Liſſ. What ſhall I ſay now?

Vio, Now *Liſſardo* ſhew your Wit to bring your Maſter off.

Liſſ. Off Madam! Nay, nay, nay, there, there needs no

no great Wit to, to, to, bring him off Madam, for ſhe did, and ſhe did not come as, as, as, as, a, a, a Man may ſay directly to, to, to, to ſpeak with my Maſter, Madam.

Vio. I ſee by your Stammering, *Liſſardo*, that your Invention is at a very low Ebb.

Fel. 'Sdeath, Raſcal! ſpeak without Heſitation, and the Truth too, or I ſhall ſtick my Stilletto in your Guts.

Vio. No, no, your Maſter miſtakes, he wou'd not have you ſpeak the Truth.

Fel. Madam, my Sincerity wants no Excuſe.

Liſſ. I am ſo confounded between one and the other, that I can't think of a Lye.— [*Aſide.*

Fel. Sirrah, fetch me this Woman back inſtantly, I'll know what Buſineſs ſhe had here!

Vio. Not a ſtep; your Maſter ſhan't be put to the Bluſh ——Come a Truce, *Felix!* Do you aſk me no more Queſtions about the Window, and I'll forgive this.

Fel. I ſcorn Forgiveneſs where I own no Crime, but your Soul, conſcious of its Guilt, would fain lay hold of this Occaſion to blend your Treaſon with my Innocence.

Vio. Inſolent! Nay, if inſtead of owning your Fault you endeavour to inſult my Patience, I muſt tell you, Sir, you don't behave yourſelf like that Man of Honour you wou'd be taken for, you ground your Quarrel with me upon your own Inconſtancy; 'tis plain you are falſe yourſelf, and wou'd make me the Aggreſſor——It was not for nothing the Fellow oppos'd my Entrance——This laſt Uſage has given me back my Liberty, and now my Father's Will ſhall be obey'd without the leaſt Reluctance. [*Exit.*

Fel. Oh, ſtubborn, ſtubborn Heart, what wilt thou do? Her Father's Will ſhall be obey'd; Ha, That carries her to a Cloyſter, and cuts off all my Hopes at once——By Heaven ſhe ſhall not, muſt not leave me! No ſhe is not falſe, at leaſt my Love now repreſents her true, becauſe I fear to loſe her: Ha! Villain, art thou here: (*turns upon* Liſſardo) tell me this Moment who this Woman was, and for what Intent ſhe was here conceal'd——Or

Liſſ. Ah, good Sir, forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole Truth. (*falls on his Knees.*

Fel. Out with it then——

Liſſ. It, it, it, was Mrs. *Flora*, Sir, *Donna Violante*'s Woman——you muſt know, Sir, we have had a ſneaking

Kindneſs for one another a great while—She was not willing you ſhould know it, ſo when ſhe heard your Voice, ſhe ran into the Cloaths-Preſs; I wou'd have told you this at firſt, but I was afraid of her Lady's knowing it; this is the Truth, as I hope for a whole Skin, Sir.

Fes. If it be not, I'll not leave you a whole Bone in it, Sirrah——fly, and obſerve if *Violante* goes directly home.

Liſſ. Yes, Sir; yes.

Fel. I muſt convince her of my Faith: Oh! how irreſolute is a Lover's Heart! My Reſentment cool'd when hers grew high—Nor can I ſtruggle longer with my Fate; I cannot quit her, no I cannot, ſo abſolute a Conqueſt has ſhe gain'd——Woman's the greateſt ſovereign Power on Earth.

In vain Men ſtrive their Tyranny to quit,
Their Eyes command, and force us to ſubmit.
So have I ſeen a mettled Courſer fly,
Tear up the Ground, and toſs his Rider high,
Till ſome experienc'd Maſter found the Way,
With Spur and Rein to make his Pride obey.

Scene the Terreiro de paſſa.

Enter Colonel *and* Iſabella *veil'd.*
Gibby *at a Diſtance.*

Col. Then you ſay, it is impoſſible for me to wait of you home, Madam.

Iſab. I ſay it is inconſiſtent with my Circumſtance, Colonel, and that Way impoſſible for me to admit of it.

Col. Conſent to go with me then——I lodge at one *Don Frederick*'s a Merchant juſt by here, he is a very honeſt Fellow, and I dare confide in his Secrecy.

Iſab. Ha, does he lodge there? Pray Heaven I am not diſcover'd. [*Aſide.*

Col. What ſay you, my Charmer? ſhall we breakfaſt together; I have ſome of the beſt Bohea in the Univerſe.

Iſab. Pu! Bohea! Is that the beſt Treat you can give a Lady at your Lodgings—Colonel!

Col. Well hinted——No, no, no, I have other Things at thy Service, Child.

Iſab. What are thoſe Things pray?

Col.

Col. My Heart, Soul, and Body into the Bargain.

Ifab. Has the laſt no Incumbrance upon it; can you make a clear Title, Colonel?

Col. All Freehold, Child, and I'll afford thee a very good Bargain. [*embraces her.*

Gib. Au my Sol, they mak muckle Wards about it, Ife ſeer weary with ſtanding, Ife e'en tak a Sleep.

[*Lies down.*

Ifab. If I take a Leaſe it muſt be for Life, Colonel.

Col. Thou ſhalt have me as long, or as little Time as thou wilt; my Dear, come, let's to my Lodging, and we'll Sign and Seal this Minute.

Ifab. Oh, not ſo faſt, Colonel, there are many Things to be adjuſted before the Lawyer and the Parſon comes.

Col. The Lawyer, and Parſon! No, no, ye little Rogue, we can finiſh our Affairs without the Help of the Law—or the Goſpel.

Ifab. Indeed but we can't, Colonel.

Col. Indeed! Why haſt thou then trappan'd me out of my warm Bed this Morning for nothing! Why, this is ſhowing a Man half famiſh'd a well furniſh'd Larder, then clapping a Padlock on the Door, till you ſtarve him quite.

Ifab. If you can find in your Heart to ſay Grace, Colonel, you ſhall keep the Key.

Col. I love to ſee my Meat before I give Thanks, Madam, therefore uncover thy Face, Child, and I'll tell thee more of my Mind.—If I like you——

Ifab. I dare not riſk my Reputation upon your Ifs, Colonel,—and ſo Adieu. [*Going.*

Col. Nay, nay, nay, we muſt not part.

Ifab. As you ever hope to ſee me more, ſuſpend your Curioſity now; one Step further loſes me for ever.—Show yourſelf a Man of Honour, and you ſhall find me a Woman of Honour. [*Exit.*

Col. Well, for once, I'll truſt to a blind Bargain, Madam.—(*Kiſſes her Hand and parts.*) But I ſhall be too cunning for your Ladyſhip, if *Gibby* obſerves my Orders: Methinks theſe Intrigues, which relate to the Mind, are very inſipid.—The Converſation of Bodies is much more diverting.—Ha! What do I ſee, my Raſcal aſleep? Sirrah,

Sirrah, did I not charge you to watch the Lady? And is it thus you obſerve my Orders, ye Dog. [*Kicks him all this while, and he ſhrugs, and rubs his Eyes, and yawns.*

Gib. That's treu, and lik your Honour; but I thought that when ence ye had her in yer awn Honds, yee mite a orderd her yer ſal weel eneugh without me, en ye keen, and lik yer Honour.

Col. Sirrah, hold your impertinent Tongue, and make haſte after her; if you don't bring me ſome Account of her, never dare to ſee my Face again. [*Exit.*

Gib. Ay! This is bony Wark indeed, to run three hundred Mile to this wicked Town, an before I can weel fill my Wem, to be ſent a Whore-hunting after this black ſhee Devil.—What Gat ſal I gang to ſpeer for this Wutch now? Ah, for a ruling Elder——or the Kirk's Treaſerer ——or his Mon——Id gar, my Maſter mak twa oh this; —But I'm ſeer ther's na ſike honeſt People here, or there wou'd na be ſo muckle Scuddudrie *.

[*Enter an* Engliſh *Soldier paſſing along.*

Gib. Geud Mon, did ye ſee a Woman, a Lady, ony gate her away enow?

Eng. Man. Yes, a great many. What kind of a Woman is it you enquire after.

Gib. Geud troth, ſhe's ne Kenſpekle, ſhe's aw in a Clowd.——

Eng. Man. What! it's ſome High-land Monſter which you brought over with you, I ſuppoſe, I ſee no ſuch, not I, kenſpekle quotha!

Gib. Huly, huly, Mon, the Deel pike out yer Eyn, and then you'll ſee the bater, ye *Engliſh* bag Pudin Tike.

Eng. Man. What ſays the Fellow? [*Turning to* Gibby.

Gib. Say! I ſay I am a better Fellow than e'er ſtude upon yer Shanks—an gin I heer eneer a yer din, deal a my Sol, Sir, but Iſe crak your Crown.

Eng. Man. Get you gone, you *Scotch* Raſcal, and thank your Heathen Dialect, which I don't underſtand, that you han't your Bones broke.

Gib. Ay! an ye do no underſtond a *Scots* Man's Tongue

* *Fornication.*

—Iſe

—Ife ſe gin ye can underſtond a *Scots* Man's Gripe: Wha's the batter Man now, Sir?

[*Lays hold of him, ſtrikes up his Heels, and gets aſtride over him.*

Here Violante *croſſes the Stage,* Gibby *jumps up from the Man, and bruſhes up to* Violante.

Gib. I vow, Madam, but I am glad that yee and I are forgather'd.

Vio. What wou'd the Fellow have?

Gib. Nothing, away Madam, wo worth yer Heart, what a muckle deel a Miſchief had yee like to bring upon poor *Gibby*.

Vio. The Man's drunk.——

Gib. In troth am I not.——An gin I had not fond ye, Madam, the Laird knows when I ſhou'd; for my Maſter bad me nere gang Heam, without Tydings of yee, Madam.

Vio. Sirrah, get about your Buſineſs, or I'll have your Bones drubb'd.

Gib. Geud Faith, my Maſter has e'en dun that te yer Honds, Madam.

Vio. Who is your Maſter, Friend?

Gib. Mony e'en Spiers the gat, they ken right weel—It is no ſo long ſen yee parted wi him, I wiſh he ken yee haaſe as weel as yee ken him.

Vio. Pugh, the Creature's mad or miſtakes me for ſome Body elſe; and I ſhou'd be as mad as he, to talk to him any longer. [*Exit.*

Enter Liſſardo *at the upper End of the Stage.*

Liſſ. So, ſhe's gone Home, I ſee. What did that *Scotch* Fellow want with her? I'll try to find it out, perhaps I may diſcover ſomething that may make my Maſter friends with me again.

Gib. Are ye gaune, Madam, a deel ſcope in your Company, for I'm as weeſe as I was; but I'll bide and ſee whaſe Houſe it is, gin I can meet wi ony Civil Body to ſpier at.——Weel of aw Men in the Warld, I think our *Scots* Men the greateſt Feuls, to leave their weel favour'd honeſt Women at Heam, to rin walloping after a Pack of Gyrcarlings here, that ſhame to ſhow their Faces, and

peer

peer Men, like me, are forc'd to be their Pimps; a Pimp! Godfwarbit, *Gibby*'s ne'er be a Pimp——And yet in troth it is a Threving Trade; I remember a Countryman aw mi ean, that by ganging a fike like Errants as I am now come to gat Preferment: My Lad, wot yee wha lives here? [*Turns and ſees* Liſſardo.

Liſſ. Don Pedro de Mendoſa.

Gib. An did ye ſee a Lady gang in but now?

Liſſ. Yes I did.

Gib. An dee kenner her te?

Liſſ. It was *Donna Violante* his Daughter; what the Devil makes him ſo inquiſitive? Here is ſomething in it, that's certain. 'Tis a cold Morning, Brother, what think you of a Dram?

Gib. In troth, very weel, Sir.

Liſſ. You ſeem an honeſt Fellow, prithee let's drink to our better Acquaintance.

Gib. Wi aw my Heart, Sir; gang yer gat to the next Houſe, and Iſe follow ye.——

Liſſ. Come along then. [*Exit.*

Gib. Don Pedro de Mendoſa——*Donna Violante* his Daughter; that's as right as my Leg now——Iſe need na meer, I'll tak a Drink, an then to my Maſter.——

Iſe bring him News will mak his Heart full Blee;
Gin he rewards it not, Deel pimp for me. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE, Violante's *Lodgings.*

Enter Iſabella *in a gay Temper, and* Violante *out of Humour.*

Iſab. MY Dear, I have been ſeeking you this half Hour, to tell you the moſt lucky Adventure.

Vio. And you have pitched upon the moſt unlucky Hour for it, that you cou'd poſſibly have found in the whole four and Twenty.

Iſab.

Iſab. Hang unlucky Hours, I won't think of them; I hope all my Misfortunes are paſt.

Vio. And mine all to come.

Iſab. I have ſeen the Man I like.

Vio. And I have ſeen the Man that I cou'd wiſh to hate.

Iſab. And you muſt aſſiſt me in diſcovering whether he can like me, or not.

Vio. You have aſſiſted me in ſuch a Diſcovery already, I thank ye.

Iſab. What ſay you, my Dear?

Vio. I ſay I am very unlucky at Diſcoveries, *Iſabella*; I have too lately made one pernicious to my Eaſe; your Brother is falſe.

Iſab. Impoſſible!

Vio. Moſt true.

Iſab. Some Villain has traduc'd him to you.

Vio. No, *Iſabella*, I love too well to truſt the Eyes of others; I never credit the ill judging World, or form Suſpicions upon vulgar Cenſures; no, I had ocular Proof of his Ingratitude.

Iſab. Then I am moſt unhappy; my Brother was the only Pledge of Faith betwixt us; if he has forfeited your Favour, I have no Title to your Friendſhip.

Vio. You wrong my Friendſhip, *Iſabella*; your own Merit intitles you to every Thing within my Power.

Iſab. Generous Maid——But may I not know what Grounds you have to think my Brother falſe.

Vio. Another time—But tell me, *Iſabella*, how can I ſerve you?

Iſab. Thus then——The Gentleman that brought me hither, I have ſeen and talk'd with upon the *Terreiro de peſſa* this Morning, and find him a Man of Senſe, Generoſity, and good Humour; in ſhort, he is every Thing that I cou'd like for a Huſband, and I have diſpatch'd Mrs. *Flora* to bring him hither; I hope you'll forgive the Liberty I have taken.

Vio. Hither, to what Purpoſe?

Iſaq. To the great univerſal Purpoſe, Matrimony.

Vio. Matrimony! Why do you deſign to aſk him?

Iſab. No, *Violante*, you muſt do that for me.

Vio. I thank you for the Favour you deſign me, but de-

ſire

ſire to be excus'd: I manage my own Affairs too ill, to be truſted with thoſe of other People; beſides; if my Father ſhou'd find a Stranger here, it might make him hurry me into a *Monaſtery* immediately; I can't for my Life admire your Conduct, to encourage a Perſon altogether unknown to you.——'Twas very imprudent to meet him this Morning, but much more ſo, to ſend for him hither, knowing what Inconveniency you have already drawn upon me.

Iſab. I am not inſenſible how far my Misfortunes have embarraſt you; and, if you pleaſe, ſacrifice my Quiet to your own.

Vio. Unkindly urg'd—Have I not preferr'd your Happineſs to every Thing that's dear to me?

Iſab. I know thou haſt——Then do not deny me this laſt Requeſt, when a few Hours perhaps, may render my Condition, able to clear thy Fame, and bring my Brother to thy Feet for Pardon.

Vio. I wiſh you don't repent of this Intrigue. I ſuppoſe he knows you are the ſame Woman that he brought in here laſt Night.

Iſab. Not a Syllable of that; I met him veil'd, and to prevent his knowing the Houſe, I order'd Mrs. *Flora* to bring him by the back Door into the Garden.

Vio. The very Way which *Felix* comes; if they ſhould meet, there would be fine Work——Indeed, my Dear, I can't approve of your Deſign.

Enter Flora.

Flor. Madam, the Colonel waits your Pleaſure.

Vio. How durſt you go upon ſuch a Meſſage, Miſtreſs, without acquainting me?

Iſab. 'Tis too late to diſpute that now, dear *Violante.* I acknowledge the Raſhneſs of the Action—But conſider the Neceſſity of my Deliverance.

Vio. That is indeed a weighty Conſideration; well, what am I to do?

Iſab. In the next Room I'll give you Inſtructions; in the mean time, Mrs. *Flora*, ſhow the Colonel into this.

[*Exit* Flora *one Way, and* Iſab. *and* Vio. *another.*

Re-enter Flora *with the* Colonel.

Flo. The Lady will wait on you preſently, Sir. [*Exit Col.*

Col. Very well——This is a very fruitful Soil. I have not been here quite four and twenty Hours, and I have three Intrigues upon my Hands already, but I hate the Chaſe, without partaking the Game. (*Enter* Violante *veil'd*) Ha, a fine ſiz'd Woman—Pray Heaven ſhe proves handſome——I am come to obey your Ladyſhip's Commands.

Vio. Are you ſure of that, Colonel?

Col. If you be not very unreaſonable indeed, Madam; a Man is but a Man. [*Takes her Hand and kiſſes it.*

Vio. Nay, we have no Time for Compliments, Colonel.

Col. I underſtand you, Madam——*Montre moy votre Chambre.* [*Takes her in his Arms.*

Vio. Nay, nay, hold Colonel, my Bed-chamber is not to be enter'd without a certain Purchaſe.

Col. Purchaſe! Humph: This is ſome kept Miſtreſs, I ſuppoſe, who induſtriouſly lets out her leiſure Hours. (*Aſide*) Look ye, Madam, you muſt conſider we Soldiers are not over-ſtock'd with Money.—But we make ample Satisfaction in Love; we have a World of Courage upon our Hands now, you know:—Then prithee uſe a Conſcience, and I'll try if my Pocket can come up to your Price.

[*Puts his Hands into his Pocket.*

Vio. Nay, don't give yourſelf the Trouble of drawing your Purſe, Colonel, my Deſign is level'd at your Perſon, if that be at your own Diſpoſal.

Col. Ay, that it is Faith, Madam, and I'll ſettle it as firmly upon thee———

Vio. As Law can do it.

Col. Hang Law in Love affairs; thou ſhalt have Right and Title to it out of pure Inclination——A matrimonial Hint again! Gad, I fancy the Women have a Project on Foot to tranſplant the Union into *Portugal.*

Vio. Then you have an Averſion to Matrimony, Colonel; did you never ſee a Woman, in all your Travels, that you cou'd like for a Wife?

Col. A very odd Queſtion—Do you really expect that I ſhou'd ſpeak Truth now?

Vio. I do, if you expect to be ſo dealt with, Colonel.

Col. Why then——Yes.

Vio. Is ſhe in your own Country, or this?

Col.

Col. This is a very pretty kind of a Catechiſm; but I don't conceive which Way it turns to Edification: In this Town I believe, Madam.

Vio. Her Name is——

Col. Ay, how is ſhe call'd, Madam?

Vio. Nay, I aſk you that, Sir.

Col. Oh, oh, why ſhe is call'd—Pray, Madam, how is it you ſpell your Name?

Vio. Oh, Colonel, I am not the happy Woman, nor do I wiſh it.

Col. No, I am ſorry for that.—What the Devil does ſhe mean by all theſe Queſtions? [*Aſide.*

Vio. Come, Colonel, for once be ſincere.——Perhaps you may not repent it.

Col. Faith, Madam, I have an Inclination to Sincerity, but I'm afraid you'll call my Manners in Queſtion: This is like to be but a ſilly Adventure, here's ſo much Sincerity required. [*Aſide*

Vio. Not at all: I prefer Truth before Compliment in this Affair.

Col. Why then, to be plain with you, Madam, a Lady laſt Night wounded my Heart by a Fall from a Window, whoſe Perſon I cou'd be contented to take, as my Father took my Mother, till Death us doth part.——But whom ſhe is, or how diſtinguiſh'd, whether Maid, Wife, or Widow, I can't inform you; perhaps you are ſhe.

Vio. Not to keep you in Suſpence, I am not ſhe, but I can give you an Account of her: That Lady is a Maid of Condition, has ten thouſand Pounds; and if you are a ſingle Man, her Perſon and Fortune are at your Service.

Col. I accept the Offer with the higheſt Tranſports; but ſay, my charming Angel, art thou not ſhe? (*offers to embrace her*) This is a lucky Adventure. [*Aſide.*

Vio. Once again, Colonel, I tell you I am not ſhe—But at Six this Evening you ſhall find her on the *Terreiro de paſſa*, with a white Handkerchief in her Hand; get a Prieſt ready, and you know the reſt.

Col. I ſhall infallibly obſerve your Directions, Madam.

Enter Flora *haſtily, and whiſpers* Violante, *who ſtarts and ſeems ſurprized.*

Vio. Ha, *Felix* croſſing the Garden, ſay you, what ſhall I do now? *Col.*

Col. You seem surpriz'd, Madam.

Vio. Oh, Colonel, my Father is coming hither, and if he finds you here, I am ruin'd!

Col. Od'slife, Madam, thrust me any where; can't I go out this Way?

Vio. No, no, no, he comes that Way; how shall I prevent their Meeting? Here, here, step into my Bed-chamber and be still, as you value her you love; don't stir till you've Notice, as ever you hope to have her in your Arms.

Col. On that Condition I'll not breathe. [*Exit.*

Enter Felix.

Fel. I wonder where my Dog of a Servant is all this while——But she is at home I find——How coldly she regards me——You look, *Violante*, as if the Sight of me were troublesome.

Vio. Can I do otherwise, when you have the Assurance to approach me, after what I saw to Day.

Fel. Assurance, rather call it good Nature, after what I heard last Night; but such regard to Honour have I in my Love to you, I cannot bear to be suspected, nor suffer you to entertain false Notions of my Truth, without endeavouring to convince you of my Innocence, so much good Nature have I more than you *Violante*.——Pray give me Leave to ask your Woman one Question; my Man assures me she was the Person you saw at my Lodgings.

Flor. I confess it, Madam, and ask your Pardon.

Vio. Impudent Baggage, not to undeceive me sooner; what Business cou'd you have there?

Flo. Lissardo and she, it seems, imitate you and I.

Fel. I love to follow the Example of my Betters, Madam.

Fel. I hope I am justify'd——

Vio. Since we are to part, *Felix*, there needed no Justification.

Fel. Methinks you talk of parting as a Thing indifferent to you; can you forget how I have lov'd?

Vio. I wish I could forget my own Passion; I shou'd with less Concern remember yours——But for Mrs. *Flora*——

Fel. You must forgive her;——Must, did I say? I fear I have.

I have no Power to impoſe, tho' the Injury was done to me.

Vio. 'Tis harder to pardon an Injury done to what we love than to ourſelves; but at your Requeſt, *Felix*, I do forgive her; go watch my Father, *Flora*, leſt he ſhou'd awake and ſurprize us.

Flo. Yes, Madam. [*Exit* Flora.

Fel. Doſt thou then love me, *Violante?*

Vio. What need of Repetition from my Tongue, when every Look confeſſes what you aſk?

Fel. Oh! let no Man judge of Love but thoſe who feel it; what wondrous Magic lies in one kind Look.——One tender Word deſtroys a Lover's Rage, and melts his fierceſt Paſſion into ſoft Complaint. Oh the Window, *Violante*, would'ſt thou but clear that one Suſpicion!

Vio. Prithee, no more of that, my *Felix*, a little Time ſhall bring thee perfect Satisfaction.

Fel. Well, *Violante*, on that Condition you think no more of a Monaſtery.——I'll wait with Patience for this mighty Secret.

Vio. Ah, *Felix*, Love generally gets the better of Religion in us Women: Reſolutions made in Heat of Paſſion, ever diſſolve upon Reconciliation.

Enter Flora *haſtily.*

Flo. Oh, Madam, Madam, Madam! my Lord your Father has been in the Garden, and lock'd the back Door, and comes muttering to himſelf this Way.

Vio. Then we are caught: Now, *Felix*, we are undone.

Fel. Heavens forbid, this is moſt unlucky! let me ſtep into your Bed-chamber, he won't look under the Bed; there I may conceal myſelf. [*runs to the Door, and puſhes it open a little.*

Vio. My Stars! If he goes in there he'll find the Colonel.——No, no, *Felix*, that's no ſafe Place, my Father often goes thither; and ſhou'd you cough, or ſneeze, we are loſt.

Fel. Either my Eyes deceiv'd me, or I ſaw a Man within; I'll watch him cloſe——She ſhall deal with the Devil, if ſhe conveys him out without my Knowledge. (*Aſide.*) What ſhall I do then?

Vio. Bleſs me, how I tremble!

Flo.

Flo. Oh, Invention, Invention!—I have it, Madam; here, here, here, Sir, off with your Sword, and I'll fetch you a Diſguiſe. [*Runs in and fetches out a Riding-Hood.*

Fel. Ay, ay, any thing to avoid *Don Pedro.*

Vio. Oh! Quick, quick, quick, I ſhall die with Apprehenſion. [Flora *puts the Riding-Hood on* Felix.

Flo. Beſure you don't ſpeak a Word!

Fel. Not for the *Indies.*——But I ſhall obſerve you cloſer than you imagine. [*Aſide.*

Pedro (Within.) Violante, where are you Child? (*Enter* Don Pedro.) Why, how came the Garden Door open? Ha! How now; who have we here?

Vio. Humph, he'll certainly diſcover him. [*Aſide.*

Flo. 'Tis my Mother, and pleaſe you, Sir.

[*She and* Felix *both Curteſy.*

Pedro. Your Mother! By St. *Anthony* ſhe's a Strapper; why, you are a Dwarf to her.—How many Children have you, good Woman?

Vio. Oh! If he ſpeaks we are loſt. [*Aſide.*

Flo. Oh! Dear *Senior,* ſhe can't hear you; ſhe has been deaf theſe twenty Years.

Pedro. Alas, poor Woman.——Why, you muffle her up as if ſhe were blind too.

Fel. Wou'd I were fairly off. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Turn up her Hood.

Vio. Undone for ever.——St. *Anthony* forbid! Oh, Sir, ſhe has the dreadfulleſt unlucky Eyes.——Pray don't look upon them; I made her keep her Hood ſhut on purpoſe.——Oh, oh, oh!

Pedro. Eyes! Why, what's the Matter with her Eyes?

Flo. My poor Mother, Sir, is much afflicted with the Cholick; and about two Months ago ſhe had it grievouſly in her Stomach, and was over-perſuaded to take a Dram of filthy *Engliſh Geneva.*——Which immediately flew up into her Head, and caus'd ſuch a Defluxion in her Eyes, that ſhe cou'd never ſince bear the Day-light.

Pedro. Say you ſo—Poor Woman!—Well, make her ſit down, *Violante,* and give her a Glaſs of Wine.

Vio. Let her Daughter give her a Glaſs below, Sir; for my part ſhe has frighted me ſo, I ſhan't be myſelf theſe two Hours. I am ſure her Eyes are evil Eyes.

Fel. Well hinted.

Pedro. Well, well, do ſo; evil Eyes, there is no evil Eyes, Child. [*Exit* Felix *and* Flora.

Vio. I am glad he's gone.

Pedro. Haſt thou heard the News, *Violante?*

Vio. What News, Sir?

Pedro. Why, *Vaſquez* tells me, that *Don Lopez*'s Daughter *Iſabella*, is run away from her Father; that Lord has very ill Fortune with his Children.——Well, I'm glad my Daughter has no Inclination to Mankind; that my Houſe is plagu'd with no Suitors. [*Aſide.*

Vio. This is the firſt Word I ever heard of it; I pity her Frailty.——

Pedro. Well ſaid, *Violante.*——Next Week I intend thy Happineſs ſhall begin. [*Enter* Flora.

Vio. I don't intend to ſtay ſo long, I thank you Papa. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. My Lady *Abbeſs* writes Word ſhe longs to ſee thee, and has provided every Thing in order for thy Reception.—Thou wilt lead a happy Life, my Girl.—Fifty Times before that of Matrimony; where an extravagant Coxcomb might make a Beggar of thee, or an ill-natur'd ſurly Dog break thy Heart.

Flo. Break her Heart! She had as good have her Bones broke as to be a Nun; I am ſure I had rather of the two.——You are wondrous kind, Sir; but if I had ſuch a Father, I know what I would do.

Pedro. Why, what wou'd you do Minx, ha?

Flo. I wou'd tell him I had as good Right and Title to the Laws of Nature, and the End of the Creation, as he had.——

Pedro. You wou'd, Miſtreſs; who the Devil doubts it? A good Aſſurance is a Chamber-maid's Coat of Arms; and lying, and contriving, the Supporters——Your Inclinations are on Tip-toe it ſeems.—If I were your Father, Houſewife, I'd have a Pennance enjoyn'd you, ſo ſtrict, that you ſhould not be able to turn you in your Bed for a Month——You are enough to ſpoil your Lady, Houſewife, if ſhe had not abundance of Devotion.

Vio. Fye, *Flora*; Are not you aſham'd to talk thus to my Father? You ſaid, Yeſterday, you wou'd be glad to go with me into the Monaſtery.

Pedro. She go with thee! No, no, ſhe's enough to debauch

bauch the whole Convent——Well, Child, remember what I ſaid to thee; next Week——

Vio. Ay, and what am I to do this too.—— (*Aſide.*) I am all Obedience, Sir; I care not how ſoon I change my Condition.

Flo. But little does he think what Change ſhe means. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Well ſaid, *Violante.*——I am glad to find her ſo willing to leave the World, but it is wholly owing to my prudent Management; did ſhe know that ſhe might command her Fortune when ſhe came at Age, or upon the Day of Marriage, perhaps ſhe'd change her Note.——But I have always told her that her Grandfather left it with this Proviſo, That ſhe turn'd Nun; now a ſmall Part of this twenty thouſand Pounds provides for her in the Nunnery, and the reſt is my own; there is nothing to be got in this Life without Policy. (*Aſide.*) Well, Child, I am going into the Country for two or three Days, to ſettle ſome Affairs with thy Uncle.——And then——Come help me on with my Cloak, Child.

Vio. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* Pedro *and* Violante.

Flo. So, now for the Colonel. (*Goes to the Chamber-Door.*) Hiſt, hiſt, Colonel. [*Colonel peeping.*

Col. Is the Coaſt clear?

Flo. Yes, if you can climb; for you muſt get over the Waſh-Houſe, and jump from the Garden-Wall into the Street.

Col. Nay, nay, I don't value my Neck if my Incognita anſwers but thy Lady's Promiſe. [*Exit* Col. *and* Flora.

Re-enter Pedro *and* Violante.

Pedro. Good by, *Violante*, take care of thyſelf, Child.

Vio. I wiſh you a good Journey, Sir.—Now to ſet my Priſoner at Liberty. [*Enter* Felix *behind* Violante.

Fel. I have lain perdue under the Stairs, till I watch'd the old Man out.

Vio. Sir, Sir, you may appear. [*Goes to the Door.*

Fel. May he ſo, Madam?—I had Cauſe for my Suſpicion, I find, treacherous Woman.

Vio. Ha, *Felix* here! Nay, then, all's diſcover'd.

Fel. (*Draws.*) Villain, whoe'er thou art, come out I charge thee, and take the Reward of thy adulterous Errand.

Vio. What ſhall I ſay? —— Nothing but the Secret which I have ſworn to keep can reconcile this Quarrel. [*Aſide.*

Fel. A Coward! Nay, then I'll fetch you out, think not to hide thyſelf; no, by St. *Anthony*, an Altar ſhould not protect thee, even there I'd reach thy Heart, tho' all the Saints were arm'd in thy Defence. [*Exit.*

Vio. Defend me Heaven! What ſhall I do? I muſt diſcover *Iſabella*, or here will be Murder. ——

Enter Flora.

Flo. I have help'd the Colonel off clear, Madam.

Vio. Say'ſt thou ſo, my Girl? then I am arm'd.

Re-enter Felix.

Fel. Where has the Devil in Compliance to your Sex convey'd him from my juſt Reſentments?

Vio. Him, who do you mean, my dear inquiſitive Spark? Ha, ha, ha, will you never leave theſe jealous Whims?

Fel. Will you never ceaſe to impoſe upon me?

Vio. You impoſe upon yourſelf, my Dear; do you think I did not ſee you? Yes, I did, and reſolved to put this Trick upon you; I knew you'd take the Hint, and ſoon relapſe into your wonted Error: How eaſily your Jealouſy is fired? I ſhall have a bleſſed Life with you.

Fel. Was there nothing in it then, but only to try me?

Vio. Won't you believe your Eyes?

Fel. No, becauſe I find they have deceiv'd me; well, I am convinc'd that Faith is as neceſſary in Love as in Religion; for the Moment a Man lets a Woman know her Conqueſt, he reſigns his Senſes, and ſees nothing but what ſhe'd have him.

Vio. And as ſoon as that Man finds his Love return'd, ſhe becomes as errant a Slave, as if ſhe had already ſaid after the Prieſt.

Fel. The Prieſt, *Violante*, would diſſipate thoſe Fears which cauſe theſe Quarrels; when wilt thou make me happy?

Vio. To-morrow, I will tell thee; my Father is gone for two or three Days to my Uncle's, we have Time enough to finiſh our Affairs —— But prithee leave me now, for I expect ſome Ladies to viſit me.

Fel.

Fel. If you command it.—Fly ſwift ye Hours, and bring To-morrow on.—You deſire I wou'd leave you, *Violante.*

Vio. I do at preſent.

Fel. So much you reign the Sovereign of my Soul,
That I obey without the leaſt Controul. [Exit.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. I am glad my Brother and you are reconcil'd, my Dear, and the Colonel eſcap'd without his Knowledge; I was frighted out of my Wits when I heard him return.—I know not how to expreſs my Thanks, Woman—for what you ſuffer'd for my Sake, my grateful Acknowledgments ſhall ever wait you; and to the World proclaim the Faith, Truth, and Honour of a Woman.———

Vio. Prithee don't compliment thy Friend, *Iſabella.*—You heard the Colonel, I ſuppoſe?

Iſab. Every Syllable, and am pleas'd to find I do not love in vain.

Vio. Thou haſt caught his Heart, it ſeems; and an Hour hence may ſecure his Perſon.—Thou haſt made haſty Work on't, Girl.

Iſab. From hence I draw my Happineſs, we ſhall have no Accounts to make up after Conſummation.

She who for Years, protracts her Lover's Pain,
And makes him wiſh, and wait, and ſigh in vain,
To be his Wife, when late ſhe gives Conſent,
Finds half his Paſſion was in Courtſhip ſpent;
Whilſt they who boldly all Delays remove,
Find every Hour a freſh Supply of Love.

ACT V.

SCENE, Frederick's *Houſe.*

Enter Felix *and* Frederick.

Fel. THIS Hour has been propitious, I am reconcil'd to *Violante*, and you aſſure me *Antonio* is out of Danger.

Fred. Your Satisfaction is doubly mine.

Enter Liſſardo.

Fel. What Haſte you made, Sirrah, to bring me Word if *Violante* went home?

Liſſ. I can give you very good Reaſons for my Stay, Sir—Yes, Sir, ſhe went home.

Fred. O! Your Maſter knows that, for he has been there himſelf, *Liſſardo.*

Liſſ. Sir, may I beg the Favour of your Ear.

Fel. What have you to ſay? [*Whiſpers; and* Felix *ſeems uneaſy.*

Fred. Ha, *Felix* changes Colour at *Liſſardo*'s News. What can it be?

Fel. A *Scots* Footman, that belongs to Colonel *Britton*, an Acquaintance of *Frederick*'s, ſay you? the Devil! If ſhe be falſe, by Heaven I'll trace her. Prithee, *Frederick*, do you know one Colonel *Britton*, a *Scotſman?*

Fred. Yes, why do you aſk me?

Fel. Nay, no great Matter; but my Man tells me that he has had ſome little Difference with a Servant of his; that's all.

Fred. He is a good harmleſs innocent Fellow, I am ſorry for it; the Colonel lodges in my Houſe, I knew him formerly in *England*, and met him here by Accident laſt Night, and gave him an Invitation home; he is a Gentleman of a good Eſtate, beſides his Commiſſion; of excellent Principles, and ſtrict Honour, I aſſure you.

Fel. Is he a Man of Intrigue?

Fred. Like other Men, I ſuppoſe, here he comes.—— [*Enter* Colonel.

Colonel, I began to think I had loſt you.

Col. —And not without ſome Reaſons, if you knew all.

Fel. There's no Danger of a fine Gentleman's being loſt in this Town, Sir.

Col. That Compliment don't belong to me, Sir. But I aſſure you I have been very near being run away with.

Fred. Who attempted it?

Col. Faith, I know her not—Only that ſhe is a charming Woman, I mean as much as I ſaw of her.

Fel. My Heart ſwells with Apprehenſion.—Some accidental Rencounter.—

Fred. A Tavern, I ſuppoſe, adjuſted the Matter.—

Col. A Tavern! No, no, Sir, ſhe is above that Rank, I aſ-

I assure you; this Nymph sleeps in a Velvet Bed, and Lodgings every Way agreeable.

Fel. Ha, a Velvet Bed!—I thought you said but now, Sir, you knew her not.

Col. No more I don't, Sir.

Fel. How came you then so well acquainted with her Bed?

Fred. Ay, ay, come, come, unfold.

Col. Why then you must know, Gentlemen, that I was convey'd to her Lodgings, by one of Cupid's Emissaries, call'd a Chambermaid, in a Chair, thro' fifty blind Alleys, who, by the help of a Key, let me into a Garden.

Fel. S'Death, a Garden, this must be *Violante*'s Garden. [*Aside.*

Col. From thence conducted me into a spacious Room, then dropt me a Courtesy, told me her Lady would wait on me presently; so, without unvailing, modestly withdrew.

Fel. Damn her Modesty; this was *Flora.* [*Aside.*

Fred. Well, how then Colonel?

Col. Then Sir, immediately from another Door issued forth a Lady, arm'd at both Eyes; from whence such Showers of Darts fell round me, that had I not been cover'd with the Shield of another Beauty, I had infallibly fall'n a Martyr to her Charms; for you must know I just saw her Eyes: Eyes, did I say? No, no, hold, I saw but one Eye, tho' I suppose it had a Fellow, equally killing.

Fel. But how came you to see her Bed, Sir? S'Death, this Expectation gives a thousand Racks. [*Aside.*

Col. Why, upon her Maid's giving Notice her Father was coming, she thrust me into the Bed-Chamber.

Fel. Upon her Father's coming?

Col. Ay, so she said; but putting my Ear to the Key-hole of the Door, I found it was another Lover.

Fel. Confound the Jilt! 'Twas she without Dispute. [*Aside.*

Fred. Ah poor Colonel, ha, ha, ha.

Col. I discover'd they had had a Quarrel, but whether they were reconcil'd or not, I can't tell, for the second Alarm brought the Father in good earnest, and had like

to have made the Gentleman and I acquainted, but ſhe found ſome other Stratagem to convey him out.

Fel. Contagion ſeize her, and make her Body ugly as her Soul. There's nothing left to doubt of now,—'Tis plain 'twas ſhe——Sure he knows me, and takes this Method to inſult me; S'Death, I cannot bear it. [*Aſide.*

Fred. So, when ſhe had diſpatched her old Lover, ſhe paid you a Viſit in her Bed-Chamber, ha, Colonel?

Col. No, Pox take the impertinent Puppy, he ſpoil'd my Diverſion, I ſaw her no more.

Fel. Very fine! give me Patience, Heaven, or I ſhall burſt with Rage. [*Aſide.*

Fred. That was hard.

Col. Nay, what was worſe, the Nymph that introduced me convey'd me out again over the Top of a high Wall, where I ran the Danger of having my Neck broke, for the Father, it ſeems, had lock'd the Door by which I enter'd.

Fel. That Way I miſs'd him:—— Damn her Invention. (*Aſide.*) Pray Colonel, was this the ſame Lady you met upon the *Terriero de paſſa* this Morning?

Col. Faith I can't tell, Sir, I had a Deſign to know who that Lady was, but my Dog of a Footman, whom I had order'd to watch her home, fell faſt a Sleep—I gave him a good beating for his Neglect, and I have never ſeen the Rascal ſince.

Fred. Here he comes.

Enter Gibby.

Col. Where have you been, Sirrah?

Gib. Troth Ise been ſeeking yee an like yer Honour theſe twa Hoors an meer, I bring yee glad Teedings, Sir.

Col. What have you found the Lady?

Gib. Geud Faite ha I, Sir—an ſhee's call'd *Donna Violante*, and her Parent *Don Pedro de Mendoſa*, an gin yee wull gang wa mi, an't like ye'r Honour, Ise mak you ken the Huſe right weel.

Fel. O Torture! Torture! [*Aſide.*

Col. Ha! *Violante!* That's the Lady's Name of the Houſe where my Incognita is, ſure it could not be her, at leaſt it was not the ſame Houſe I'm confident. [*Aſide.*

Fred.

Fred. Violante! 'Tis falſe, I wou'd not have you credit him, Colonel.

Gib. The Deel burſt my Blader, Sir, gin I lee.

Fel. Sirrah, I ſay you do lye, and I'll make you eat it, you Dog. *(kicks him)* And if your Maſter will juſtify you.——

Col. Not I, faith Sir,—I anſwer for no body's Lyes but my own, if you pleaſe, kick him again.

Gib. But gin he dus, Iſe ne take it, Sir, gin he was a thouſand *Spaniards.* [*walks about in a Paſſion.*

Col. I ow'd you a beating, Sirrah, and I'm oblig'd to this Gentleman for taking the Trouble off my Hands; therefore ſay no more, d'ye hear, Sir? [*Aſide to* Gibby.

Gib. Troth de I Sir, and feel tee.

Fred. This muſt be a Miſtake, Colonel, for I know *Violante* perfectly well, and I'm certain ſhe would not meet you upon the *Terriero de paſſa.*

Col. Don't be too poſitive, *Frederick*, now I have ſome Reaſons to believe it was that very Lady.

Fel. You'd very much oblige me, Sir, if you'd let me know theſe Reaſons.

Col. Sir.

Fel. Sir, I ſay I have a Right to enquire into thoſe Reaſons you ſpeak off.

Col. Ha, ha, really Sir I cannot conceive how you, or any Man can have a Right to enquire into my Thoughts.

Fel. Sir, I have a Right to every Thing that relates to *Violante*—And he that traduces her Fame, and refuſes to give his Reaſons for't, is a Villain. [*Draws.*

Col. What the Devil have I been doing; now Bliſters on my Tongue, by Dozens. [*Aſide.*

Fred. Prithee *Felix* don't quarrel, till you know for what; this is all a Miſtake I'm poſitive.

Col. Look ye, Sir, that I dare draw my Sword I think will admit of no Diſpute — But tho' fighting's my Trade, I'm not in Love with it, and think it more honourable to decline this Buſineſs, than purſue it. This may be a Miſtake; however, I'll give you my Honour never to have any Affair directly, or indirectly with *Violante*, provided ſhe is your *Violante*; but if there ſhou'd happen to be another of her Name, I hope you wou'd not engroſs all the *Violantes* in the Kingdom.

Fel. Your Vanity has given me sufficient Reasons to believe I'm not mistaken; I'm not to be impos'd upon, Sir.

Col. Nor I bully'd, Sir.

Fel. Bully'd! S'Death, such another Word, and I'll nail thee to the Wall.

Gib. Are you sure of that, *Spaniard.* [*Draws.*

Gib. (*Draws*) Say ne meer Mon, aw my Sol here's Twa to Twa, dona fear Sir, *Gibby* stonds by ye for the Honor a *Scotland.* [*Vapours about.*

Fred. By St. *Anthony* you shan't fight (*interposes*) on bare Suspicion, be certain of the Injury, and then.——

Fel. That I will this Moment, and then, Sir—I hope you are to be found.——

Col. Whenever you please, Sir. [*Exit* Felix.

Gib. S'Bleed, Sir, there neer was *Scotsman* yet that sham'd to shew his Face. [*strutting about.*

Fred. So, Quarrels spring up like Mushrooms, in a Minute: *Violante*, and he, was but just reconcil'd, and you have furnish'd him with fresh Matter for falling out again, and I am certain, Colonel, *Gibby* is in the Wrong.

Gib. Gin I be Sir, the Mon that tald me leed, and gin he dud, the Deel be my Landlard, Hell my Winter Quarters, and a Rope my Winding Sheet, Gin I dee no lik him as lang as I can hold a Stick in my Hond, now see yee.

Col. I am sorry for what I have said, for the Lady's Sake, but who could divine, that she was his Mistress; prithee who is this warm Spark?

Fred. He is the Son of one of our Grandees, nam'd *Don Lopez de Pementell*, a very honest Gentleman, but something passionate in what relates to his Love—He is an only Son, which perhaps may be one Reason for indulging his Passion.

Col. When Parents have but one Child, they either make a Madman, or a Fool of him.

Fred. He is not the only Child, he has a Sister; but I think, thro' the Severity of his Father, who would have married her against her Inclination, she has made her Escape, and notwithstanding he has offer'd five hundred Pounds, he can get no Tyding of her.

Col. Ha! How long has she been missing?

Fred.

Fred. Nay, but ſince laſt Night, it ſeems.

Col. Laſt Night! The very Time! How went ſhe?

Fred. No body can tell, they conjecture thro' the Window.

Col. I'm tranſported! This muſt be the Lady I caught; what ſort of a Woman is ſhe?

Fred. Middle ſiz'd, a lovely brown, a fine, pouting Lip, Eyes that roul and languiſh, and ſeem to ſpeak the exquiſite Pleaſure that her Arms could give!

Col. Oh! I'm fir'd with his Deſcription—'Tis the very ſhe—What's her Name?

Fred. Iſabella—You are tranſported, Colonel.

Col. I have a natural Tendency in me to the Fleſh, thou know'ſt, and who can hear of Charms ſo exquiſite, and yet remain unmov'd? Oh, how I long for the appointed Hour! I'll to the *Terrino de paſſa*, and wait my Happineſs; if ſhe fails to meet me, I'll once more attempt to find her at *Violante*'s in ſpite of her Brother's Jealouſy. *(Aſide)* Dear *Frederick*, I beg your Pardon, but I had forgot, I was to meet a Gentleman upon Buſineſs at Five, I'll endeavour to diſpatch him, and wait on you again as ſoon as poſſible.——

Fred. Your humble Servant, Colonel. [*Exit.*

Col. Gibby, I have no Buſineſs with you at preſent. [*Exit Colonel.*

Gib. That's weel—naw will I gang and ſeek this Loon, and gar him gang with me to *Don Pedro*'s Huſe —— Gin he'll no gang of himſel, Iſe gar him gang by the Lug, Sir; Godſwarbit *Gibby* hates a Lear. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to Violante's *Lodgings.*

Enter Violante *and* Iſabella.

Iſab. The Hour draws on, *Violante*, and now my Heart begins to fail me, but I reſolve to venture for all that.

Vio. What does your Courage ſink; *Iſabella.*

Iſab. Only the Force of Reſolution a little retreated, but I'll rally it again for all that.

Enter Flora.

Flo. Don Felix is coming up, Madam!

Iſab. My Brother! Which Way ſhall I get out — Diſ-

patch

patch him as ſoon as you can, dear *Violante*.

[*Exit into the Cloſet.*

Vio. I will. (*Enter* Felix *in a ſurly Poſture.*) *Felix*, what brings you back ſo ſoon, did not I ſay to-morrow?

Fel. My Paſſion choaks me, I cannot ſpeak, oh, I ſhall burſt! (*Aſide.*) [*Throws himſelf into a Chair.*

Vio. Bleſs me! are you not well, my *Felix*?

Fel. Yes,—No,—I don't know what I am.

Vio. Hey Day! What's the Matter now? Another jealous Whim!

Fel. With what an Air ſhe carries it.——I ſweat at her Impudence. [*Aſide.*

Vio. If I were in your Place, *Felix*, I'd chuſe to ſtay at home, when theſe Fits of Spleen were upon me, and not trouble ſuch Perſons as are not oblig'd to bear with them. [*Here he affects to be careleſs of her.*

Fel. I am very ſenſible, Madam, of what you mean: I diſturb you no doubt, but were I in a better Humour, I ſhou'd not incommode you leſs. I am but too well convinc'd, that you could eaſily diſpenſe with my Viſit.

Vio. When you behave yourſelf as you ought to do, no Company ſo welcome—But when you reſerve me for your ill Nature, I wave your Merit, and conſider what's due to myſelf—And I muſt be ſo free to tell you, *Felix*, that theſe Humours of yours will abate, if not abſolutely deſtroy, the very Principles of Love.

Fel. (*Riſing*) And I muſt be ſo free to tell you, Madam, that ſince you have made ſuch ill Returns to the Reſpect that I have paid you, all you do ſhall be indifferent to me for the Future, and you ſhall find me abandon your Empire with ſo little Difficulty, that I'll convince the World your Chains are not ſo hard to break as your Vanity would tempt you to believe ——I cannot brook the Provocation you give.

Vio. This is not to be born—Inſolent! You abandon! You! Whom I have ſo often forbad ever to ſee me more! Have you not fall'n at my Feet? Implor'd my Favour and Forgiveneſs—Did you not trembling wait, and wiſh, and ſigh, and ſwear yourſelf into my Heart? Ingrateful Man! If my Chains are ſo eaſily broke as you pretend, then you are the ſilliеſt Coxcomb living, you did not break 'em long ago; and I muſt think him capable of

brooking

brooking any thing on whom ſuch Uſage could make no Impreſſion.

Iſab. (Peeping.) A Duce take your Quarrels, ſhe'll never think on me.

Fel. I always believed, Madam, my Weakneſs was the greateſt Addition to your Power, you would be leſs imperious, had my Inclination been leſs forward to oblige you — You have indeed forbad me your Sight, but your Vanity even then aſſured you I would return, and I was Fool enough to feed your Pride.——Your Eyes, with all their boaſted Charms, have acquired the greateſt Glory in conquering me.——And the brighteſt Paſſage of your Life is, wounding this Heart with ſuch Arms as pierce but few Perſons of my Rank. [*Walks about in a great Pet.*

Vio. Matchleſs Arrogance! True Sir, I ſhould have kept Meaſures better with you, if the Conqueſt had been worth preſerving, but we eaſily hazard what gives us no Pain to loſe——As for my Eyes, you are miſtaken if you think they have vanquiſhed none but you; there are Men above your boaſted Rank who have confeſs'd their Power, when their Misfortune in pleaſing you made them obtain ſuch a diſgraceful Victory.

Fel. Yes, Madam, I am no Stranger to your Victories.

Vio. And what you call the brighteſt Paſſage of my Life, is not the leaſt glorious Part of yours.

Fel. Ha, ha, do'nt put yourſelf into a Paſſion, Madam, for I aſſure you, after this Day, I ſhall give you no Trouble — You may meet your Sparks on the *Terriero de Paſſa* at Four in the Morning, without the leaſt Regard of mine—— For when I quit your Chamber, the World ſhan't bring me back.

Vio. I am ſo well pleas'd with your Reſolution, I don't care how ſoon you take your Leave.—But what you mean by the *Terriero de Paſſa* at Four in the Morning, I can't gueſs.

Fel. No, no, no, not you —— You was not upon the *Terriero de Paſſa* at Four this Morning.

Vio. No, I was not; but if I was, I hope I may walk where I pleaſe, and at what Hour I pleaſe, without aſking you Leave.

Fel. Oh, doubtleſs, Madam! And you might meet Colonel *Britton* there, and afterwards ſend your Emiſſary to

fetch

fetch him to your Houſe———And upon your Father's coming in, thruſt him into your Bed-Chamber—without aſking my Leave. 'Tis no Buſineſs of mine if you are expoſed among all the Footmen in Town—Nay, if they Ballad you, and cry you about at a Halfpenny a-piece——They may, without my Leave.

Vio. Audacious! Don't provoke me—don't; my Reputation is not to be ſported with *(Going up to him)* at this Rate——No, Sir, it is not. *(Burſts into Tears.)* Inhuman *Felix!*—Oh, *Iſabella*, what a Train of Ills haſt thou brought on me? [*Aſide.*

Fel. Ha! I cannot bear to ſee her weep—A Woman's Tears are far more fatal than our Swords. *(Aſide.)* Oh, *Violante*—S'Death! what a Dog am I? Now have I no Power to ſtir;—Doſt not thou know ſuch a Perſon as Colonel *Britton?* Prithee tell me, didſt not thou meet him at Four this Morning upon the *Terriero de Paſſa?*

Vio. Were it not to clear my Fame, I would not anſwer thee, thou black Ingrate!—But I cannot bear to be reproach'd with what I even bluſh to think of, much leſs to act; by Heaven, I have not ſeen the *Terriero de Paſſa* this Day.

Fel. Did not a *Scots* Footman attack you in the Street neither, *Violante?*

Vio. Yes, but he miſtook me for another, or he was drunk, I know not which.

Fel. And do not you know this *Scots* Colonel?

Vio. Pray aſk me no more Queſtions, this Night ſhall clear my Reputation, and leave you without Excuſe for your baſe Suſpicions; more than this I ſhall not ſatisfy you, therefore pray leave me.

Fel. Didſt thou ever love me, *Violante?*

Vio. I'll anſwer nothing.—You was in Haſte to be gone juſt now, I ſhould be very well pleas'd to be alone, Sir.

[*She ſits down, and turns aſide.*

Fel. I ſhall not long interrupt your Contemplation.—Stubborn to the laſt. [*Aſide.*

Vio. Did ever Woman involve herſelf as I have done?

Fel. Now would I give one of my Eyes to be Friends with her; for ſomething whiſpers to my Soul ſhe is not guilty.—*(He pauſes, then pulls a Chair, and ſits by her at a little Diſtance, looking at her ſome time without ſpeaking—*

Then

Then draws a little nearer to her.) Give me your Hand at Parting, however, *Violante*, won't you, *(Here he lays his open upon her Knee several times.)* won't you—won't you—won't you?

Vio. (Half regarding him) Won't I do what?

Fel. You know what I would have, *Violante*. Oh, my Heart!

Vio. (Smiling.) I thought my Chains were eaſily broke. *(Lays her Hand into his.)*

Fel. (Draws his Chair cloſe to her, and kiſſes her Hand in a Rapture.) Too well thou knoweſt thy Strength.—Oh my charming Angel, my Heart is all thy own. Forgive my haſty Paſſion; 'tis the Tranſport of a Love ſincere!

Don Pedro *within.*

Pedro. Bid *Sancho* get a new Wheel to my Chariot preſently.

Vio. Bleſs me! My Father return'd! What ſhall we do now, *Felix?* We are ruin'd, paſt Redemption.

Fel. No, no, no, my Love; I can leap from thy Cloſet Window. [*Runs to the Door where* Iſabella *is, who claps too the Door, and bolts it within ſide.*

Iſab. (Peeping.) Say you ſo: But I ſhall prevent you.

Fel. Confuſion! Some Body bolts the Door within-ſide; I'll ſee who you have conceal'd here, if I die for't: Oh *Violante!* haſt thou again ſacrific'd me to thy Rival? [*Draws.*

Vio. By Heaven thou haſt no Rival in my Heart, let that ſuffice——Nay, ſure you will not let my Father find you here——Diſtraction!

Fel. Indeed but I ſhall—except you command this Door to be open'd, and that Way conceal me from his Sight. [*He ſtruggles with her to come at the Door.*

Vio. Hear me, *Felix*—Though I were ſure the refuſing what you aſk would ſeparate us for ever, by all that's powerful you ſhall not enter here: Either you do love me, or you do not; convince me by your Obedience.

Fel. That's not the Matter in debate—I will know who is in this Cloſet, let the Conſequence be what it will. Nay nay, nay, you ſtrive in vain; I will go in.

Vio. You ſhall not go in——

Enter

Enter Don Pedro.

Ped. Hey day! What's here to do? I will go in, and you shan't go in—and, I will go in—Why, who are you, Sir?

Fel. 'Sdeath! What shall I say now!

Ped. Don Felix, pray what's your Business in my House? Ha, Sir?

Vio. Oh Sir, what Miracle return'd you home so soon? Some Angel 'twas that brought my Father back to succour the distress'd——This Ruffian he, I cannot call him Gentleman——has committed such an uncommon Rudeness, as the most profligate Wretch would be asham'd to own——

Fel. Ha, what the Devil does she mean! [*Aside.*

Vio. As I was at my Devotion in my Closet, I heard a loud knocking at our Door, mix'd with a Woman's Voice, which seem'd to imply she was in Danger.——

Fel. I am confounded! [*Aside.*

Vio. I flew to the Door with utmost Speed, where a Lady vail'd rushed in upon me; who, falling on her Knees, begged my Protection, from a Gentleman, who, she said, pursued her: I took Compassion on her Tears, and locked her into this Closet; but in the Surprize having left open the Door, this very Person whom you see, with his Sword drawn, ran in, protesting, if I refus'd to give her up to his Revenge, he'd force the Door.

Fel. What in the Name of Goodness does she mean to do! Hang me! [*Aside.*

Vio. I strove with him till I was out of Breath, and had you not come as you did, he must have enter'd—But he's in Drink, I suppose, or he could not have been guilty of such an Indecorum. [*Leering at* Felix.

Ped. I'm amazed!

Fel. The Devil never fail'd a Woman at a Pinch: What a Tale has she form'd in a Minute——In Drink, quotha; a good Hint: I'll lay hold on't to bring myself off. [*Aside.*

Ped. Fie *Don Felix!* No sooner rid of one Broil, but you are commencing another.—To assault a Lady with a naked Sword, derogates much from the Character of a Gentleman, I assure you.

Fel. (*Counterfeits Drunkenness*) Who, I assault a Lady, ——upon

—— upon Honour the Lady aſſaulted me, Sir; and would have ſeiz'd this Body Politick upon the King's Highway —— let her come out, and deny it if ſhe can—pray, Sir, command the Door to be open'd, and let her prove me a Lyar if ſhe knows how——I have been drinking right *French* Claret, Sir, but I love my own Country for all that.

Ped. Ay, ay, who doubts it, Sir?——Open the Door, *Violante*, and let the Lady come out. — Come, I warrant thee, he ſhan't hurt her.

Fel. Ay, now which Way will ſhe come off?

Vio. (Unlocks the Door) Come forth, Madam, none ſhall dare to touch your Veil—I'll convey you out with Safety; or loſe my Life—I hope ſhe underſtands me. [*Aſide.*

Enter Iſabella *veil'd, and croſſes the Stage.*

Iſab. Excellent Girl! [*Exit.*

Fel. The Devil! A Woman! I'll ſee if ſhe be really ſo. [*Offers to follow her.*

Ped. (Draws) Not a Step, Sir, till the Lady be paſt your Recovery.—I never ſuffer the Laws of Hoſpitality to be violated in my Houſe, Sir.——I'll keep *Don Felix* here till you ſee her ſafe out, *Violante*.

Vio. Get clear of my Father, and follow me to the *Terriero de paſſa*, where all Miſtakes ſhall be rectified. *(Aſide to* Felix.) [*Exit* Violante.

Ped. Come, Sir, you and I will take a Pipe and a Bottle together.

Fel. Damn your Pipe, Sir, I won't ſmoak——I hate Tobacco—— Nor I, I, I, I won't drink, Sir—No, nor I won't ſtay, neither, and how will you help yourſelf?

Ped. As to ſmoaking, or drinking, you have your Liberty, but you ſhall ſtay, Sir, [*Gets between him and the Door,* Felix *ſtrikes up his Heels and Exit.*

Fel. Shall I ſo, Sir——But I tell you, old Gentleman, I am in haſte to be married——And ſo God be with you.

Ped. Go to the Devil—In haſte to be married, quotha, thou art in a fine Condition to be married, truly!

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Here's *Don Lopez de Pementel* to wait on you, Senior.

Ped.

Ped. What the Devil does he want? Bring him up, he's in purſuit of his Son, I ſuppoſe.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. I am glad to find you at Home, *Don Pedro*. I was told that you was ſeen upon the Road to ——— this Afternoon.

Ped. That might be, my Lord; but I had the Misfortune to break the Wheel of my Chariot, which oblig'd me to return—What is your Pleaſure with me, my Lord?

Lop. I am inform'd that my Daughter is in your Houſe, *Don Pedro*.

Ped. That's more than I know, my Lord; but here was your Son juſt now as drunk as an Emperor.

Lop. My Son drunk! I never ſaw him in drink in my Life; where is he, pray, Sir?

Ped. Gone to be married.

Lop. Married? To whom? I don't know that he courted any Body.

Ped. Nay, I know nothing of that——Within there! (*Enter Servant.*) bid my Daughter come hither, ſhe'll tell you another Story, my Lord.

Ser. She's gone out in a Chair, Sir.

Ped. Out in a Chair! What do you mean, Sir?

Ser. As I ſay, Sir; and *Donna Iſabella* went in another juſt before her.

Ser. And *Don Felix* follow'd in another; I overheard them all bid the Chairs go to the *Terriero de paſſo*.

Ped. Ha! What Buſineſs has my Daughter there? I am confounded, and know not what to think.——Within there. [*Exit.*

Lop. My Heart miſgives me plaguily —— Call me an *Alguazil*, I'll purſue them ſtrait.

SCENE *changes to the Street before* Don Pedro's *Houſe*.

Enter Liſſardo.

Liſſ. I wiſh I cou'd ſee *Flora*——Methinks I have an hankering Kindneſs after the Slut—We muſt be reconcil'd.

Enter Gibby.

Gib. Aw my Sol, Sir, but Iſe blithe to find yee here now. *Liſſ.*

Liff. Ha! Brother! Give me thy Hand, Boy.

Gib. Not ſe faſt, ſe ye me—Brether me ne Brethers, I ſcorn a Lyar as muckle as a Theiſe, ſe ye now, and yee muſt gang intul this Houſe with me, and juſtifie to *Donna Violante*'s Face, that ſhe was the Lady that gang'd in here this Morn, ſe yee me, or the Deel ha my Sol, Sir, but ye and I ſhall be twa Folks.

Liff. Juſtify it to *Donna Violante*'s Face, quotha, for what? Sure you don't know what you ſay.

Gib. Troth de I, Sir, as weel as ye de; therefore come along, and mak no meer Words about it.

[*Knocks haſtily at the Door.*

Liff. Why what the Devil do you mean? Don't you conſider you are in *Portugal?* Is the Fellow mad?

Gib. Fallow! Ile none of yer Fallow, Sir, and gin this Place were Hell, id gar ye de me Juſtice, (*Liff. going*) nay, the Deel a Feet ye gang. [*Lays hold of him, and knocks again.*

Enter Don Pedro.

Ped. How now! what makes you knock ſo loud?

Gib. Gin this be *Don Pedro*'s Houſe, Sir, I wou'd ſpeak with *Donna Violante*, his Daughter.

Liff. Ha! *Don Pedro* himſelf, I wiſh I were fairly off. [*Aſide.*

Ped. Ha! What is it you want with my Daughter, pray?

Gib. An ſhe be your Doughter, and lik yer Honour, command her to come out, and anſwer for herſel now, and either juſtify or diſprove what this Child told me this Morn.

Liff. So, here will be a fine Piece of Work. [*Aſide.*

Ped. Why, what did he tell you, ha?

Gib. Be me Sol, Sir, Ile tell you aw the Truth; my Maſter got a pratty Lady upon the how de yee call't—*Paſſa* here at Five this Morn, and he gar me watch her heam—And in Troth I lodg'd her here, and meeting this ill-favour'd Theiſe, ſe ye me, I ſpierd wha ſhe was—And he told me her Name was *Donna Violante, Don Pedro de Mendoſa*'s Daughter.

Ped. Ha! My Daughter with a Man at road at Five in the Morning: Death, Hell, and Furies; by St. *Anthony* I'm undone. [*Stamps.*

Gib.

Gib. Wunds, Sir, ye put yer Saint intul bony Company.

Ped. Who is your Maſter, you Dog you? Adſheart, I ſhall be trick'd of my Daughter, and my Money too, that's worſt of all.

Gib. Ye Dog you! 'Sblead, Sir, don't call Names—I wont tell you wa my Maſter is, ſe ye me now.

Ped. And who are you, Raſcal, that knows my Daughter ſo well? Ha! [*Holds up his Cane.*

Liſſ. What ſhall I ſay to make him give this *Scots* Dog a good beating? *(Aſide.)* I know your Daughter, *Senior*. Not I, I never ſaw your Daughter in all my Life.

Gib. (Knocks him down with his Fiſt.) Deel ha my Sol, Sar, gin ye get no your Carich for that Lye now.

Pedro. What hoa! Where are all my Servants? *(Enter Servants on one Side,* Colonel, Felix, Iſabella, *and* Violante *on the other Side.)* Raiſe the Houſe in purſuit of my Daughter.

Serv. Here ſhe comes, *Senior*.

Col. Hey Day! What is here to do?

Gib. This is the Loon lik Tik, and lik yer Honor, that ſent me Heam with a Lye this Morn.

Col. Come, 'tis all well, *Gibby*, let him riſe.

Pedro. I am Thunder-ſtruck——and have not Power to ſpeak one Word.

Fel. This is a Day of Jubilee, *Liſſardo*; no quarrelling with him this Day.

Liſſ. A Pox take his Fiſts.——Egad, theſe *Britons* are but a Word and a Blow.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. So, have I found you, Daughter; then you have not hang'd yourſelf yet, I ſee.

Col. But ſhe is married, my Lord.

Lop. Married! Zounds, to whom?

Col. Even to your humble Servant, my Lord. If you pleaſe to give us your Bleſſing. [*Kneels.*

Lop. Why, hark ye, Miſtreſs, are you really married?

Iſab. Really ſo, my Lord.

Lop. And who are you, Sir?

Col. An honeſt *North Briton* by Birth, and a Colonel by Commiſſion, my Lord.

Lop.

Lop. A Heretick! The Devil! [*Holds up his Hands.*

Pedro. She has plaid you a ſlippery Trick indeed, my Lord—Well, my Girl, thou haſt been to ſee thy Friend married.—Next Week thou ſhalt have a better Huſband, my Dear. (*To* Violante.)

Fel. Next Week is a little too ſoon, Sir, I hope to live longer than that.

Pedro. What do you mean, Sir? You have not made a Rib of my Daughter too, have you?

Vio. Indeed but he has, Sir; I know not how, but he took me in an unguarded Minute,——when my Thoughts were not over ſtrong for a *Nunnery*, Father.

Lop. Your Daughter has play'd you a ſlippery Trick too, *Senior*.

Pedro. But your Son ſhall be never the better for't, my Lord; her twenty Thouſand Pounds was left on certain Conditions, and I'll not part with a Shilling.

Lop. But we have a certain Thing call'd Law, ſhall make you do Juſtice, Sir.

Pedro. Well, we'll try that,——my Lord, much good may it do you with your Daughter-in Law. [*Exit.*

Lop. I wiſh you much Joy of your Rib. [*Exit.*

Enter Frederick.

Fel. Frederick, welcome!—I ſent for thee to be Witneſs of my good Fortune, and make one in a Country Dance.

Fred. Your Meſſenger has told me all, and I ſincerely ſhare in all your Happineſs.

Col. To the Right about, *Frederick*, wiſh thy Friend Joy.

Fred. I do with all my Soul;——and, Madam, I congratulate your Deliverance.—Your Suſpicions are clear'd now, I hope, *Felix*.

Fel. They are, and I heartily aſk the Colonel Pardon, and wiſh him happy with my Siſter; for Love has taught me to know, that every Man's Happineſs conſiſts in chuſing for himſelf.

Liſſ. After that Rule I fix here. [*To* Flora.

Flo. That's your Miſtake; I prefer my Lady's Service, and turn you over to her that pleaded Right and Title to you to Day.

Liſſ.

Liff. Chuſe, proud Fool; I ſhan't aſk you twice.

Gib. What ſay ye now, Laſs; will ye ge yer Maiden-head to poor *Gibby*.——What ſay you, will ye dance the Reel of Bogye with me?

Inis. That I may not leave my Lady,—I take you at your Word,—and tho' our Wooing has been ſhort, I'll by her Example love you dearly. [*Muſic plays.*

Fel. Hark! I hear the Muſick; ſomebody has done us the Favour to ſend them; call them in.

A Country Dance.

Gib. Waunds, this is bony Muſick.—How caw ye that Thing that ye pinch by the Craig, and tickle the Weam, ont make it cry *Grum, Grum.*

Fred. Oh! that's a Guittar, *Gibby.*

Fel. Now, my *Violante*, I ſhall proclaim thy Vertues to the World.

No more let us thy Sex's Conduct blame,
Since thou'rt a Proof to their eternal Fame,
That Man *has no Advantage but the Name.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Miſs *SANTLOW.*

Written by Mr. PHILIPS.

CUſtom with all our Modern Laws combin'd,
Has given ſuch Power deſpotic to Mankind,
That We have only ſo much Vertue now,
As they are pleas'd in favour to allow.
Thus like Mechanic Work we're us'd with Scorn,
And wound up only, for a preſent Turn;
Some are for having our whole Sex enſlav'd,
Affirming we've no Souls, * *and* can't be ſav'd;
But were the Women all of my Opinion,
We'd ſoon ſhake off this falſe uſurp'd Dominion;
We'd make the Tyrants own, that we cou'd prove,
As fit for other Buſineſs as for Love.
Lord!. What Prerogative might we obtain,
Could we from Yielding, a few Months refrain!
How fondly wou'd our dang'ling Lovers doat!
What Homage wou'd be paid to Petticoat!
'Twou'd be a Jeſt to ſee the Change of Fate,
How we might all of Politicks debate;
Promiſe and Swear, what we ne'er meant to do,
And what's ſtill harder, Keep our Secrets too.
Ay Marry! Keep a Secret, *ſays a Beau,*
And ſneers at ſome ill-natur'd Wit below;
But faith, if we ſhou'd tell but half we know,

* Alluding to an ironical Pamphlet tending to prove that *Women* had *no Souls.*

THE PREFACE.

I Shou'd not have troubled my courteous Reader with a Preface, *had I not lain under the Neceſſity of clearing myſelf of what ſome People have been pleaſed to charge me with,* viz. *of being the Author of a Paper call'd,* The Female Tatler, *conſequently of a Paragraph in that of the 14th Inſtant, relating to this Comedy; tho' I think no reaſonable Perſon will believe I could be guilty of ſo much Folly. Tho' Vanity is ſaid to be the darling Vice of Womankind, yet nothing but an Ideot would expreſs themſelves ſo openly; and I hope the World won't think me guilty of printing, what I muſt bluſh to read, nor imagine it wrote even by any Friend of mine, for two Reaſons:* Firſt, *the Groſſneſs of the Flattery;* Secondly, *the Injury it muſt of courſe do me, in the Run of my Play, by putting thoſe People out of Humour, whoſe Action was to give Life to the Piece. I ſuppoſe theſe Reaſons are ſufficient to convince the judicious Part, that I was no ways concerned in thoſe Reflections, but own I was treated with all the ſeeming Civility in the World, till the ſecond Night of my Comedy. I willingly ſubmitted to Mr.* Cibber's *ſuperior Judgment in ſhortening the Scene of the Ghoſt in the laſt Act, and believed him perfectly in the Right, becauſe too much Repetition is tireſome. Indeed, when Mr.* Eſtcourt *ſliced moſt of it out, I could not help interpoſing my Deſires to the contrary, which the reſt readily comply'd with; and I had the Satisfaction to ſee I was not deceived in my Opinion, of its pleaſing. This Paſſage I happen'd to mention among my Acquaintance; for 'tis natural to have a kind of a Tender for our own Productions, but eſpecially if they have the good Fortune to divert others. Now, if from this the Author of the* Tatler *gather'd his Accounts, I am guilty of ſpeaking, but not deſignedly; for who they are that write that Paper, or how diſtinguiſh'd, I am perfectly ignorant, and declare I never was concerned, either in writing or publiſhing any of the* Tatlers.

EPILOGUE.

There's many a ſpruce young Fellow in this Place,
Would never more preſume to ſhow his Face;
Women *are not ſo weak, whate'er* Men *prate:*
How many t'ye top Beaus have had the Fate,
T'enjoy from Mamma's Secrets *their Eſtate.*
Who, if her early Folly had made known,
Had rid behind the Coach, that's now their own.
But here, the wond'rous Secret *you diſcover;*
A Lady *ventures for a* Friend,——*a* Lover.
Prodigious! For my Part I frankly own,
I'ad ſpoil'd the Wonder, *and the* Woman *ſhown.*

The

The MAN's bewitch'd;

OR,

The Devil to do about Her.

A

COMEDY,

As it is ACTED at the

NEW-THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET.

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

The PREFACE.

I never had the Vanity to think, much less to publish, that any thing I am capable of doing, could support the Stage, tho' I have had the good Fortune to please, or to find the Town willing to be pleased; tho', at present, it seems, a certain Author has enter'd a Caveat against all Plays running to a sixth Night, but his own. Tho' an Opera interfer'd with this Comedy, yet brought above Forty Pounds the second Night, which shew'd it had some Merit; for I have known a Play kept up, that fail'd of half that Money the second Night. Now, by the Rules of the House, it ought to have been play'd on: But who can secure the Life of a Play, when that of a Man is often sacrificed to the Malice of Parties? This Play met with a kind Reception in general, and notwithstanding the Disadvantages it had to struggle with, by raising the Prices the first Day, and the Nearness of Christmas, *it would have made its way to a sixth Night, if it had had fair Play. Mistake me not, I do not mean from the Representation; for I must do the Players Reason: Had I search'd all the Theatres in the World, I could not have selected a better Company, nor had more Justice done me in the Action, tho' they have not dealt honourably by me in my Bargain; for they ought not to have stop'd the Run, upon any Pique whatever. 'Tis small Encouragement to write for the Stage, when the Actors, according to the Caprice of their Humours, maugre the Taste of the Town, have Power to sink the Reputation of a Play; for if they resolve not to act it, the Town can't support it.*

Well, if there is any Merit in suffering wrong fully, I shall find my Account in't one time or other; in the mean while I intreat the Female Tattler *to be witty no more at my Expence. I desire I may not be rank'd in the Number of those that support the Stage, since the Stage is become a Noun Substantive, and resolves to shew it is able to stand by itself.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

By a GENTLEMAN.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

OUR Female Author trembling ſtands within,
Her Fear ariſes from another's Sin;
One of her Sex has ſo abus'd the Town,
That on her Score ſhe dreads your angry Frown:
Tho' I dare ſay, poor Soul, ſhe never writ
Lampoon, or Satyr on the Box or Pit;
A harmleſs num'rous Play is her Extent of Wit.
Tho' Bickerſtaff's vaſt Genius may engage,
And laſh the Vice and Follies of the Age;
Why ſhou'd tender Delia *tax the Nation;*
Stickle, and make a Noiſe for Reformation,
Who always gave a Looſe, herſelf, to Inclination?
Scandal and Satyr's thrown aſide to-day,
And Humour the ſole Buſineſs of our Play.
Beaux may dreſs on to catch the Ladies Hearts,
And good Aſſurance paſs for mighty Parts:
The Cits may bring their Spouſes without Fear,
We ſhew no Wife that's poaching for an Heir,
Nor teach the Uſe of fine Gauſe Handkerchief.
Cowards may huff, and talk of mighty Wonders,
And Jilts ſet up—for Twenty thouſand Pounders.
Our Author, even tho' ſhe knows full well,
Is ſo good-natur'd, ſhe forbears to tell
What Colonels, lately, have found out the Knack
To muſter Madam, ſtill, by Ned, *or* Jack.
To keep their Pleaſures up; a frugal Way,
They give her—Subaltern's Subſiſtence for her Pay.
In ſhort, whate'er your Darling Vices are,
They paſs untouch'd in this Night's Bill of Fare.
But if all this can't your Good-Nature wake,
Tho' here and there, a Scene ſhould fail to take,
Yet ſpare her for the Buſie-Body's *ſake.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

Written by Mr. CIBBER.

A Porter delivers a Letter just as she is going to speak.

WHAT's this? a Billet-Doux? from Hands unknown?
'Tis new to send it thus 'fore all the Town;
But since the poor Man's Passion's so ageg,
I'll read it out by way of Epilogue.

Reads, Madam,
Permit a Wretch to let you know,
That he's no more in *Statu Quo*.
My Ruin from this Night commences,
Unless your Smiles refund my Senses;
For with one Thrust of *Cupid*'s Dart,
You've whip'd your Slave quite thro' the Heart:
Therefore, I beg you, cast your Eye
O'er Boxes, Pit and Gallery,
In Pity of my Pains and Doubt,
And try if you can find me out.

Poor Soul! He seems indeed in dismal Plight;
Let's see! it can't be, sure! from th' upper Flight;
No, no—that's plain—for—None of them can Write:
Nor can I think it from the Middle fell;
For I'm afraid——as few of them can Spell:
Beside, their haggling Passions never gain,
Beyond the Passage-walking Nymphs of Drury-Lane:
And then the Pit's more stock'd with Rakes and Rovers,
Than any of these senseless, whining Lovers.
The Backs o' th' Boxes too seem mostly liu'd
With Souls, whose Passion's to themselves confin'd.
In short, I can't perceive, 'mongst all you Sparks,
The Wretch distinguish'd, by these bloody Marks.

But

EPILOGUE.

But ſince the Town has heard your kind Commands, Sir,
The Town ſhall e'en be Witneſs of my Anſwer.
Firſt then, beware you prove no Spark in Red,
With empty Purſe, and regimental Head;
That thinks no Woman can refuſe t' engage in't,
While Love's advanc'd with offer'd Bills on Agent;
That ſwears he'll ſettle from his Joy's commencing,
And make the Babe, the Day he's born, an Enſign.
Nor cou'd I bear a tiff'd Beau, that ſteals
From faſting Spouſe her matrimonial Meals;
That Modiſh ſends next Morn to her Apartment,
A civil How d'ye—ſay alas! from th' Heart meant:
Then powder'd for th' enſuing Day's Delights,
Bows thro' his Croud of Duns, and drives to White's.
Nor cou'd I like the Wretch, that all Night plays,
And only takes his Reſt on winning Days;
Then ſets up from a lucky Hit, his Rattler;
Then's trac'd from his Orig'nal—in the Tattler.
To tell you all that are my fixt Averſion,
Wou'd tire the Tongue of Malice, or Aſperſion.
But if I find 'mongſt All one generous Heart,
That deaf to Stories takes the Stage's Part;
That thinks that Purſe deſerves to keep the Plays,
Whoſe Fortune's bound for the Support of Opera's;
That thinks our Conſtitution here is juſtly fixt,
And now no more with Lawyers Brawls perplext:
He, I declare, ſhall my whole Heart receive;
And (what's more ſtrange) I'll love him while I live.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir Jeffrey Conſtant, *Father to Captain* Conſtant.	*Mr.* Bowman.
Captain Conſtant, *in Love with* Belinda.	*Mr.* Mills.
Lovely, *Friend to Captain* Conſtant.	*Mr.* Huſband.
Faithful, *a Gentleman of Fortune in Love with* Laura.	*Mr.* Wilks.
Sir David Watchum, *Guardian to* Laura.	*Mr.* Johnſon.
Truſty, *Steward to Sir* Jeffrey. —	*Mr.* Eſtcourt.
Num, *A Country Squire in Love with* Belinda.	*Mr.* Dogget.
Slouch, *Servant to* Num. —	*Mr.* Croſs.
Clinch, *Servant to Captain* Conſtant.	*Mr.* Pinkeman.
Roger, *Farmer to Sir* Jeffrey. —	*Mr.* Bullock.
Manage, *Servant to* Faithful. —	*Mr.* Cibber.
Coachman. — — —	*Mr.* Harris.
Sam——— *Another Servant.*	

WOMEN.

Belinda, *Suppoſ'd Daughter to* Truſty.	*Mrs.* Oldfield.
Laura, *An Heireſs in Love with* Faithful.	*Mrs.* Croſs.
Maria, *A Gentlewoman of Fortune.*	*Mrs.* Porter.
Dorothy, Belinda's *Maid.* — —	*Mrs.* Saunders.
Lucy, Laura's *Maid.* — — —	*Mrs.* Bicknell.

SCENE, *the* Minſter-yard *in* Peterborough.
The Hour, Six in the Morning.

The

The MAN's bewitch'd;

OR,

The Devil to do about Her.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Minster-Yard in* Peterborough.

Enter Captain Constant, *and* Clinch *in Mourning, with Riding-Habit over it.*

Capt. CLINCH! Where are you, Sirrah? Why don't you come along?

Clin. Ah! Pox of this riding Post. ——Look ye, Captain; if you have threescore Miles farther to go, I am your humble Servant.

Capt. No, Sirrah, I am at my Journey's End——This Town of *Peterborough* is the Bound of all my Wishes.

Clin. Say you so, Sir! Pray be pleas'd to make it mine too.

Capt. Why? What is your Wish?

Clin. Why, with Submission, Sir, to know the Reason of your Expedition, and Gravity of Habit: Have you a mind to set up the Business of an Undertaker here in this Country?

Const. No, *Clinch*, my Business is with the Living, not with the Dead, I'll assure you.

Clin. Then can't I for my Blood imagine why you are thus dress'd; your Father, nay, your whole Family are well; not so much as a Nephew, or second Cousin dead; nay, nor no fear of Peace——Then why the Devil are we in black? You laugh——Can these Clothes cause

Joy, without the Perquiſite that belongs to it? 'Tis a mournful Equipage, and ſhocks my Soul, I am ſure.

Conſt. Perquiſite! Why what Perquiſite does Mourning bring with it to cauſe Joy? ha!

Clin. Oh, Sir, ſeveral:——As when a Wife buries her Huſband, ſhe has Sorrow in one Hand, and Joy in t'other; a ſhort Widowhood cures ſuch a Grief.——Or a rich Heir at the laſt Gaſp of his Parent, where there is a Year's Rent in the Steward's Hands——But, Sir, to the Point; either let me into the Secret, or diſcharge me.

Conſt. Ha, ha, ha! Why then if I muſt tell thee; this Habit, if Fortune favours me, will be worth to me two thouſand Pounds.

Clin. Say you ſo, Sir; and pray how much will it be worth to me? For I am dreſs'd like you——If I have not the ſame Privilege, why ſhould I be confin'd to the ſame Garb?

Conſt. Oh! you ſhall have your Part, *Clinch*, never fear.

Clin. Ay, Sir, but there are ſome Parts I don't care for ——I hope you have no Deſign to rob upon the Highway.

Conſt. Raſcal!

Clin. Nay, ben't angry, Sir; if there ſhould be Peace, 'tis what many an honeſt Gentleman muſt come to: I have no Averſion for the Name; but I have for the Puniſhment——I'll not ſtrike a Stroke——therefore what good can I do you?

Conſt. Ha, ha, ha! I ſhall have more Occaſion for your Eyes than your Arm—You can weep, Sirrah, can't you?

Clin. Ay, Sir, I ſhall weep, that's certain, to ſee you come to the Gallows——

Conſt. Ye Dog you, I tell you there is no Danger.

Clin. No Danger——Why then ſhall I weep for Joy, Sir.——But how, Sir, how; muſt I roar, or ſhed Tears?

Conſt. So you do but counterfeit well, no matter which.

Clin. Ah, let me alone for counterfeiting, I defy a Woman to outdo me in that.—Look ye, Sir, you ſhall hear—hem, hem. [*Roars out.*

Conſt. Very well——be ſure when I weep——

Clin. I'll make terrible Faces——What think you, Sir, is not my Pipe very muſical for weeping?

Conſt. Oh! Excellent.

Clin. But what does this ſignify! Where lies the Myſtery?

Conſt.

Conſt. Well then—Since you muſt know it; You are not inſenſible how my Father has treated me, ever ſince I refus'd to marry Mrs. *Homebred*, whoſe Manners ſuited with her Name, and her Face was coarſer than either; and becauſe I drew a Bill upon him for fifty Pounds laſt Campaign, he threatens to diſinherit me; nay, and ſwears, that if for the future I don't make it appear I live upon half my Pay, he'll make my Serjeant his Heir, who was once his Footman. In ſhort, I can bear his ill Uſage no longer.

Clin. Ah! Sir, had you married that Lady with twenty thouſand Pounds, you need not have drawn upon him for fifty.

Conſt. If ſhe had twenty Times as much, I ſhou'd refuſe her for *Belinda*'s Sake.

Glin. But Sir *Jeffry* reſolves againſt that Match——You muſt not marry his Steward's Daughter.

Conſt. I hope to prove you a Lyar, Sir; and by this Dreſs to carry my Deſign; which is to perſuade *Truſty*, that my Father dy'd of an Apoplexy, by which means he muſt account with me for the half Year's Rent, he ſent the old Gentleman Word was ready for him. Two thouſand Pound, *Clinch*———This Letter I ſurpriz'd by an Accident; 'tis from my Father to him. [*Reads.*

Mr. *Truſty*, " The ſeveral Sums which you have re-
" turn'd me without any Receipt, amount to eight hun-
" dred Pounds; there remains behind two thouſand two
" hundred Pounds, which you tell me is ready for me;
" don't give yourſelf any Trouble about remitting that,
" for I deſign to be down myſelf in a Fortnight; and then
" the Leaſes which you mention'd, ſhall be renewed."
You need write no more, till you ſee

Your real Friend, Jeffrey Conſtant.

Clin. Excellent, Sir! Why here may be a pretty Penny towards, if the Devil don't croſs it. But, Sir, if my old Maſter ſhould take a Maggot, and write to *Truſty*, to return his Money after all——His Letter and our Story wou'd have ſmall Connexion; we ſhou'd be oblig'd to alter our Note. I wou'd adviſe you to take the old Steward to the Tavern, and ſtay as little in his Houſe as you can,

can, for fear of diſcovery: Beſides, Sir, a Glaſs of Wine and a Fowl, makes Buſineſs go on chearfully, Sir.

Conſt. Chearfully, Sirrah! —— You don't conſider that it is not my Buſineſs to be chearful ——I admire *Faithful* ſtays ſo long.

Clin. Perhaps he can't find Mr. *Lovely*, Sir.

Conſt. I directed him to the Coffee-houſe, where he ſeldom fails to be at this Time of the Morning.

Clin. Poor Gentleman! I warrant he's ruminating upon his Misfortunes. Well! 'tis ſometimes a Bleſſing to want Money——You 'ſcap'd the Highway-men, Sir!

Conſt. What am I the better for that, Sirrah? My Pockets are as empty as my Friends, who fell into their Hands: But here comes my fellow Traveller—and *Lovely* with him; he has found him at laſt——Dear *Lovely*, how is't?

Enter Lovely, Faithful, *and* Manage, *in riding Habit.*

Lov. Captain *Conſtant*, welcome! Who expected to ſee you here? Why did not you ſend me Word of your coming?

Clin. He hardly knew it himſelf two Hours before he got on Horſeback, Sir; nay, I much queſtion if he knows it yet.

Conſt. My Journey indeed was ſomething precipitate.

Clin. Ay, Sir; don't you ſee we are in Mourning?

Lov. Mr. *Faithful* has inform'd me of every Particular; and I wiſh I cou'd really give thee Joy of ſix thouſand a Year, Boy.

Clin. At the rate of half a Year's Rent you may——If Fortune proves not an errant Jilt indeed, Sir.

Lov. Come, Gentlemen; what think you of my Houſe? I'll get ſomething for Breakfaſt, whilſt you change your Linnen.

Conſt. 'Tis near Six——I have a mind to ſee if *Belinda* comes to Church this Morning.

Lov. She ſeldom fails——

Faith. Prithee, *Lovely*; can you inform me, if a young Lady that lives at Sir *David Watchum*'s will be here too?

Lov. Mrs. *Laura Wealthy*, your Miſtreſs, you mean.

Faith. The ſame.

Lov. We have heard of the Lady; but I believe nobody

body in *Peterborough* has ſeen her, except his own Servants.

Conſt. What kind of a Temper is the old Fellow of?

Lov. The moſt peeviſh, ſplenetick, miſtruſtful, ill-natur'd Wretch in the whole County: He comes to the Coffee-houſe every Morning in an old ruſty Chariot for haſte, the longeſt Journey he takes in the Year: He ſeldom comes to Church; nay, ſince that Lady came, he has not once been ſeen there; we fancy he dare not ſtay two Hours from home, for fear ſhe ſhould be ſtol'n away.

Man. Ah, Sir! This Account is moſt uncomfortable in our Affairs.——

Faith. It gives me more chagrin, than the Rogues did, when they ſtripp'd me of my Money this Morning—— Which way ſhall I give *Laura* Notice of my being in Town?

Conſt. Have Courage, *Faithful*; I warrant we proſper.

Lov. Nothing like a good Heart; you ſhall not want a ſmall Sum of Money, Sir.

Faith. I thank you, Sir.

Conſt. I'll be as diligent in thy Affairs, as in my own ——If any lucky Opportunity offers, I'll be ready to ſerve thee.

Lov. I'll be the ſame to both.

Conſt. I know it; and when I am able, I hope, if my Deſign ſucceeds, thou ſhalt meet Returns in me.

Faith. I am oblig'd to both.—But who have we here?

Several People croſs the Stage to Church.

Lov. Here comes *Belinda*, and with her my Tyrant *Maria*.

Faith. Well, Gentlemen, you'll beſt entertain your Miſtreſſes alone; I'll back to the Coffee-houſe, and over a Diſh of Tea think what courſe to ſteer.——

Conſt. Mind if the *Courant* be there, wherein I got my Father's Death inſerted, the better to favour my Plot.

Faith. I will, Captain, and be ſure to confirm the News. [*Exit* Faith. *and* Manage.

Lov. We'll call on you there preſently.——

The Bell rings.

Conſt. But is *Maria* obdurate ſtill, *Lovely*?

Lov.

Lov. Not in reality, *Conſtant*——But ſhe has ſo much of the Woman in her, to keep up her Rule till the laſt.

Enter Belinda *and* Maria.

Conſt. Ladies, good Morrow! The Sound of the Saint's Bell brings Angels abroad. [*Salutes 'em.*

Bel. Conſtant! and in Mourning! Pray who's dead?

Conſt. One for whom I ought to grieve, did it not ſmooth a Paſſage to *Belinda*'s Arms, through the Hearts of our inexorable Parents.

Bel. Your Father! Sir.

Clin. The ſame, Madam! He's as dead as an Herring, I promiſe you.——

Mar. Now don't I know, whether I had beſt ſay I'm ſorry for your Loſs, or wiſh you much Joy of your Gain.

Clin. I dare ſwear, Madam, he can't tell you yet.

Conſt. Peace, Blockhead.

Mar. Mr. *Lovely*, are you for Prayers?

Conſt. You are the Shrine he kneels to, Madam; if you'll vouchſafe to hear him, he can pray moſt devoutly.

Mar. And diſſemble moſt fervently——

Lov. No faith, Madam, that Quality does not belong to us——that is the Womens Prerogative.

Bel. And do you never encroach upon our Privileges, ſweet Sir?

Lov. Yes, yes, faith; I have encroach'd upon ſome of the Sex's Privileges in my Time, I muſt own. Curioſity—Madam, ſeldom leads us to put on maſking Habits; but a Lady cannot dreſs without 'em; Diſſimulation is as neceſſary as her Patches.

Bel. Ay! How do you prove that?

Lov. Why thus: When you wou'd gain a Man you like, you appear what you are not——We believe you Angels, but don't always find you ſo.

Mar. We always find you Angels, but of the ſal'n Kind.

Conſt. 'Tis impoſſible to be otherwiſe, whilſt Beauty keep her Court below; you charm our Eyes, and all our Senſes wait you.

Lov. Pride and Vanity predominate in your Sex, and like Centinels relieve one another; Pride has made a Lady ſwear ſhe has hated ſuch a Man, tho' ſhe was dying for the

the Sight of him.—— And Vanity made her careſs a Fop, that at the ſame Time ſhe wiſh'd at the Devil.

Mar. And are not you even with us? Will not you ſigh, ogle, cringe, flatter, ſwear, kneel, nay, give it under your Hand, you love to Deſperation? But let the poor miſtaken Nymph once yield, and you'd give Bond and Judgment to that old Gentleman you nam'd but now, in two Days to take her off your Hands.

Conſt. I hope you don't include the whole Sex, Madam?

Lov. That ſhe does not, I'm ſure; for ſhe knows I never ſwore any thing to her, but what I'm ready to make good —— And if ſhe be not the moſt unconſcionable Woman, ſhe will own I love her heartily.

Conſt. That I dare witneſs for thee, *Lovely.*

Bel. Ay! Why, what Proofs has he given?

Lov. Proofs! Why I talk of her all Day—And dream of her all Night—— When ſhe's abſent, ſigh for her; and am tranſported when I ſee her. If theſe be not Proofs of Love, let the Parſon ſay Grace, and I'll give her better.

Bel. All this may be done without one Grain of Love, may it not, Captain?

Conſt. Not when you are the Object, Madam; and you are too well acquainted with my Heart, to aſk that Queſtion out of ſcruple, I'm certain.

Mar. Theſe are no Proofs; you muſt grow lean and meagre——Eat little, and ſleep leſs——Write fifty Letters in a Day, and burn them all again——Then ſtart up, and draw your Sword; hold it to your Breaſt; then throw it away again——Then take your Pen and write your laſt Farewel——Diſpatch it to your Miſtreſs——Then take a Turn by ſome melancholy purling Stream, with Hat pull'd o'er your Eyes, in deep Contemplation reſolve thro' what Door to let in Death, if the Meſſenger return without Succeſs——When I ſee you do this, I'll write Lover upon your Brow.

Lov. When I do, you ſhall write Fool on my Forehead.

Hang this whining Way of wooing,
Loving was deſign'd a Sport, &c. [*Sings.*

Conſt. Come, come, Madam, a Truce; you know he loves you.

Lov. As well as I know ſhe loves me; we were born for

for one another, Child; no Man in the Kingdom ſhall have thee but myſelf——Then if you will eat Chalk, and die of the Pip, I can't help it: Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Be not ſo poſitive, *Lovely*.—One Sect of Philoſophers tell us, we ought to doubt of every Thing.

Lov. But the Topic was not a Woman in that Aſſertion; but if it were, Women in their Days were no more like Women in ours, than a Clodhopper is to a Captain o'Foot. Our Ladies are like two Negatives, to be underſtood in the Affirmative; ha, ha! Madam, does not my Friend here look like one of thoſe Lovers you deſcrib'd? Faith, I think a Woman cannot wiſh a ſimpler Figure—— Now has he a thouſand Things to ſay to *Belinda* alone.

Conſt. You gueſs right, *Lovely*——I am going to your Father's, Madam, to ſettle our Accounts; I hope you'll return as ſoon as Prayers are over.

Bel. Directly——

Conſt. Oh *Belinda!*

Now is the Criſis of our good or ill;
Turn for me, Fate, or let thy Wheel ſtand ſtill.

Lov. You'll remember us in your Prayers, Ladies.—

Mar. Amongſt *Jews*, *Turks* and *Infidels*. [*Exit.*

Lov. Come, now for my Houſe——We'll call on *Faithful*.

Conſt. Lead on——I'll change my Linen, and to *Truſty*'s immediately——But hold——*Clinch*, hark ye.

Clin. Sir.——

Conſt. I had no Opportunity to inform *Belinda* of my Project; you muſt away to *Truſty*'s and let her Maid into the Secret, I wou'd not impoſe upon her—The Man that truly loves, cannot deceive the Object of his Vows.

He never felt the Force of Cupid's *Dart,*
Who lets his Tongue run counter to his Heart;
Or ever can deſerve the charming Maid,
That is by Falſhood to his Arms betray'd.
For mutual Paſſions in all States agree,
And lines the Yoke with true Felicity.
She ſhall my Project with my Love compare,
If ſhe approves it, I'm indeed an Heir.

Clin. *Or at the worſt, we are but as we were.*

Enter

Enter 'Squire Num, *and his Man* Slouch.

Num. What think you, *Slouch!* Had we beſt go into the *Muſter*, or tarry here whilſt Mrs. *Belinda* comes out; for her Maid ſays ſhe's here: Lord, Lord, how religious Folks are in this Town! Why they riſe as early to Church here, as our Parſon's Wife does to milking, I think—— Well, but what had we beſt to do, ha?

Slou. Why go in, I think—Or tarry here; which you will, Maſter.

Num. Nay, nay, mun, I don't know which is beſt, that makes me aſk you; for I know, *Slouch*, you underſtand Breeding and Haviours; for you have been at *London* with fat Bullocks, and ſo was never I; but I reſolve to go next time, ha! *Slouch!*

Slou. Ay, Maſter; but an you marry this ſame Mrs. *Belinda*, as ſure as your Name is 'Squire *Num*, ſhe'll not let you budge a Step.

Num. Marry her! Nay, nay, I ſhall marry her, that's ſure enough, I think; and yet I'll ſee *London* for all that ——Why, what doſt thou think I'll be ty'd to a Wife's Tail all Days of my Life? No, no; the Family of the *Nums* won't be Wife rid, *Slouch*—But hark ye, an her Father ſhou'd chop up the Wedding to Day, before my new Clothes are made; for he likes me woundily, mun.

Slou. Od, well thought on, Maſter! Don't go into the Church, I ſay; who knows, but when the Parſon has done his Prayers, but he may begin your Plagues, Maſter, ha!

Num. Od, that's ſmart now——Ha, ha; huſh, huſh, *Slouch*, they are here—Now ſhow your Manners——

Enter Truſty, Belinda *and* Maria. *Several others croſs the Stage as from Church.*

Tru. I have met a Report in the Church, that the News ſays Sir *Jeffrey Conſtant* is dead; if it be true, there's a better Huſband for *Belinda* than this Fool——Od! I'll for *London* as ſoon as I have din'd; my Heart akes; pray Heaven he ſettled his Affairs before he died: I have no Receipt for the Money I paid him.

Num. Sir, your Servant; Father has ſent me agen to ſee Mrs *Belinda*, and bid me tell you, That he wou'd come over himſelf, I think, next Week, and do what you wou'd have him to do, I think——And ſo, I ſuppoſe, we are agreed,

agreed, Forſooth——Only I muſt deſire you to ſtay till my new Clothes are made. Father bought the Cloth laſt *Sturbich* Fair; and the Taylor comes To-morrow, don't he, *Slouch?*

Slou. Ay, and his Man *Staytape*, too; and he works like a Dragon——My Maſter will ſoon be fit, Forſooth.

Mar. Fit, quotha! for what? ha, ha.

Num. For what! Nay, nay, let me alone for that, an I don't ſhow her for what, when I have her once, I'll be flea'd.

Mar. Heaven defend me from the Trial!

Tru. Sir, ſince I ſaw you laſt, I have conſider'd my Daughter is no proper Match for you; and therefore I deſire you to return with all poſſible Speed, and acquaint your Father, that he may not undertake any unneceſſary Journey.

Bel. Ten thouſand Bleſſings on that Voice.

Num. Hey-day: What's the Matter now! Why you don't pretend to make a Fool of me, do ye?

Mar. No, thou art made to his Hands——ha, ha, ha——

Num. Who ſpeaks to you, Miſtreſs; I was not made for you, I'm ſure.

Mar. No, I thank my Stars!

Num. I'll not be chous'd at this rate, mun: Did you not tell me, if my Father wou'd ſettle ſo, and ſo, that I ſhou'd have her——And now you come with a conſider—when it has coſt me the Lord knows what in Journeys, as *Slouch* can teſtify.

Slou. Yes, with a ſafe Conſcience, I can ſwear it has coſt my Maſter—and me, above thirty Shillings upon you.

Bel. What, did you club with your Maſter then, Mr. *Slouch?*

Slou. Now and then, for a Flaggon of Ale, an it pleaſe you.

Bel. Oh you ſhall be no Loſer, Friend—There's ſomething to defray your Expences— [*Gives him Money.*

Slou. Thank you kindly, Forſooth——Od, this 'tis to be ſharp——Now wou'd I give Six-pence to know if this be a good Guinea, or a Counter—— [*Aſide.*

Tru. As to your Charges, Mr. *Num*——if you pleaſe

to

to give me a Bill, they ſhall be diſcharg'd—But for my Daughter, I have deſign'd her otherways.

Num. A Bill! I ſcorn your Words; I'm as well able, de you ſee, to ſpend thirty Shillings as you, for ought I know; yet I'm not angry neither; only what makes me mad, is, that you ſhou'd think me ſuch a Fool to be fob'd off I know not how———Why mun, all our Town knows that I'm to have her, and they have promis'd me the Bells ſhou'd ring a whole Day——And now you'd have me go home with a Tale of a Tub, like a Dog that has loſt his Ears———What did you come bouncing to our Houſe for! and ſay I ſhou'd have your Daughter——I did not come after her, nor you neither, mun.

Tru. What I ſaid I thought at that Time, Sir; but no Man can blame me for changing my Mind to Advantage in diſpoſing of my Child——I have a better Proſpect both in Birth and Eſtate, than you, or your Father can offer. Therefore I ſay, without any Paſſion, I deſire you'd give yourſelf no farther Trouble about this Matter, Mr. *Num.*

Bel. Birth, and Eſtate! What means my Father? How I tremble!

Mar. He has certainly heard of Sir *Jeffrey*'s Death, and deſigns to make thee happy.

Bel. Impoſſible! he was in the *Minſter* before us.

Num. Birth, and Eſtate! *Slouch*, come hither, Sirrah! Han't my Father a Thouſand a Year?

Slou. Yes, that he has, an more too: He has ten Hundred, I'll ſwear it.

Num. I believe he has, as you ſay, *Slouch.*

Om. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Num. An I am all the Children he heas, am I not, *Slouch?*

Slou. Ay, all that he dares own, Sir.

Num. Look ye there, now! An I'll hold you a Bottle of Cyder that I'm as well born as he; my Father's Churchwarden, and Captain of the Militia, as 'tis known very well; and I'm call'd the young Captain, ſo I am.

Slou. Aye, that every body knows.

Tru. Sir, I have nothing to ſay to that, and am your humble Servant——Come *Belinda.*

Bel. I wiſh you a good Journey, Sir.

Mar. Captain, your Servant. [*Exit.*

Num.

Num. A murrain take your Fleer———

Slou. You may go to *London* now, Sir.

Num. Go to *London*, go to the Devil! 'Slife I'll follow them mun, may hap he do's but joke; and Father will break my Head, becauſe I did not underſtand a Joke—Therefore come along, *Slouch.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *Sir* David Watchum's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir David *into a Garden before the Door.*

Sir *Dav.* I HAVE ſurvey'd my Houſe round and round to Night, from Door to Door, and Gate to Gate——He that wou'd keep a handſome Woman of twenty thouſand Pound, muſt learn the Gameſter's Art, to live without Sleep——Methought, from my Garret-Window, I ſaw a Man ſauntring about my Ground, and ſeem'd to pry too narrowly into my Houſe—It may be a Rogue——I would not loſe Mrs. *Laura*; for, if poſſible, ſhe ſhall fill no Arms but mine. I have kept her from the Sight of Man theſe twelve Months; and now I deſign to offer her Liberty, provided ſhe'll conſent to be my Wife; if ſhe refuſes, I'll have the Lights quite ſtop'd up, and ſhe ſhall not ſo much as ſee the Sun——Ha! who's here! Ho, 'tis *Lucy*, her Maid; I wiſh I cou'd make this Jade of my Intereſt——What the Vengeance does ſhe do up ſo early?

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. This old Fellow is certainly the Devil—One can go no where, but one is ſure to meet him.

Sir *Dav.* What makes you here, ha, Miſtreſs?—Now am I afraid of venturing to the Coffee-houſe, tho' my Coach is at the Door.

Lucy. Too much Sleep is unwholeſome, you know, Sir, by your own Rule; ſo hearing the Door open, I came down to breathe the Morning Air.

Sir. *Dav.* That you might have done at your Window; no,

no, no, you have some Plot in Hand now, I warrant! Where's your Mistress?

Lucy. In her Chamber: Where shou'd she be?

Sir *Dav.* In her Bed wou'd be a fitter Place—— Women of Virtue, that have no Intrigues, are fast asleep in their Beds at this Time a-day.

Lucy. Asleep! That's impossible in this House — Pray how can any body sleep, as long as you are awake; are you not rambling all Night; up Stairs, down Stairs, locking one Door, and opening another; hemming, coughing, spitting, sneezing, yawning, stamping, mutt'ring?— One no sooner shuts one's Eyes——but slap goes a Door, clatter goes a Key—down tumbles a Stool, bow-wow goes the Dog——This is the constant Musick you make, Sir: 'Slife, if one were a Slave in *Turkey*, one should sometimes rest in quiet.

Sir *Dav.* Good lack, good lack, all this I get for my Care——Why all this is for your Lady's Good, *Lucy*.

Lucy. Nay, if you call this Good! Then pray, Sir, employ your Study for the future, to do her ill Offices; for nothing can be more disagreeable, than your present Treatment both to my Lady and me.

Sir *Dav.* Say you so! What, you don't like your way of living then? ha.

Lucy. Not at all, I assure you, Sir—Living! d'ye call it ——We wou'd have Liberty, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* You shall have Liberty, if your Lady is not her own Enemy—and for your Part, if you please, you may serve yourself and her, by being serviceable to me.

Lucy. Which Way, pray Sir? For there are not many Things I wou'd refuse to procure my Lady her dear, dear Liberty; pray inform me, I'm impatient to know it.

Sir *Dav.* Why thus—I have a very cordial Affection for Mrs. *Laura*, out of pure Consideration of her Youth— I wou'd not have a young Woman fall into ill Hands at first; therefore I design to marry her myself.

Lucy. Heaven forbid! That wou'd be falling into ill Hands, indeed. [*Aside.*

Sir *Dav.* Now I wou'd have you break this Matter to her; and second it with all the Force of Argument you are capable of——When we are married, you shall take what Liberty you please.

Lucy.

Lucy. Why, ſure a Perſon of your experienc'd Years, wou'd not be guilty of ſuch a Folly.

Sir *Dav.* What do you call Folly? I had no Children by my laſt Wife, and I wou'd willingly have an Heir to keep up my Name —— and do you call this Folly?

Lucy. Heirs! Why, do you hope for an Heir of your own getting, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* Why not, pray?

Lucy. What, upon ſuch a fine Woman as ſhe is——In my Conſcience, were I in your Place, I ſhou'd dread being the erranteſt, you know what, in Chriſtendom.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Mrs. Pert! that's not your Buſineſs, I ſhall dread no ſuch Thing —All I deſire of you, is to tell her, my Eſtate, Prudence, Wiſdom and Temperance, out-weighs Youth, Folly, Titles and Debauchery.

Lucy. Yes, for one that is in love with her Grave. Certainly, Sir, you are not in your right Senſes—Why, your Requeſt is ſo abominable, ſo vile, ſo ridiculous, and ſo unjuſt; that I wou'd not be concern'd in it for a thouſand Pounds ——— Indeed, you have pitch'd upon the wrong Perſon, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Say you ſo! Good lack —— So I have pitch'd upon the wrong Perſon you ſay! ha! If I had deſir'd you to ſay your Prayers, I'll be hang'd if I had not pitch'd upon the wrong Perſon too, Goſſip prate-a-pace ——but I'll hamper ye, I warrant you; I'll croſs your Deſigns, till I have finiſh'd my own—go, get out of my Sight.

Lucy. Well, ſurely this Life won't laſt always. [*Exit.*

Enter Manage.

Man. My Maſter ſtays at the Coffee-houſe, and has ſent me to ſurvey this Dome, and try to give Mrs. *Laura*'s Maid Notice of his Arrival; but how far I may be ſerviceable to him, I know not——Ha! who have we yonder? The old Guardian himſelf, I doubt——So, he has found me——What the Duce muſt I pretend now?

Sir *Dav.* What do you want, Friend, ha?

Man. Good-morrow, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Well, Good-morrow; what more?

Man. I hope you are well, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Yes, thank Heaven, Sir! What then?

Man.

Man. Why, then I am very glad of it, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* You are very glad of it, Sir! Why, what a Pox is my Health to you? Who are you? What are you? And from whence come you, ha, Sir?

Man. Faith, Sir, your Queſtions are ſo copious, that they require a conſiderable Study to anſwer: Let me recollect a little—I have gone through ſo many Trades, that without my Diary (which I have not about me at preſent) I can't remember half of them; nor indeed can I tell how to ſtile myſelf otherwiſe than an univerſal Man——The World is my Country; and for want of an Eſtate, I live by my Wits.

Sir *Dav.* A Rogue, I warrant him. [*Aſide.*

Man. Sometimes an honeſt Man, ſometimes a Knave; juſt as Occaſions fall out.

Sir *Dav.* Ay! and you oftener happen to be a Knave, than an honeſt Man, I doubt, Friend.

Man. Why look ye, Sir, that is juſt as I abound, or want Money; for my preſent Profeſſion is Phyſick—Now, when my Pockets are full, I cure a Patient in three Days; when they are empty, I keep him three Months.

Sir *Dav.* An excellent Principle, truly—But, pray what is your Buſineſs at my Houſe?——We are all in a good State of Health at preſent.

Man. Nay, no very great Buſineſs, only I looked in as I paſs'd by, Sir, that's all.

Sir *Dav.* Now in my Opinion you have another Reaſon; for you have the Aſpect of thoſe Sparks that come in at a Window, or down a Chimney at two in the Morning.——

Man. Have a care what you ſay, Sir, I'm known very well not far off.

Sir *Dav.* Ay, too well perhaps! Zounds, Sir, what Buſineſs have you here? ſpeak.

Man. A queer old Duke this—Why, Sir, if you muſt know, I am in ſearch of ſome Simples, which I have occaſion for.——

Sir *Dav.* Simples!

Man. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Simples! A very ſimple Excuſe, Faith——

Man. Sir, I have many Years practis'd Chymiſtry, and there's ſcarce any Diſeaſe incident to Humanity, but I

have cur'd; Stone, Gravel, Spleen, Vapours, Fits of the Mother, and ſo forth———

Sir *Dav.* Rather Fits of the Father, I fancy.

Man. I had attained to ſuch Perfection in the Chymical Art, that I wanted but one Degree of Heat to reach the Philoſopher's Stone.

Sir *Dav.* That Habit, methinks, does not anſwer this mighty Skill.

Man. Oh! Sir, Skill does not lie in Clothes—And the moſt ingenious are not always the moſt fortunate—I have had many Croſſes in my Time—which has reduc'd me much below my Birth, I aſſure you—I ſerve an Officer at preſent, in the Quality of a *Valet de Chambre*, whoſe Life I ſav'd at the Battle of *Audenard*, when he was ſhot thro' with a Cannon-ball.

Sir *Dav.* How! ſhot through with a Cannon-ball?

Man. Yes, Sir; what, do you wonder at that? Why, Sir, I have a Water, that if your Head were off, I'd but waſh it with that, and clap it upon your Shoulders again, and you ſhou'd grow as perfectly well in Half an Hour, as ever you was in your Life; I have made the Experiment upon Thouſands; my Maſter's Brother was one of them.———

Sir *Dav.* If you were in Petticoats, I ſhou'd take you for the *Kentiſh* Miracle—— What is this Officer's Name, Friend, that you ſerve?

Man. Captain *Bounce*, Sir.

Sir *Dav. Bounce!* I fancy you are related to him; are you not, Friend;

Man. No, Sir, not at all; indeed he uſes me more like a Relation, than a Servant, for the Reaſon before-mentioned.

Sir *Dav.* Ha! And where is he, pray?

Man. At the *Talbot*, Sir; if you pleaſe I'll fetch him hither?

Sir *Dav.* By no means, Sir; but what Buſineſs have you here in *Peterborough?*

Man. We have been raiſing Recruits, Sir——A Pox of this old Dog; how many impertinent Queſtions does he aſk?—Here's no Hopes of ſeeing *Lucy*.——

Sir *Dav.* Well, Sir, I deſire you'd look your Simples elſe-

elſewhere; for I don't like you, notwithſtanding your fair Pretences.

Man. Sir I ſhall obey you —— But pray who does this Houſe belong to?

Sir *Dav.* Why, this Houſe belongs to —— its Maſter.

Man. Indeed, Sir —— Pray who is that Maſter, if I may be ſo bold to aſk?

Sir *Dav.* Why that Maſter is —— a Man, Friend.

Man. Really Sir! your Anſwers are ſo conciſe and ſo ingenious, that it is impoſſible to quit your Company —— We deſign for *Cambridge* to-night, pray what Time do you think we ſhall get in?

Sir *Dav.* The Town-Clock will tell you, when you come there.

Man. Is it poſſible!—I humbly thank you, Sir—one Thing more I wou'd gladly be reſolv'd —— I have a Brother bound for *Portugal*, pray is the Wind fair, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* What do you take me for, a Weather-cock, Sirrah? Hark ye, the Wind will blow you no good, if you don't get about your Buſineſs; remember that, and ſo farewel. [*Exit.*

Man. Very well —— this muſt be Sir *David* his own-ſelf —— 'Egad he has all his Paces, it will be hard to bring Matters about here; I'm juſt as wiſe as I was when I came —— and have told fifty Lyes to no Purpoſe —— Ha! his Coach at the Door, I'll watch whither he goes, I'm reſolv'd. ——

Re-enter Sir David.

Sir *Dav.* What, are you not gone yet, Sirrah? I'll have you laid by the Heels, if you don't get off my Ground this Moment.

Man. Sir, I am going this Moment —— A Pox of his Leathern Jaws —— Well, I'll inform my Maſter what has paſs'd, and leave him to think on what's to come. ——

[*Exit.*

Sir *Dav.* So, he is gone —— I don't like the Countenance of this Fellow —— *Sam* ——

Enter Servant.

Sam. Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Lock my Doors, d'ye hear; till I return from the Coffee-houſe, let no Body in or out. ——

Sam. I shall observe, Sir. [*Ex. severally.*

SCENE *changes to the Coffee-house*; Lovely, Constant, *and* Faithful.

Faith. I have confirm'd the whole Town in the Belief of thy Father's Death.

Const. Then thou hast done me Service—Come, you'll both go with me to *Trusty*'s——

Faith. No, I have a Mind to stay here; to see if Sir *David* comes; this Morning I will try to get acquainted with him; perhaps my being a Stranger, he may invite me to Dinner.

Lov. Ha, ha! He wou'd as soon give thee his Estate.

Enter Manage.

Faith. Ha! *Manage*, what News? Hast thou seen *Lucy*.

Man. No, Sir, but I have seen the Knight.

Faith. Well, and what have you discover'd?

Man. That it was not worth your while to come Post from *London*, to return the same Way——Ah! Pox of the last Horse I rid; what a cursed Fall had I in *Stangate-hole* —— don't you remember, Sir, how I lay over Head and Ears in Mire; whilst the Gentlemen of the Pad disburthen'd you of a hundred Pounds?

Faith. Hang your unseasonable Memory, Sirrah; leave Prating, and tell me——— You saw Sir *David*, did you speak to him?

Man. Yes, Sir, but he answer'd me with a damn'd sour Air; and I assure you it will require Cannon to reduce his Citadel.

Faith. Love has taught me to surmount all Difficulties.

Man. But here the Knight will be immediately; for I heard him give Orders to lock up the Doors, till he return'd from the Coffee-house.

Lov. Ay, that's right Sir *David!* ha, ha.

Faith. Lock up the Doors! Ah poor *Laura!* how shall I give thee Notice of my being here?——

Const. I have a Thought in my Head, if it could be put in Practice——Hark, I hear the Coach——ha! here's no Body in the Room to discover the Trick——Let us pretend a Quarrel——Draw, *Faithful.*

Faith. To what Purpose?

Const.

Conſt. You ſhall know inſtantly——*Lovely*, do you ſeem to part us; he's here—Damn you, Sir, you lye. *(draws.)* I have not loſt, nor will I pay———

Faith. Take your Lye back, Sir. *[ſeem to fight.*

Enter Sir David.

Lov. Why Gentlemen, Gentlemen, what do you mean?

Faith. Damn you, Sir, you ſhall pay me———

Conſt. There is the Money then, you have it——pretend to be wounded with that Thruſt, *Faithful*.

[Aſide to him.

Faith. I am wounded—pray help to lead me home.

Lov. Oh Friend! what have you done?

Sir *Dav.* What's here, Murder?

Conſt. I hope the Wound's not mortal——Curſe on my unlucky Arm; how doſt thou, *Ned?*

Sir *Dav.* Do quotha! If one Gentleman is wounded, I muſt ſecure you, Sir.

Conſt. Secure me, Sir! Alas! Sir, I don't intend to fly; a Pox of all Wagers, I ſay.

Faith. Pray lead me to my Inn, for I feel my Spirits very faint.

Lov. Lead you! Alas, I doubt you cannot walk ſo far.

Conſt. What, is there not a Chair or a Coach to be got?

Lov. Sir *David* has a Coach at the Door, if you could prevail with him to lend it you a little.

Conſt. Sir, pray oblige us with your Coach, it ſhall return immediately.

Sir *Dav.* With all my Heart. ——*[Goes to the Door, and ſpeaks to his Coachman aloud.*

Tom, here, carry this Gentleman home——d'ye hear, and make Haſte back again.

Faith. Oh! Friend, I underſtand you now; my Soul dances with the bare Idea.

Conſt. It has ſucceeded to my Wiſh—*Lovely*, help lead him to the Coach.

Sir *Dav.* If there be any Danger, Mr. *Lovely*, take care to ſecure the Murderer.

Lov. Oh! they are intimate Friends, Sir *David*, he won't flinch, I know.

341

Sir *Dav.* Well, well, look you to that.——
[*Ex. into the Houſe.*

Conſt. Manage! Come you along with us, I have ſome Inſtructions for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Outſide of* Truſty's *Houſe.*

Enter Lovely, Conſtant, Clinch *and* Manage.

Lov. He'll certainly get Admittance to his Miſtreſs by this Stratagem; but if the Knight ſhou'd find him there, how will he come off?

Conſt. Nay, let him look to that —— but *Manage* ſhall take *Clinch*'s great Coat, 'tis like a Livery. — Sweet Sir, can you condeſcend to wear a Livery an Hour or two?

Man. To ſerve my Maſter's Amour I will, Sir — elſe I ſcorn a Livery—I muſt have that black Wig too.

Conſt. Well, well! Here, *Clinch*, change, change with him. [*They change Cloathes.*

Clin. So Sir! Now I am your *Valet de Chambre.*

Man. Well, Sir, what am I to do now?

Conſt. Why, go watch about Sir *David*'s Door, and as you ſee occaſion, employ your Wits.

Man. Very well, Sir, let me alone for that; your humble Servant, Gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Enter Dolly, *out of the Houſe.*

Dolly. Oh! Are you come, Captain; I have told my Miſtreſs every Particular—Pleaſe to walk in, Sir, I'll inform my Maſter you are here. [*They go in.*

The SCENE *draws, and diſcovers them in a Room.*

Lov. 'Tis an admirable Project, Captain, if you are not diſcover'd; but your Father will certainly know it in a little Time.

Conſt. If poſſible, I'll marry the Woman to-night.

Lov. I fear Sir *Jeffrey* will reſent the Trick.

Conſt. I hope to convince him the Trick was upon *Truſty*; for he may recover the Money of him, if he pleaſes, and with me it may paſs for his Daughter's Portion: but rather than fail, I'll give the Steward my Bond, when 'tis diſcover'd, to refund the Money, when I become Maſter

of

of my Father's Eſtate; for without *Belinda*, nothing can make me happy.

Clin. Ah, Sir, you'll ſcarce find a Man in the Army of your Mind—Prefer a Woman to Money! Why, Sir, Money is the very Hinge the whole World turns upon—— A Soldier, and not love Money! —Money has Power to alter all Conſtitutions, and in ſpite of Cuſtom, ſtamp what Form it pleaſes—'Twill make an honeſt Man a Knave; nay, 'twill make a Knave an honeſt Man—'twill make a Coward valiant—an old Woman young—a young Woman a Saint—a Lawyer juſt—a Stateſman loyal—and a Courtier keep his Word.

Lov. Ha, ha, *Clinch* is a Wit.

Clin. Faith, I always thought ſo by my Poverty.

Conſt. Well hinted *Clinch*—I'm in thy Debt—

[*gives him half a Guinea.*

Clin. Oh Sir, I am yours in all Reſpects—Oh! this dear Colour!

What can there be that this dear Coin can't buy?
For thee Men toil and ſweat, ſwear, cheat and lye;
For thee does Friend his deareſt Friend betray,
And Women give their very Souls away.
Join but Ambition to this glitt'ring Evil,
And in an Inſtant Man is made a Devil.

Conſt. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Ha, ha, ha!

Conſt. Ad's-heart, Sir, ſet your weeping Face in order—Here comes the Steward——

Enter Truſty.

Tru. Captain *Conſtant*, your Servant! you are welcome into the Country. What, you are in want of Men; I warrant you are going to raiſe Recruits.

Conſt. Not at this Time, Sir; 'tis a more unwelcome Accident that brought me down. [*Takes out a Handkerchief, and ſeems to weep.*

Truſt. Good lack! the News is really true then, Sir *Jeffrey* is dead.

Clin. Ay, poor Gentleman, he's laid low——

Truſt. I confeſs I heard ſo, but I hop'd it might be Report only; I did deſign to have ſet out for *London* as ſoon as I had din'd—— My Heart akes—— Bleſs me! What

have I paid without any Receipt? — I lov'd Sir *Jeffrey* like a Brother; truly I am very much troubled——— [*seems to weep.*

Clin. Grief is very catching, I find; it makes me weep too —— Be comforted, Sir, (*To* Conſtant.) Fathers muſt go as well as Sons — Why do you afflict yourſelf at this rate, Sir? Since Death is Death, who can help it?

Lov. Pray be comforted, Sir *John*— [*To* Conſtant.

Truſt. Pray of what Diſtemper did he die?

Clin. Ah! Duce on't! What was that hard Word? Now can't I think on't, as I hope to be Great—

Lov. Of an Apoplexy—A Pox on the Doctors, for giving Death ſo many ſtrange Names. [*Aſide.*

Clin. Right, Sir———He died of an Apoplexy, Sir.

Tru. Of an Apoplexy! Why then I doubt he died ſuddenly.

Conſt. In a Moment's Time, Sir, he was alive and dead———

Clin. Ay, without ever ſpeaking one Word, Sir—

Tru. (*Roars out*) Oh, oh, oh. Did he ſettle his Affairs in his Health? Did he make any Will?———

Conſt. Not any, Sir.

Clin. No, Sir; he has left all at Sixes and Sevens.

Tru. Oh, oh, oh——— [*faints.*

Lov. Ha! Help, *Clineh*, I hope he is not dead.

Clin. No, no, he breathes, thank Heaven; pray you look up, Sir.

Conſt. Why are you thus concern'd?

Lov. You really encreaſe Sir *John*'s Grief, Sir.

Tru. Oh! what have I loſt?

Conſt. I know you have loſt a Friend in my Father; but you ſhall find him again in me.

Tru. Oh, but he has left all Things at ſixes and ſevens. *Clineh* ſays — Did he ſay nothing to you about me before he dy'd?

Conſt. Not a Syllable — But I ſuppoſe your Concern proceeds from having paid him Money without any Thing to ſhow for it under his Hand.

Tru. Ay, Sir, there's my Misfortune—Oh, oh.

Clin. 'Tis the Money, not the Man—Let not that trouble you, Sir, my young Maſter has been inform'd to a Farthing what it was—Tell him, tell him, Sir, your Father

ther appear'd, and let me alone to clinch it. [*Aside to Constant.*

Tru. Inform'd!

Conſt. Yes, Mr. *Truſty*; my Father cou'd not reſt till he had diſclos'd your Affair.

Clin. Ah, good honeſt Soul; ſeeing he was ſnatch'd away ſo ſuddenly, he has ſeveral Times appeared.

Tru. How! appear'd, ſay you?

Clin. Aſk my Maſter elſe.

Conſt. Moſt certain, Sir.———

Clin. He haunted us ſix Days like the Devil; ſometimes like a ſhag Dog—Sometimes like a white Pidgeon—At laſt he took his own Shape. *Clinch*, ſaid he, don't you know me? Then addreſſing himſelf to my Maſter, don't be afraid, ſaid he, I come to tell you, that at ſeveral Times I have received from Mr. *Truſty*———

Tru. Ah dear Ghoſt, dear Ghoſt; how much did he ſay?

Conſt. Eight hundred Pound.

Tru. Right to a Penny; look ye there now, ſee what it is to deal with honeſt Men; one loſes nothing by them, tho' in their Graves.

Clin. Oh, the Dead, Sir, are always generous; they value Money no more than that— [*Snapping his Fingers.*

Tru. Poor Gentleman, that he ſhou'd take a Journey from the other World upon my Account.

Clin. Ah, Sir, the Dead ride Poſt upon the Winds—He charg'd me to tell you, for your Satisfaction, he wou'd come and give you an Acquittance himſelf.

Tru. By no means, I am content; let the Dead viſit who they will for me.

Conſt. Oh, fear not, Sir, he'll not trouble you; but to our Buſineſs, Sir, what you have paid I will diſcount.

Tru. And the reſt of the Money is at your Service, and my Daughter too, Sir *John*, if you have not loſt the Remembrance of her.

Conſt. To ſhow you that I have not, Mr. *Truſty*, I aſſure you ſhe will be the welcomeſt Preſent of the two.

Low. Thy Buſineſs is done, *Conſtant*.

Tru. Say you ſo, Sir *John*! Well, I'll fetch the Writings, and diſpatch ſome Affairs, and then I'll carry you to

my Daughter—But upon second Thoughts, please to walk into my Study, 'tis more convenient.

Const. With all my Heart, I'll follow you.——

[*Exit* Trusty.

Lov. Matters go as you cou'd wish; you'll be married to-night, Captain.

Const. I wish 'twere over; Egad I'd rather fight half a dozen Men, than descend to this rascally Way of Lying, were there any Help for it; it is beneath a Soldier.—

A Soldier scorns the whining Lover's Art;
His Courage takes Possession of the Heart:
Disdains by Treachery to raise his Name,
But boldly owns the bright ambitious Flame,
And courts his Mistress as he courts his Fame.

ACT III.

SCENE, Trusty *in his Study, with* Constant, Lovely *and* Clinch. *Papers and Money upon the Table.*

Trusty. THERE, Sir *John*, there are in these Bags Two and twenty hundred Pounds, which, with the Eight hundred I remitted Sir *Jeffrey*, is just Three thousand Pound; if you please, you may count it, 'tis most in Gold.

Const. No, I'll take your Word for't; here, *Clinch*, carry it to *Drive* the Carrier, he is just now going to *London*; order him where to pay it in, d'ye hear?

Clin. Yes, Sir—— [*Exit with the Bags.*

Lov. He is loaden with it; ha, ha, ha.——

Tru. Poor Sir *Jeffrey*, rest his Soul, did promise to bate me twenty Pound a Year; for I have paid him two hundred Pounds a Year these sixteen Years, for that Land which is not worth an Hundred and four-score.

Lov. Say you so, Mr. *Trusty*? Then you must perform your Father's Promise, Sir *John*.

Const. Ay, when he has paid me as much as he has my Father.

Lov. Come, shall I settle Matters between you? Ad-

vance

vance Sir *John* a hundred Pounds; you know he has been kept ſhort, and doubtleſs has Occaſion for ready Money, and he ſhall bate you twenty Pound a Year.

Tru. Oh, that's all one, Mr. *Lovely*—I can't do that.

Conſt. Nay, ſince Mr. *Lovely* has propos'd it, if you won't do that———

Tru. Well, but Sir *John*, perhaps you'll expect a large Fortune with my Daughter; I can't tell you how to——

Conſt. I ask you for none, Sir.

Tru. Why then there's the hundred Pound; but you muſt ſignify at the Bottom of this Leaſe our Bargain.

Enter Roger, *a Farmer.*

Conſt. Give it me, I'll do't—— [*ſits down to write.*

Rog. Morrow Landlord, I ha' brought you a little Rent, and in troth 'tis but a little neither; for we ha' had but a ſorry Crop of Barley, and the Crows, a Murrain take 'em, ha' eat up all my Beans, I think.

Tru. But you have a new Landlord, *Roger.* Old Sir *Jeffrey* is dead, and there's his Son.

Rog. Say you ſo, Maſter! Bleſs you, Sir, I did not know your Father, not I, tho' I have paid him many a fair Pound——Nor I dan't know you; but an you be my Landlord, I'm an honeſt Man; and tho' I ſay it, pay my Rent as well as any body.

Conſt. I don't doubt it, Friend—I am ſorry your Harveſt has not prov'd ſo good as you expected.

Rog. I hope, Maſter, for Luck's ſake now, you'll 'bate me ſomething of my Rent.

Conſt. I can't do that, *Roger*—For the taxes take away all my Money.———

Rog. Nay, as you ſay, Maſter, theſe Taxes are ſad Things, that's the Truth on't—Od they find out ſtrange Ways; they had got a Trick here once to make one pay for one's Head—Mercy on us, I was afraid they would make one pay for one's Tail too—My Neighbour *What d'ye call um*——ſays it coſt him the Lord knows what in Burryings and Chriſtnings——Adod 'tis a ſore Thing, a Man muſt pay for lying with his own Wife.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha, 'twas a Grievance indeed; but Taxes can't be help'd, ſo long as the Wars continue.

Rog. Wars! Why what need there be any Wars?

Can't People live peaceably and quietly among themſelves —If they will ſquabble and play the Rogue, let 'em go to Law; can't they ſet the Lawyers to work? I warrant they'll quickly make them as quiet as Lambs.

Conſt. Ha, ha, ha; but we are at Wars with a Prince that cares for no Laws but his own; nay, he breaks them too, when 'tis his Intereſt.———

Reg. Why then Mercy upon us, I ſay—Well an how! may one wiſh you much Joy? Ha, you got a Wife, Landlord? By the Meſs you are a pretty Man.———

Conſt. I'm not ſo happy yet, *Roger.*

Reg. Say you ſo? Good lack, I'm ſorry for't.—Why now here's Maſter *Truſty* has a good ſweatly look'd Gentlewoman to his Daughter—What think you of her, Landlord?—Od, and all Parties were agreed, ſhe'd make a rare Bedfellow, I'm perſuaded.

Lov. I believe Sir *John* is of your Mind; have you any Intereſt with her Father?

Reg. Not I, in troth, Maſter *Lovely*—but the Gentlewoman is of a ſweet Temper.

Lov. Do you think you cou'd perſuade her to run away with him?

Reg. Wou'd I cou'd, Sir——for a pretty Woman is the beſt Luggage in the World—for when a Man is weary, he may reſt upon it; ha, ha.

Conſt. You are waggiſh, *Roger.*

Truſty. Yes, yes, *Roger* will joke; there's your Acquittance, if Sir *John* pleaſe to ſign it.———

Conſt. 'Tis the ſame Thing if you ſign it, Mr. *Truſty.* [*Signs the Note.*

Truſty. I find my Daughter ſtands fair in your Opinion, *Roger.*

Reg. Look ye, Sir—I hope you ar'n't angry! I meant no harm———I ſpoke as I thought; an I had a hundred Daughters——my Landlord, and Mr. *Lovely* ſhould have them all, an they wou'd; ha, ha.

Conſt. I am obliged to you truly.

Lov. Oh! a hundred wou'd be too many.

Conſt. Prithee haſt thou never a ſingle one at preſent?

Reg. Not that I know of, in troth, Sir; but an you'll do me a ſmall Kindneſs, Sir, I may chance to get you one about fourteen Years hence.

Lov.

Lov. That will be ſomething too long to ſtay.

Conſt. But what can I ſerve thee in, *Roger?*

Rog. Why, Mrs. *Belinda* has a kind of a Maid called *Dorothy*; I have had a hankering Mind after her theſe two Years; but the ſtiving Baggage will not come to a Reſolution yet.

Tru. You muſt apply yourſelf to my Daughter, *Roger*, ſhe'll be the beſt Advocate; but I doubt ſhe's too fine for you.

Rog. Too fine! nay, nay, I'll never quarrel with her for that; an ſhe can win Gold, as the Saying is, e'en let her wear it.

Tru. But I doubt you are not fine enough for her.

Rog. Mayhap ſo, as you ſay; indeed, I have not ſuch gay Clothes as theſe Gentlefolk have, becauſe I can't afford it, de ye ſee? elſe I ſhou'd like 'em well enough — In troth, I believe I have ſome Seeds of a Gentleman in me; for methinks now I like broad Cloath better than my Leathern Breeches; and a Holland Shirt, far before a Hempen one—adod methinks, I, I, I, cou'd be well enough contented with a Bottle of Wine every Day — I am mainly inclin'd to ſtrong Beer—and don't care a Farthing if I never were to drink any ſmall.

Lov. Oh! extraordinary Symptoms of a Gentleman, I'll aſſure you—Well, we'll ſpeak to *Dolly* for you.

Tru. Ay, ay, we'll all ſpeak for you; go, go into the Cellar then, and drink thy Belly full.

Con. Be ſure to drink *Dolly*'s Health.

Rog. Thank you kindly, Sir—Ay, ay, Maſter, that I will, I promiſe you, in a full Horn—So, Landlord, good-by to you with all my Heart. [*Exit.*

Tru. Now, Sir *John*, I'll ſend my Daughter to keep you Company, till I look for ſome Leaſes your Father order'd me to get drawn, which, if you think fit to ſign——

Con. If the Tenants are able Men, with all my Heart.

Tru. Oh! very ſufficient Men, Sir *John*. [*Ex.* Truſty.

Lov. Well, thou haſt ſecured the Money, *Conſtant*; and my Advice is to diſpatch the Woman, as faſt as you can, and find ſome Pretence to defer theſe Leaſes for two or three Days—Sir *Jeffrey* is whimſical, and if he ſhou'd alter his Mind, and come down.——

Con.

Con. Here wou'd be no ſtaying for me, if he ſhou'd; therefore I deſign to be as quick as poſſible —— but here comes the Star that guides me to Happineſs.

Enter Belinda *and* Maria.

Lov. And my Pilot————

Mar. What Voyage are you for, pray?

Lov. The everlaſting Voyage of Matrimony, Child:— And your Eyes are two ſuch dangerous Rocks, that nothing but your Tongue can ſteer me into Harbour.

Mar. But any of my Sex can ſteer you out; you'll be for cruiſing from Port to Port, to make that everlaſting Voyage agreeable.

Lov. No, Faith, where I drop my Anchor, there my Veſſel is moor'd for Life.——Well, *Conſtant*, what ſays the Lady? will ſhe let thy *Habeas Corpus* remove her?

Bel. Out of one Priſon into another, is it not ſo, *Conſtant?*

Lov. Interrogating! Nay, then 'tis proper to be alone; there is a very pretty Collection of Prints in the next Room, Madam, will you give me leave to explain them to you?

Mar. Any Thing that may divert your Love-Subject. [*Exit.*

Con. Can *Belinda* term my Arms a Priſon?

Bel. But Marriage is a Fetter, *Conſtant.*

Con. I'll not make it one; I'm a true *Britiſh* Subject, I'm for Liberty and Property.————

Bel. And Self-intereſt, for they are inſeparable.

Con. I hope our Intereſts are the ſame, and when link'd, will be the ſtronger. Come, Madam, conſider our Opportunity may be ſhort, we ought to be quick, to prevent Diſcovery; I have your Father's Conſent.

Bel. Diſcovery! why, what is it you fear? 'tis but reaſonable I be let into the Secret, if I'm in Danger of ſharing the Puniſhment, Sir *John.*

Con. Why that Sir *John*, *Belinda?* I know you are inform'd of all, then do not ridicule my ardent Paſſion; 'twas my Love for you that firſt inſpir'd me with this Stratagem; then prithee come, my deareſt.————

[*Taking her Hand.*

Bel.

Bel. Not a Step, ſweet Servant — I'll know upon what Terms I capitulate, e'er I ſurrrender.

Con. Terms! Madam! Has not *Dolly* told you of the Plot?

Bel. Yes, upon your Father and mine, Captain, but I don't think it ſafe to join in it! Suppoſe my Father be oblig'd to pay back this Money; may not that be Provocation enough to diſown me? and if your's ſhou'd for this Trick diſinherit you?——What Jointure can you make me?

Con. My Heart, Madam.

Bel. Pſhaw! that is the ſlippery'ſt Piece in all Fortune's Treaſure—we never can be certain of that———

Con. Then my Soul.

Bel. Where ſhall I find it? The Learned can't agree where to place it; therefore I'll have no trouble about that.

Con. Then take my Body for Bail, that I'm ſure is forth-coming.

Bel. Ay, but there's No — *Ne exeat Regnum* in Love's Court.———

Con. To cut off all Objections, I ſettle this Money upon you; and either put it out to Intereſt, or purchaſe ſome pretty Retirement; where, if *Belinda* loves but half ſo well, as I flatter'd myſelf ſhe did, I can forſake all Courts and Company — and prefer a Grott with her, before all the Trappings of the Fools of Fortune.———

Bel. Generouſly ſaid! I have try'd thee, *Conſtant*; and find thy Nature like thy Name; there, take my Hand— my Heart was thine before.

Con. *'Tis Sympathy of Souls that joins us two,*
Death only ſhall our Gordian Knot undo,
Bel. *Until that Hour,* Belinda *will be true.*

Re-enter Lovely *and* Maria.

Lov. Joy to thee, my Friend; and you, Madam, w over-heard your Proteſtations.———

Con. Prithee let's fetch the Parſon this Minute.

Lov. To chuſe—Ladies, we'll return inſtantly. [*Ex*

Mar. Proſperity to *Belinda!*

Bel. Dare not you bear me Company, Girl? Have y the Heart to let me run this Hazard alone?

M

Mar. Why, what wou'd you have me do?

Bel. Even what I design to do—Marry — for I'm sure thou lov'ſt that handſome young Fellow.

Mar. I find you underſtand your own Conſtitution, *Belinda.*

Bel. So well; that if you follow my Example, you'll act as reſolutely.

Mar. Thine is a raſh Venture, if Sir *Jeffry* ſhou'd not forgive him.

Bel. The more honourable; we have Love, and that's the beſt Eſtate in a married Life.

Mar. True, but what can we poor Women do, whoſe Parents are not inclin'd to gratify our Wiſhes; —— you know mine are ſet againſt the Match. ——

Bel. Pugh, Parents will relent in Time —— If not, Mr. *Lovely* has Fortune enough to make you happy — You love him, and he loves you; were I in your Place, I'd fain ſee a third ſhou'd part us.

Mar. True, I do love him — but will not marry him, without a Portion; he ſhall never throw that in my Diſh, I reſolve.

Bel. An admirable Reſolution truly —— Then you'll go on; hang your Head, croſs your Arms, ſigh your Soul into the Air — ſit up all Night like a Watch-Candle, and diſtil your Brains through your Eye-lids —— for ſo I have done —— no, no, Girl, e'en let us ſave our Tears, till we are married.

Mar. What, you think like moſt Wives, we ſhall have Occaſion for them then, ha, ha.

Bel. As it may fall out —— Then let us marry whilſt we are young, that we may be able to bear it with the better Courage. —— But here's my Father over Head and Ears in Papers; I tremble though, to think what he will ſay when he finds the Cheat.

Enter Truſty, *with Papers in his Hand.*

Mar. And ſee who is behind him —— [*Enter* Numa *and* Slouch.

Bel. I have a ſudden Thought how to divert my Father's Anger; when all's diſcover'd, I'll put it in practice. ——— Sir, your humble Servant.

Num.

Num. Od, she speaks, *Slouch*——Nay, Madam, I'm your humble Servant.

Tru. Ha! what's that?—Why, Sir, I admire—hey-day, where are the Gentlemen, Daughter?

Num. Gentlemen, Sir, why here is one Gentleman; indeed I can't say much for *Slouch*———

Tru. Why don't you answer me, ha?

Bel. I know not, Sir, they went out soon after we entred.

Mar. They whisper'd, Sir, and left the Room.

Tru. Ah! I don't like that———

Slou. May-hap they are gone to fight for Mrs. *Belinda*. An she'd marry you, Master, now, how rarely they'd be chous'd, ha, ha.

Num. Od, so they wou'd, as you say, *Slouch*———Madam, what say you? Mr. *Trusty*, shall we make an end on't? I know you are a merry Man, and did but joke wi' me.

Tru. Say you so! I doubt you won't find it so, Sir.

Num. No! Why I verily believe the Gentlewoman has a Kindness for me, by her Looks; how say you, Mistress? speak the Truth, and shame the Devil, as the Saying is—han't you?

Bel. Well, if I must speak the Truth, 'Squire, I have as much Kindness for you, as for any body; my Father commanded me to love.

Trusty. Ay! why what say you to Sir *John Constant*? Don't you like him better?

Bel. I did once, Sir, but I don't remembet I ever had your Consent in that.

Trusty. You have it now then—'Tis time enough; it is good to know what one has to trust to.

Bel. Your Leave now, Sir, comes too late, he may have chang'd his Mind.

Trusty. No, no, you shall be married to Night, he shan't have time to think of Change.

Num. Look ye, Sir, fair and softly—he shall not have her to Night, may-hap—for all your haste; *Slouch*, stand by me.

Slou. That I will, Master, in any Ground in *England*.

Mar. Humph! I guess her drift——— [*Aside.*

Bel. Then 'tis time for me to think on't, Sir.

Trusty.

Trusty. Hey-day, what's here now!

Bel. I don't like Matches huddled up in haſte; and I learnt from your Inſtructions, Sir, to conſult my future Happineſs in a marry'd State.

Num. Good again, I'faith, ha, ha.

Trusty. Your future Happineſs! Why, what can croſs your future Happineſs, Miſtreſs?

Num. What, will they quarrel about me now, *Slouch*, ha?

Slou. The Woman has a weundy Mind to you, I ſee that, Maſter.

Bel. Sir *John*'s Carriage is more looſe and familiar than formerly——from which I draw this Concluſion, Sir; that he thinks his Quality may now command, and when a Lover loſes Reſpect, his Sincerity quickly follows. I like not the Method of our Quality—The Name of Huſband without the Fondneſs, is like a Title without an Eſtate, of no value with the Wife.

Mar. I am of her Opinion, Sir.

Num. And I too, Faith——Od, ſhe talks rarely; I ſhall have her, I find——In my Conſcience I love her ten times the better, becauſe I ſee ſhe loves me——and let me tell you, Sir, your Daughter is honeſter than you are——Why ſhou'd you pretend to croſs her Will? You plainly ſee, ſhe has a Mind to no body but me——Mun——

Tru. I plainly ſee you are a Fool, and ſhe's another——

Num. Look ye, ſay what you will o' me, but don't affront her; for all you are her Father, I won't let my Wife be call'd Names, de ye ſee.

Tru. Zounds, get out of my Doors.

Num. Ay, but who is the Fool then?

Bel. Pray be calm; ſince you once lik'd the Squire for a Son-in-law, I hope I ſhan't diſoblige you in preferring him before Sir *John* for a Huſband.

Num. Diſoblige him! who cares if it does, Madam: Come along——

Mar. Ha, ha. If thy Father ſhou'd take thee at thy Word, *Belinda?*

Bel. My Stars forbid ——

Tru. Did you ever ſee ſuch a provoking Creature?

Enter Conſtant *and* Lovely.

Oh, Sir *John*, 'tis well you are come——Where have you

you been? You are in Danger of losing your Mistress here.

Con. I hope, Sir, I have taken the best Way to secure her.

Lov. If the Parson can do it, for we have got him in the next Room.

Bel. To Constant.] Humour what I say———

Tru. Now Mistress, you had best bring your Objections again, and spoil your Fortune.

Bel. To Num.] If you dare maintain your Claim to me, I am yours—I say again, Sir, I like the Squire best.

Num. Dare! od, I, I, I, I, dare a, a.

Con. What dare you do, Sir?

Num. What a Plague do you stare at so?

Con. What was that you mutter'd! What dare you do?

Num. I dare do as much as you dare do——What a Pox, I'm not to be frighted wi' Looks, mun.

Slou. Od, take heed, Master, he has a woundy long Sword.

Num. A Sword! I care not a——for his Sword, nor him neither. [*Walks about in a Heat.*

Mar. Ha, ha, ha.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha, Sir *John*, this Gentleman is a Person whom I esteem.

Num. Ay, Sir, and one that she intends to marry too.

Con. Marry! when, Sir?

Num. When she pleases, Sir; now, an you'll lend us your Parson?

Lov. Ay, 'tis fit you ask him Leave indeed!

Con. I'll lend you my Sword in your Guts first.

Num. Your Sword in my Guts —— *Slouch*, give me your Cudgel. [*Snatches his Stick.*

Slou. Ads Blead, clear the Way, clear the Way; I'll turn the 'Squire loose to any Man in *Somersetshire*.

Num. Come, out with your Spit, mun——Wounds, and I don't make ye put it up again, I'll ne'er strike stroke more.

Con. The Devil, he'll knock me down. [*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*

Tru. Oh don't draw, Sir *John*——Lay down your Stick, Sir, and get you about your Business, or you'll oblige me to use you worse than I am willing to do.

Mar. Excellent Sport, ha, ha.

Lov.

Lov. Incomparable, ha, ha.

Bel. Who cou'd have thought the Lout so courageous—Oh pray let us have no fighting.

Tru. You have had your Answer, Sir, therefore pray be gone quietly.

Bel. You 'fright me out of my Wits, 'Squire; pray go out of my Father's House peaceably; if you love me, do, we'll find some other Way.

Num. Love ye, yes, I do love you; or what makes me in such a Passion, think you? Well, well, I will go out——Look ye, Sir, an you be a Man, follow me; I'll box fairly with you now for half a Crown, and this Gentleman shall hold Stakes, and see fair Play——If you dare now?

Lov. Fie, fie, 'Squire, Gentlemen don't use to box.

Con. Box, ye Blockhead, ha, ha, ha.

Num. Blockhead! —— Zounds, I'll learn you to call Names. [*Strips off his Coat.*

Slou. Come on, Sirrah, I'll fight with you at the same Time—(*begins to strip.*) I'll stand by my Master, for the Honour of *Somersetshire*.

Clin. Death, you shamble-ham'd Dog! I'll beat your Head off——— [*Gives him a Box of the Ear.*

Num. Ay! are you there? Faith, come on—come on. [*Falls foul upon* Clinch.

Lov. Hold, hold, two to one is odds. [*Parts them.*

Clin. Let me alone, Sir, egad I'll fight 'em both.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha, what do you do, 'Squire, fight with a Footman! Pray leave off, or you'll disoblige me for ever.

Tru. Oh Lord, oh Lord! What shall I do?

Num. What care I.

Mar. What don't you care for your Mistress?

Num. Yes, yes, but I won't be made a Fool on; but I will go —— an I were sure you wou'd not be forc'd to marry this same Spark———I won't leave you in the Lurch, Madam.

Bel. No, no, 'Squire, they shall not force me, I promise you.

Num. Then I go———but look to't, an I catch you out of this House, by the Mass I'll rib you. [*Exit.*

Om. Ha, ha, ha.

Tru.

Tru. Adod, I was out of all Patience with the Fool—Come, take her by the Hand, Sir *John*, you ſhall be married this Minute, we'll ſettle Buſineſs afterward.

Bel. Indeed, Sir, you'll repent this haſty Match.

Con. What means *Belinda?*

Bel. You ſhall know within.

Tru. Get along——In my Soul, I think the whole Compoſition of Women is Contradiction. [*Ex. omnes.*

SCENE *Sir* David's *Houſe.*

Enter Faithful *and* Coachman.

Faith. There, honeſt Coachman, drink my Health; but pray can't I ſpeak with the Gentlewoman of the Houſe?

Coach. Sir *David* has no Wife, Sir; but here is a young Lady, I'll call her Maid; Mrs. *Lucy*, Mrs. *Lucy*, here is a Gentleman wou'd ſpeak with your Miſtreſs——

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. A Gentleman! bleſs me, how came you to let a Man in, *Thomas*, in Sir *David*'s Abſence?

Coach. Sir *David* bid me himſelf, or you may be ſure I had not done it——I thank you, Sir. [*Ex. Coachman.*

Lucy. What do I ſee? Mr. *Faithful!*

Faith. The ſame! How fares my Love, my deareſt *Laura?* Quick, bring me to her, I am impatient till I ſee her.

Lucy. Nay, nay, ſhe wou'd be as impatient as you, if ſhe knew you were here——But by what Miracle did you prevail with Sir *David?*

Faith. Prithee aſk no Queſtions—I'll inform thy Lady; haſte, my Time's but ſhort, therefore muſt improve it.

Lucy. Well, follow me then. [*Exit.*

The SCENE *draws, and diſcovers Mrs.* Laura *at her Spinet.*

After the Song, enter Lucy *and* Faithful.

Lau. What did that Blockhead bawl ſo for, *Lucy?*

Lucy. To have an Acquaintance of yours admitted, Madam.

Lau.

Lau. An Acquaintance of mine!—Ha! my dear *Faithful!* Am I awake? and is it really he?

Faith. My deareſt Love—*(Run into one another's Arms.)* Oh let me hold thee here for ever, for ever taſte the Nectar on theſe Lips——There is ſtill the ſame Fragrancy, as when we parted laſt.

Lau. Oh! it was a fatal Parting—Say, my Love, how cam'ſt thou here? for the old Monſter allows no Mortal to viſit me.

Faith. By Stratagem, my Dear; he ſent me hither in his Coach, yet knows not I am come; thou ſhalt have the Story at more convenient Leiſure; but now let us employ our Time to advantage.

Lau. Heavens! how I tremble! He'll ſoon be back, for he's never out above half an Hour.—*Lucy*, watch below. [*Exit.*] What can this ſhort Interview avail us? which Way ſhall I get out of his Power? The nauſeous Goat told *Lucy* he deſign'd to marry me himſelf—and caſts ſuch loving Looks every time he ſees me, that I am half diſtracted, leſt he ſhould give his horrid Paſſion vent.

Faith. Ha! Confound his Paſſion with himſelf—Conſent to fly with me to a Friend's Houſe in Town, where we'll be married, and put it out of his Power to confine thee.

Lau. With all my Heart——My Priſon is ſo odious to me, I need but ſmall Intreaties to make me quit it——This is the Cloſet he keeps my Writings in; if we cou'd contrive to get them along with us, or he'll give us Trouble enough to get 'em out of his Hand; here—don't you think one might wrinch it open?

Faith. So he may proſecute us for a Robbery.

Lau. Let him, I'll meddle with nothing of his.

Enter Lucy *haſtily.*

Lucy. Oh, Madam! there's Sir *David* in a violent Paſſion, beating all the Servants in before him.

Lau. Undone! What ſhall I ſay? what will become of thee?

Faith. Sink the Villain——Have Patience, my deareſt, take no Thought for me; ſeem not to know me; pretend Surprize, and beg me to be gone; leave the reſt to me.

Enter

Enter Sir David, *beating his Men in upon the Stage.*

Sir *Dav.* Ye Dogs, what have you done, ha?

Coach. What do you beat me for? Did you not bid me carry him home?

Sir *Dav.* Zounds, not to my Home, you Raſcal.

[*Beats him.*

Faith. What do you mean, Madam, by ſaying you don't know me? 'Sdeath, did not I lodge here laſt Night?

Sir *Dav.* How's this? how's this?

Lau. No indeed, Sir, I never ſaw you before; neither do we let Lodgings, then pray be anſwer'd.

Faith. A very pretty Trick, faith! What have you a Mind to cheat me of my Horſes, and Portmanteau—— Look ye, Madam, this won't paſs upon me.

Sir *Dav.* No, nor upon me, neither, Sir.

Faith. Sir, your humble Servant; I think I have had the Honour to ſee you ſomewhere. I am in diſpute with this Gentlewoman here; ſhe'd fain perſuade me I have miſtook my Inn——and that I did not lie here laſt Night.

Sir *Dav.* Lie here! Why, do you take this Lady for an Hoſteſs, Sir?

Faith. Nay, Sir, ſhe is very handſome—but why the Devil muſt Beauty make her deny her Calling?——Ad, you Country Gentlemen do ſo kiſs and flatter your Landladies, that egad, they don't know where their Tails hang——but we make them know themſelves in *London*——Once more, will you call your Servants?

Sir *Dav.* Oh the Devil! ye Dogs, I'll be reveng'd on you. [*Beats his Servants, they run off.*

Sam. The Fault's not mine, Sir; *Thomas* bid me let him in.

Faith. What, no Attendance yet? So, ho, Tapſter, Chamberlain——Pray Sir, ſit down——I warrant I'll make ſomebody hear—Hearke ye, you Miſtreſs—You are not above your Buſineſs too, are you? [*To* Lucy.

Sir *Dav.* Oh, oh, oh, I ſhall go diſtracted.

Lucy. Pray, Sir, know your Way out, don't think I'm one of your Wenches.

Faith. Good lack; ha, ha, what are you a fine Lady too? The Devil! Sure this is a Bawdy-houſe——

Sir *Dav.* I dare ſwear you'd make it one if you cou'd——

Faith. Sir, I take this for an extraordinary Inn—Pray

do

do me the Favour to ſit——I'll beat the Chamber down, but I'll make ſomebody come up. So, ho, the Houſe here—— [*Stamps.*

Sir *Dav.* A plague ſplit you, what do you make all this Noiſe for? Oh, oh.

Lau. Pray, Sir *David*, humour the Gentleman, for I fancy he is a little beſide himſelf.

Sir *Dav.* Humour the Devil! Hell and Furies! This muſt be ſome Rogue——Here, where are you, Raſcals?

Enter Servants.

Faith. Ay, Scoundrels, where are you? Ye Dogs, what is the Reaſon we can have no Attendance? (*Strikes one of them.*) Fetch us a Bottle of Claret, Sirrah, and bring us Word what we can have to eat——

Sir *Dav.* Bring a Bottle of Claret! bring a Halter——What do you take my Servants for? ha, Sir.

Faith. Your Servants, Sir! They are my Servants, as long as I pay for what I call for——Ho! I find you are the Landlord of this well-govern'd Inn—Make your People more tractable, do you hear, Sir? Or I ſhall not only beat them, but you too——Death, ye Villains, why don't you ſtir? [*Strikes another.*

Lau. What will be the End of this? All my Comfort lies in his Aſſurance.——

Sir *Dav.* Zounds, let him ſtir if he dares——Get out of my Houſe, Sirrah, or I'll lay you by the Heels; don't put your Shams upon us——Don't bully here; I thought you was wounded when I lent you my Coach—But I find you are a Rogue, and either deſigned to rob my Houſe, or raviſh this Lady—Fetch me a Conſtable quickly; the Devil! I'll box with you, if you're for Boxing——Get into that Room, *Laura*, I'll deal with him I warrant ye—

[*Puts* Laura *in.*

Lau. Oh unfortunate! How ſhall I ever ſee him again? [*Exit.*

Faith. I'll be here about an Hour hence before this Door. [*To* Lucy.

Lucy. Ah! but to what Purpoſe?

Sir *Dav.* I thought you was wounded when I lent you my Coach.

Faith. Wounded, Sir! why ſo I am, and my Wounds bleed

bleed afreſh with Vexation —Was it your Coach? I find I was miſtaken then, you are not my Landlord; I aſk your Pardon, Sir.

Enter Manage, *running*.

Sir *Dav.* Rot your Pardon—How now, who the Devil are you, Sir?

Man. I am this Gentleman's Servant—Bleſs me, Sir, what do you do here? Why Sir *John* and Mr. *Lovely* have been ſearching all the Town for you; they brought a Surgeon to the *Talbot*, and not finding you there, nor no where elſe, ſent me to aſk this Gentleman's Coachman where he drove you to, and ſwear if you be not found preſently, they'll indict the Coachman for your Murther.

Sir *Dav.* I wou'd you were all hang'd for Company; why what a plaguy Miſtake was here?—

Faith. Ha! A lucky Hint——Bleſs me, Sir, I am under the greateſt Confuſion imaginable; can you forgive me, Sir? Upon my Honour, I thought I had been in my Inn; I aſk a thouſand Pardons, pray excuſe me to the Lady.

Sir *Dav.* Oh, Sir, never trouble your Head about the Lady.

Faith. Why, Sir, I'm a Gentleman.

Sir *Dav.* A Gentleman, Sir! And what then, Sir?

Faith. And am Maſter of an Eſtate to ſupport that Character, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Zounds, was ever Man ſo plagu'd, to have his Servants kick'd about like Foot-balls, his Houſe thunder'd about his Ears like a common Inn, then to be told impudently, I'm a Gentleman, and have an Eſtate to ſupport that Character?

Faith. I aſk your Pardon agen, Sir, for the unlucky Accident, in miſtaking your Houſe; but cannot apprehend what Crime I have committed in my Apology.

Sir *Dav.* Sir, without any manner of Apology, I wou'd be very proud to wait on you down Stairs.

Faith. By no means, Sir—I muſt not permit that.

Sir *Dav.* Death and the Devil, be gone without it, then.

Faith. That I will, Sir; but intreat the Favour of ſeeing the Lady firſt; upon Honour I was never ſo concern'd in my Life: I wou'd not for five hundred Pound quit the

Houſe, till I have convinc'd her of my Error, and made my Acknowledgment upon my Knees.

Sir *Dav.* Zounds, here's the Devil to do about her — Which Way ſhall I get rid of him?

Faith. Pray Miſtreſs, inform the Lady of my Reſolution. [*To* Lucy.

Sir *Dav.* Hark ye, Huſwife, ſtir out of this Place, and I'll break your Neck down Stairs.

Faith. Why then I muſt be guilty of a ſecond Rudeneſs to acquit myſelf of the firſt, I think that's the Room the Lady went into, Sir. [*Going towards the Door.*

Sir *Dav.* Hold, hold, hold, Sir; where the Devil are you going? —Zounds, advance one Step farther, and I'll indict you for a Robbery.

Faith. Well, ſince you are ſo poſitive, Sir, I will be gone; but pray, Sir, is that Lady your Grand-daughter, Daughter, Niece, Couſin, or, or———

Sir *Dav.* 'Tis my Wife, my Wife, my Wife, my Wife, Sir, do you hear that and tremble.

Faith. Ods my Life, Sir, I beg your Pardon with all my Heart and Soul ——Your moſt Obedient, humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Sir *Dav.* The Devil go with you.

Man. (*To* Lucy.) My Maſter has not a Souſe of Money, elſe you wou'd not want your Fee. We were robb'd coming down. [*Exit.*

Sir *Dav.* Zounds, Sir, what do you loyter here for? Why don't you get after your Maſter? Goe troop.

[*Turns him out.*

Sir *Dav.* What do you ſauntring here, get in to your Miſtreſs! What, does your Chops water at the Sight of a Man, ha?

Lucy. I'm ſure you are the worſt Sight I cou'd have ſeen at preſent. [*Exit.*

Sir *Dav.* I don't underſtand this Miſtake tho'——He is a ſtrapping young Dog; I wiſh *Laura* had not ſeen him— But I'll go ſee if he is gone, leſt there ſhou'd be more Roguery at the Bottom. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV.

Enter on one Side Faithful *and* Manage; *on the other* Conſtant *and* Clinch.

Con. *Faithful*, well met, I was going in ſearch of thee; my Affairs are ended, what Hopes of thine. Did the Project turn to thy Advantage?

Faith. It gave me Entrance to the charming Fair, who receiv'd me with equal Tranſport; but juſt as ſhe conſented to come away with me, the old Fox return'd—A Curſe of his Diligence———

Man. I came timely to my Maſter's Reſcue, Sir; and when his Pockets are repleniſh'd, I hope he'll own it.

Faith. That I will, *Manage*.

Con. 'Tis now in my Power to lend thee Twenty Pieces, Friend——There they are——— [*Gives Money.*

Faith. I thankfully accept them; and next the finiſhing my own Wiſhes, I am pleas'd thou haſt gain'd thine; but after what Method to purſue mine, Heaven knows; I told *Lucy* I wou'd be about the Door in an Hour, but I know not if 'twill be in *Laura*'s Power to get out, or what can diſguiſe me; Sir *David* will certainly know me again, if he ſees me——The Time is well nigh expir'd.

Man. I have a Thought!——Cou'd you procure my Maſter a red, or blue Coat, in this Town, think you, Sir?

Con. I have my Regimental Surtout I rid down in, you know.

Man. Right, that will do; I told him I ſerv'd an Officer; I warrant we'll paſs upon him—Come, ſtrip *Clinch*, ſtrip; give me my Cloaths again——(*Strips and changes with* Clinch *again.*) But 'tis neceſſary, Sir, that you change your Wig too.

Con. And what if you put a Patch croſs your Cheek, like a Scar?

Faith. With all my Heart—I muſt, and will redeem her, or cut his Throat.

Con. Nay, Twenty thouſand Pound gives an Edge to Invention.

Clin. So now I am in *Statu quo*.

Faith. Were ſhe not Miſtreſs of a Groat, I ſhou'd prefer her before the moſt celebrated Beauty in the Kingdom;

our Infant-Years first sowed the Seeds of Love, which, as we grew, ripen'd to a perfect Passion; her Parents dying, left her to the Care of mine; oh, in what Pleasure have we past the Day, and quarrell'd with the Night that call'd us from each other! Whilst I made the Campaign with you, Captain, my Father died! Oh fatal Thought, her Friends remov'd her to this Sir *David Watchum*'s, 'tis twelve Months since, during which Time, till now, I never cou'd find Means to see or hear from her.

Con. I know the Story perfectly well, and wish thou may'st succeed with all my Soul; but I find he is upon his Guard———

Faith. If he cou'd summon Hell to guard her, I will by Policy or Force release her.

Man. Why then, pray resolve upon which immediately; shall we lay open Siege, or blockade his Citadel. The Head must always work before the Hand——Now 'tis necessary, e'er we attempt, to know the weakest and strongest Parts; then we open our Trenches and cannonade the Place, ruin their Ramparts, make a Breach, and then give the Assault, take the old Rogue by the Throat, plunder his Castle, and carry off the Booty——Which is the Lady, Sir?———

Con. Ha, ha, ha, *Manage* talks like a Soldier.

Faith. Ah, if we cou'd do that, *Manage!* I have good Interest in the Town——And they have Notice of my coming———

Man. So much the better; the more Friends we have in the Garrison, the sooner we shall become Masters of it——Well, as I am chief Engineer, and have the Artillery, I must survey the Ground to find the most convenient Place to raise my Battery. But away, away, Sir, and disguise yourself; the Drum beats—leave the rest to Fortune, she cannot always run against us——I have known the Sun rise upon a private Centinel——who before his Setting was a Captain of Foot—Nothing like Diligence and Courage to nick the fickle Jade.

Con. Come, thou shalt be dress'd in a Moment. [*Ex. omn.*

SCENE, *The Out-side of Sir* David's *House*; *Sir* David *in the Garden before his Door.*

Sir Dav. I remember a Saying of a certain Philoso-

pher,

pher, That nothing is harder to keep than a Secret; but I think 'tis ten Times harder to keep a handſome Woman —— I am ſtrangely affected with this laſt Accident; and then the t'other Rogue that was here in the Morning, that ſerves an Officer——A Pox on theſe Officers — for they have more Stratagems in their Heads, than all the Kingdom beſides. But I have order'd the Smith to barricade my Windows, from the Cellar to the Garret; he'll be here immediately, but *Laura* muſt not ſee him —— Poor Girl, ſhe's terribly frighted at my Dog of a Coachman's Miſtake; I have invited her into the Garden, here ſhe and her Maid comes.

Enter Laura *and* Lucy.

Lau. What favourable Devil, *Lucy*, has procur'd us this Liberty? It happens as I wou'd have it, if *Faithful* be but here now.

Lucy. I'm amaz'd—For 'tis the firſt freſh open Air you have breath'd theſe twelve Months, Madam. But ſuppoſe Mr. *Faithful* ſhou'd be here! Yonder's the old *Argus*, he reſolves to watch you, I ſee.

Lau. Nay then!

Sir *Dav.* Well, Madam, how do you after your Fright? I ſent for you into the Garden, to take the Air —— The Air is good after a Fright——

Lau. Ay, if one cou'd change the Place too, Sir *David*; but the Air of my Chamber and this is much the ſame—But let me be where I will, if you are there, I find no Difference in the Air—I know not what ails me, but when I ſee you, I ſigh as often as I draw Breath.

Sir *Dav.* Ha! ſhe loves me! Oh happy *David*—— Indeed, Madam! And are thoſe Sighs pleaſant or painful, pray?

Lau. Oh, very painful, Sir ——

Sir *Dav.* Then you muſt have a Huſband to cure thoſe Sighs, Child.

Faithful *and* Manage *appear between the Scenes.*

Faith. She's here! Oh the charming Maid — but that old Monſter is with her.

Sir *Dav.* What think you of a married Life, *Laura?*

Lau. Of nothing better—I might diſſemble like many of my Sex; exclaim againſt Marriage and Mankind;

profeſs to die in a Cloyſter, or a Maid at large—Maſk my real Inclinations, feign Indifference to Love, and place all my Happineſs in my own Sex——but I have a Heart too ſincere; and therefore frankly own, that the utmoſt of my Ambition is to be a Wife.

Faith. To me, ſhe means——Oh, how ſhall I deliver her!

Lucy. Well ſaid, Madam; why ſhou'd a Lady loſe the Prime of her Youth, when ſhe may do ſo much in her Generation? I reſolve to follow your Example to a Hair.

Sir *Dav.* Good Wits jump —— I reſolve to marry too; I have every Day freſh Offers, very advantageous Offers, but my Heart is prepoſſeſs'd, dear *Laura*, for I will own it now, I love you exceedingly.

Lucy. So, now 'tis out.

Sir *Dav.* More, if poſſible, than you love me.

Lau. That's very poſſible, truly.

Faith. Love her! Oh the rank old Goat; Death! that Confeſſion has made me loſe all Patience.

Man. Hold, hold, Sir, pray be content a little.

Sir *Dav.* Come, don't bluſh, *Laura*, thy Sighs betray'd thy Love, but I'm diſcreet.

Faith. Now do I long to tell him he lyes in his Throat.

Man. 'Egad, Sir, you had better loſe your Longing at this Time.

Lau. What do you ſay, Sir —— that I love you! your Opinion is ſmall Proof of your Diſcretion.

Sir *Dav.* Why ſo, Child?

Lau. Becauſe you never was more miſtaken in your Life; for inſtead of loving you, I hate you mortally.

Faith. Oh, bleſſed Sound!

Sir *Dav.* Really! but why ſo, prithee?

Lau. Nay, you love without Reaſon; and perhaps I hate by the ſame Rule.

Lucy. Well, Sir, if her Declaration be not ſo kind as you wou'd have it, it is not the leſs ſincere.

Sir *Dav.* Is it not, Gilflirt, after what I have done for her?

Lau. Yes, you have done for me, I thank you, Sir.

Lucy. Nay, pray be not angry, but ſtate the Caſe right.

Lau. If Love has render'd me charming in your Eyes, conſider how he has drawn you in mine.

Lucy.

Lucy. She's amiable, you ugly—She's gay, you moroſe—She's generous, you a Miſer—She's ſixteen, you ſixty—She has the fineſt Teeth in the World, you but one in your Head, and that ſhakes; and the firſt Fit of Coughing, good-by to it.

Man. A Deviliſh Wench—She has drawn him to a Hair.

Lau. Mark *Lucy*'s Deſcription, and then tell me if theſe be not irreſiſtible Charms, for one of my Age and Conſtitution.

Lucy. What Woman do you think, Sir, on this ſide fourſcore, wou'd have ſuch a Bedfellow?

Sir *Dav.* She ſhall, Miſtreſs, or ſhe ſhall have nobody, mark that; and your Witticiſms, Mrs. *Frippery*, ſhall get you nothing——How now! who do you want?

[Faithful *and* Manage *come forward.*

Lau. My dear *Faithful!* I know him in all Diſguiſes; how ſhall I forbear running into his Arms?

Lucy. Have a care, Madam, if you diſcover you know him, you'll never ſee him more; *Manage* has ſome Plot in his Head, by his winking.

Sir *Dav.* What is it you look at, Sir! why don't you ſpeak?

Man. Be calm, Sir, and take no notice of the Lady.

Faith. I was ſo charm'd with the Fineneſs of the Proſpect in that Moment you ſpoke, Sir, I was not Maſter of my Tongue.

Sir *Dav.* And now you are Maſter of it, Sir, what have you to ſay?

Faith. Nothing, Sir; only having the Misfortune to break my Chariot—I took a Walk this Way, till it is put in order again; and coming by this Houſe, my Man told me that you entertain'd ſome hard Thoughts of him, from ſome Diſcourſe that paſs'd between you to-day — So I preſum'd to call, to clear his Reputation.

Sir *Dav.* This is the Officer! A Rogue in red now; and the Simple-hunter with him—I don't like 'em——As for that, Sir, you need not give yourſelf farther Trouble, for I have nothing to do with his Reputation, nor yours neither.

Faith. I hope 'tis no Offence to look about me a little; this Houſe is finely ſituated —— 'Tis the beſt Air I have breath'd this Twelve-month.

Sir *Dav.* Pox o' your Compliment — That's your Miſtake, Sir; 'tis the worſt Air in the Univerſe —— Let me adviſe you to get out of it as faſt as you can; for 'tis very fatal to Strangers.

Lau. He tells you Truth, Sir; for ever ſince I breath'd this Air, I have neither eat, drank, or ſlept with Eaſe.

Faith. I am ſorry for that, Madam; but I find a quite contrary Effect; methinks I feel new Life, and I have a ſtrong Hope to carry off the Health I wiſh.

Sir *Dav.* I wiſh, Sir, your Legs wou'd be pleas'd to carry off your Body.

Faith. Sir, I will not be troubleſome —— but I deſire you wou'd give me Leave to take a View of your Gardens; I have bought me a ſmall Seat in a Country Village, and I deſign to have a pretty Garden made.

Sir *Dav.* Ah! wou'd you were buried in the Garden— go, get in, Gentlewoman, go — he has no Buſineſs with you, you don't belong to the Garden.

Man. (*To* Lucy.) Find ſome Way to bring your Lady down again; do you hear? let her pretend——

[*Whiſpers to* Lucy.

Lucy. Yes, yes, I hear; but how to put it in Practice, I know not.

Lau. I am diſtracted! Oh Invention! where art thou? Help me Brains, or ceaſe to think.

Sir *Dav.* What do you loiter for, ha? get in——

Lucy. Sir *David*, you uſe us like Slaves; ſend us in and out at Pleaſure——Is my Lady a Perſon to be treated ſo by her Guardian? Theſe twelve Months we have not ſeen the Shadow of any Hat but yours—I'm ſure nothing that's Male has reach'd our Eyes.

Sir *Dav.* Why how now, Mrs. Prate-a-pace? if you don't like your living, troop off. Go — There are more Servants to be had.

Faith. I ſhall certainly diſcover myſelf, if he goes on at this Rate —— Sir, I had rather quit this Place immediately, than you ſhou'd incommode the Ladies.

Lau. Pray, Sir *David*, mind your own Servants, you ſhall never have any Power over mine. Let me adviſe you to tarry till to-morrow; 'tis dangerous travelling too late; let me intreat you to ſtay in this Town till to-morrow.——What ſaid *Manage* to you, *Lucy*?

Lucy.

Lucy. Ay, pray take my Lady's Advice, Sir. You ſhall kuow within; take Courage, Madam.

Sir *Dav.* Zounds, get in, I believe you want to lie with him all Night, you are ſo concern'd for his Stay.

Lucy. I hope ſome brave Man will attempt the Reſcue of my Miſtreſs. [*He puſhes 'em in.*

Faith. My Heart ſwells at theſe Indignities, and I cou'd ſhake his deteſted rotten Soul, out of his wither'd ſapleſs Carcaſe.

Man. Be eaſy, Sir, Paſſion will do us no good—I have ſomething in my Head may hit, perhaps.

Faith. I am ſorry, Sir, I ſhou'd be the Cauſe of your being angry with your Daughter.

Sir *Dav.* My Daughter?

Faith. I aſk your Pardon, Sir, may be 'tis your Wife.

Sir *Dav.* She ſhall be e'er long, Sir.

Faith. You ſhall be Worms Meat firſt. [*Aſide.* I had better knock him down, and fetch her out this Moment.

Man. And the next Moment fetches you to Goal. Indeed, Sir, you had better keep your Temper—You have made a very excellent Choice, Sir; wou'd all Huſbands manage their Wives ſo, we ſhou'd not have ſo many Coquets abroad.

Sir *Dav.* I don't deſign my Wife ſhall follow the Way of the World.

Man. Second him, Sir; keep him in Talk a little——

Faith. You do well, Sir, 'tis below a Man to let his Wife rule, and rattle where ſhe pleaſes; to viſit, and be viſited by half the Fops of the Nation; for my Part, had I a Wife, I ſhou'd follow your Method.

Sir *Dav.* 'Egad, I believe I was miſtaken in this Gentleman. I wiſh, Sir, I had this Lecture read to ſome that blame me for my Conduct.

Man. If you pleaſe, Sir, I'll go into your Houſe, and write it down this Moment! it ſhan't coſt you a Farthing, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* I'll not give you the Trouble, Sir, I ſhall remember it.

Enter Lucy *haſtily.*

Lucy. Oh! undone, undone; help, help; oh Sir *David!* what have you brought upon us?

Sir *Dav.* What the Devil do you bawl ſo for?

Lucy. Oh! the ſaddeſt Accident has befallen my poor Lady!——

Faith. Ha! her Lady, ſaid ſhe?

Man. Peace, Sir, and mind the Plot—— [*Aſide to* Faithful.

Sir *Dav.* What Accident, ha? You roar as if ſhe had broke a Leg, or an Arm.

Lucy. Worſe, Sir, worſe, much worſe; She's mad, Sir——

Sir *Dav.* Mad!

Lucy. Ay, diſtracted, Sir —— When you thruſt us in, ſhe found the Smith barricading her Windows; as ſoon as ever ſhe laid her Eyes upon the Iron Bars, her Looks grew wild; her ſudden Starts and broken Speeches convince me of her Brain being turn'd —— When, before I was aware——ſhe catch'd up an Iron Bar, and broke the Blackſmith's Pate; ſhe beat her Head againſt the Wall—runs, ſkips, ſings, dances, ſtamps, raves, and throws all the Things about the Room——I wou'd have ſhut her in, but ſhe ſet up ſuch a Roar, that I left the Door open, and fled for my Life —— Make the beſt of your Plot, *Manage*—— [*Aſide.*

Man. Ay, ay, let me alone.

Sir *Dav.* Mercy on us; what ſhall I do?

Lucy. Here ſhe comes, oh my poor Lady!—with your great Baſe Viol in her Hand; oh, oh, oh!

Sir *Dav.* Oh the Devil! if ſhe breaks my Baſe, I had rather loſe five Pounds: Oh, oh, oh.

Man. Have Patience, Sir, I may be ſerviceable to you in this Affair, as little Opinion as you had of my Skill to-day.

Enter Laura, *with a Baſe and Papers; her Clothes awkwardly hanging.*

Lau. *Give me Liberty and Love,*
Give me Love and Liberty,
From an Iron Grate,
And the Man I hate,
Dear Fortune ſet me free.

Faith. What Deſign you by this, *Manage?*

Man.

Man. To put you in Poſſeſſion of your Miſtreſs, before I have done, Sir, if you'll be quiet,

Lau. What, are you a Blackſmith? [*To Sir* David.

Sir *Dav.* Oh, pox o' the Blackſmith, how ſhe harps upon him!———

Lau. Ho! now I know you, you are a Singing-maſter.

Sir *Dav.* A Singing maſter! good lack, good lack—

Lau. Here is a Piece of Muſick, which I have juſt now received from *London*; 'tis Part of the laſt new Opera——there, there, there's a Part for you. (*Gives Sir* David *a Paper.*) Ha! are not you the new Eunuch? Ay, 'tis he! here, here, here's your Part. [*Gives* Faithful *a Letter.*

Faith. A Letter, Oh! for an Opportunity to read it.

[*Draws off by Degrees.*

Lau. *Give me Liberty and Love,*

Give me Love and Liberty——— Come, why don't you ſing. (*To Sir* David.) [*She beats Time all this while, with her Hand upon his Head, and with her Foot upon his Toes.*

Sir *Dav.* Poor *Laura*, I can't ſing, Child——Zounds, Death and the Devil, ſhe has kill'd my Toe.

Lau. What, won't you ſing, I'll break the Fiddle then.

Lucy. Pray, Sir *David*, humour her.

Man. Let me adviſe you to comply with her, Sir; ſhe's poſſeſſ'd, and with a very miſchievous Dæmon.

Lau. Come, begin. *Give me Liberty and Love.*

Sir *Dav.*
Lucy.
Man. } *Give me Liberty and Love.* [*They all ſing while* Faithful *reads*

Faith. (Reads.) *Dear* Faithful, *find ſome Way to deliver me, or what I now act in jeſt, will follow in earneſt; I have all my Jewels and Writings about me; for I have broke the old Man's Cloſet for them, and I'll find a Way to get Money preſently. Yours entirely,* Laura.

Yes, I will deliver thee, or die for it. *Manage*, read that.

[*Gives him the Letter.*

Man. Recommend me for a white Witch to Sir *David*; let me alone for the reſt.

Faith. Poor Lady! I am extremely concern'd for her, Sir; pray conſult my Servant about her Diſtemper; in my Opinion ſhe's bewitch'd.

Sir *Dav.* I doubt ſo too, Sir; has he really Skill in theſe Matters?

Faith. No Man in the Kingdom more, I aſſure you; he has cur'd ſeveral, to my Knowledge, both in *Spain* and *Flanders*.

Lau. Why do you look at me ſo? Did you never ſee an old Woman before? I'd have you to know, Miſtreſs, I have been as handſome as you——but age alters every body——I have been the Mother of ſixteen Children——all Boys——Hark ye, let me counſel you—don't marry an old Fellow.

Lucy. No, why ſo, pray?

Lau. Becauſe your Youth will renew his Age——and you'll be plagu'd with him to Eternity—I married an old muſty Guardian, becauſe I cou'd not get out of his Hands; which is the Reaſon why you ſee ſo many Wrinkles in my Face, ha, ha, ha. In my Conſcience there he ſtands.—What, can I go no where, but you muſt follow me—you old crippling Cuckold you—Look ye how angry he is now at being call'd Cuckold——Yet he wou'd marry a young Wife——ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Dav.* Mercy upon us! how do ſuch Things come in her Head?

Faith. The Wildneſs of her Fancy.

Enter Manage.

Man. I'll do your Buſineſs for you, Sir; I have conſulted the Stars, and find ſhe is bewitch'd by an old Woman.

Sir *Dav.* By an old Woman! Ay, indeed, ſhe talks of an old Woman.

Man. It is a very troubleſome Spirit that is in her, and muſt be charm'd out into another, or ſhe can't be cur'd.——Tell me, Sir, can you procure any body for that Purpoſe?

Sir *Dav.* Here's her Maid, won't ſhe do?

Lucy. What! Do you think I'd have the Devil put into me, Sir, I aſk your Pardon for that.

Lau. Hark! There's my Drum beating up for Volunteers——What ſay you, my Lads, are you for the Wars? Her Majeſty has honour'd me with a Colonel's Commiſſion; I'm juſt now raiſing my Regiment——you ſhall all

ſerve

ſerve under me. Come—— hold, now I think on't, I want a hundred Guineas to raiſe Men with —— Hark ye, won't you lend me a hundred Guineas? [*To Sir* David.

Sir *Dav.* Lack-a-day, it makes me weep, to ſee how many ſorts of Madneſſes poſſeſs her.

Man. A good Thought for ſome Money —— Humour her, Sir, whatever ſhe aſks for, let her have.

Lau. Lend me a hundred Guineas, I ſay, or my Soldiers ſhall batter your Houſe about your Ears.

Lucy. For Heavens ſake, Sir, give 'em her, you'll have them again ſafe.

Faith. I wou'd adviſe you to let her have 'em, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Well, be ſure you take care of them; there, there is threeſcore in that Purſe, you may tell her there is a hundred; but take care I have them again. [*To* Lucy.

Man. Ay, when we have nothing elſe to do with 'em, [*Aſide.*

Lau. Give it me—ſo, now my Boys will you ſerve the Queen?

Man. Ay, with all my Heart, under you, Sir.

Lau. There then, there's Gold for you, Sirrah; *(Gives him a Guinea.)* and what ſay you, you are a handſome proper Fellow, ſix Foot high —— I'll make you Serjeant of the Grenadiers —— What ſay you, will you ſerve under me?

Man. Humph! He wou'd rather ſerve her another Way, I dare ſwear. [*Aſide.*

Faith. And know no Joy beyond it; ſerve ye!——by Heaven, that I will, with my Life; command me, Colonel, I'll follow you through all Difficulties and Danger; and die by your Side, or bring you off ſafe.

Lau. Then there's Money, my Hero, to forward our Deſigns. [*Gives him the Purſe.*

Sir *Dav.* Hold, hold, *Laura*, you muſt not give away your Money? *Lucy* take care on't. I hope, Sir, you'll return the Money.

Faith. Certainly, Sir.

Lucy. I'll ſee to that, Sir.

Lau. Return the Money, to whom? They are my Soldiers, and the Money mine——I borrow'd it of the moſt confounded old Rogue in *Peterborough*; tell him I ſay ſo —but

—but you look like an honeſt Man, I'll make you a Corporal——Come, let me ſee you exerciſe, Serjeant.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord, oh Lord!

Lau. Serjeant take heed; to the right and left by half Flanks——form Files upon the Flanks of the Battalion——March——ha, ha, you are curſed dull, Serjeant——

Faith. I am a little aukward at firſt, Colonel, but I ſhall learn. [*Stamps.*

Sir *Dav.* Oh, oh, oh!

Lau. Well, well, I'll teach you then——Silence, Join your right Hand to your Firelock——Cock your Firelock——Preſent; Fire——Excellent.

Give me Liberty and Love,
Give me Love and Liberty. [*Sings.*

Sir *Dav.* Oh ſad, oh ſad! what ſhall I do? Pray Sir deſire your Man to try his Skill.

Faith. *Manage*, the Gentleman implores your Aid.

Man. I am ready, if he can find any body to make the Experiment; it muſt be a Man, Sir——will you endure it yourſelf?

Sir *Dav.* No, faith and troth not I!

Faith. Well, Sir, to do you and the Lady ſervice, I'll venture——but take care, *Manage*, that you bring the Devil out of me again——

Man. Yes, Sir, that I can eaſily; for he is not half ſo hard to get out of a Man, as he is out of a Woman.

Sir *Dav.* Good lack! what ſhou'd the Reaſon of that be, I wonder! (*Aſide.*) Sir, I thank you heartily——a very worthy Gentleman this——Well, what muſt I do, Sir?

Man. Stand ſtill, I charge you——And do you fetch us an eaſy Chair, Miſtreſs.—— [*To Lucy.*

Lucy. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Man. Stay, I muſt limit your Bounds; there Sir, you muſt not for your Life croſs this Circle.

Sir *Dav.* Well, Sir, I ſhall obſerve you.

Enter Lucy *with a Chair.*

Lucy. Here, Sir.

Man. Very well; pray, Madam, be pleas'd to ſit down.

Lau. Sit down! why, is Dinner coming?——Ho, cry a Mer-

a Mercy! you are a Barber; hold, hold, you ſhall ſhave my Corporal firſt, to try your Razor.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord, oh Lord! what ſhall I ſay to her?

Man. Keep your Place, Sir —— No, no, Sir, I am a Shoe-maker, and if I fit your Foot, and pleaſe you, I deſire your Honour wou'd let me have the Buſineſs of your Regiment.

Lau. With all my Heart.

Man. Then pray ſit down, Sir, that I may take Meaſure. *(She ſits down.)* Now for you, Sir, you muſt kneel right before her—cloſer —— cloſer yet; there, look full in her Eyes —— Claſp both her Hands in yours. [*Manage pulls a Book out of his Pocket, and looks on't.*

Lau. *Give me Liberty and Love,*
Give me Love and Liberty. [*Sings.*

Faith. My charming Angel! Oh, let me kneel here for ever, for ever gaze on thoſe dear Eyes; how I have languiſh'd for thee, Heaven only knows.

Lau. And what I have born for thee, Hell cannot match! Oh, if *Manage* fail in his Plot, I'm undone for ever.

Faith. Fear not, my Love, he is lucky at Contrivance.

Sir *Dav.* What are they doing?

Man. Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta.

Sir *Dav.* Bleſs me, what are thoſe the Names of the Spirits?

Man. Philo ſe en paſias, gloſſais, kai en to panti poto, kai en to panti topo—Now do you be well, Madam; and do you ſeem to be mad, Sir, quick, quick——

Sir *Dav.* Why, what a many Devils there are! certainly ſhe has a Legion in her.

Lau. Where am I, *Lucy?* Methinks I wake from ſome untoward Dream.

Lucy. She recovers, Sir. How do you, Madam?

Sir *Dav.* I'm glad on't. How doſt thou do, *Laura?*

Lau. Pretty well.

Man. Death, Sir, keep your Place, or you'll ſpoil all.

Faith. Ha! my Brain-pan ſplits —— I'm all a-flame, my Blood boils o'er, give me Room, I'll ſcale the Region of the Air, and pull the Winds down head-long on us all.

Sir

Sir *Dav.* Oh, oh, oh, he's ſtark mad! What ſhall we do with him now?

Man. We ſhall do well enough with him; but keep your Place, for he's very deſperate.

Lau. Defend me Heaven, what ails the Gentleman?

Lucy. He'll kill us; the Man's bewitch'd.

Man. Here, here, Ladies, ſtand in this Circle, and don't croſs it for your Lives. [*Sets 'em in a Circle.*

Sir *Dav.* Oh, pray Sir, read again——

Faith. What's here, old *Belzebub!* No, 'tis his Squib and Cracker; I'll ſet fire to it and blow it up——Ho, lo, where are you Scoundrels, Dogs, Rogues, Cooks, the Devil wants his Dinner, and you muſt ſpit this Swine, Hell dines on Hog's Fleſh to-day. [*Draws his Sword.*

Man. Undone, undone; the Spirit grows too ſtrong for my Art! Fly, fly, Sir, for Life——

Sir *Dav.* Oh, oh, oh, ſave me, ſave me. [*Runs in and ſlaps the Door.*

Man. Now, now, make your Eſcape; he has ſlap'd the Door after him——Quick, quick——

Faith. My Life, my Soul!

Lau. My Angel, my All. [*Embraces.*

Man. Oh, the Devil! Don't ſtand Liſeing and Dearing now, but make Haſte to Mr. *Truſty's*, I'll bring the Parſon after you.

Lucy. Ay, good Madam, be quick.

Lau. Any where, good *Manage.*

Faith. Fly *Manage*, and bring *Lovely* with thee too, to be Witneſs of my good Fortune, this Hour makes thee mine for ever:

Now in thy Arms immortal Joys I'll taſte,
And quite forget our anxious Sorrows paſt.

Lucy. *Now Heav'n be prais'd, we've Liberty at laſt.*

[*Exeunt.*

Sir David *above.*

Sir *Dav.* Oh, I'm robb'd, raviſh'd, dead and buried—My Cloſet is broke open, and all my Writings gone; Mr. *Conjurer*, Mr. *Conjurer*, can you help me to the Thief? Ha! no body to be ſeen! Bleſs me——*Lucy*——*Laura*, why *Laura?* Ah! Murder, Murder, Thieves, Thieves. [*Cries out till he comes down.*

Enter

Enter Sir David.

Here, where are all my Servants? *(Enter Servants.)* Run ſome one Way, ſome another; make Enquiry thro' the whole Town for Mrs. *Laura*; ſhe is carry'd away by two Rogues or Devils, I know not which, run, run——

Serv. Why, if the Devil has carry'd her away, Sir, where can we run?

Sir *Dav.* To Hell, ye Dog, do you ſtand to prate? —— [*Beats him.*

Serv. Marry, look her there yourſelf an you will—— [*Exit.*

Sir *Dav.* Oh, that I ſhou'd believe theſe Conjuring, ſoldiering Raſcals; but I'll find 'em, if they are above Ground; and if they are mortal, I'll hang 'em, that's my Comfort. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *The Street before Mr.* Truſty's *Door*; Roger *comes out of the Houſe with a Pitchfork on his Shoulder, and a Lanthorn in his Hand.*

Rog. IT will be very dark e'er I get home——Oh, I'm main merry. Maſter *Truſty*, keeps rare nappy Ale, and *Dick* the Butler is an honeſt Fellow; Lord, Sirs, how bravely theſe Gentlefolk live——Methinks I like it hugely; and I'm perſuaded, I was deſign'd for a Gentleman, but was ſpoil'd in the making; nay, nay, I was made well enough too, that's the Truth on't; but 'tis that damn'd Jade *Fortune* that has ſpoil'd me; for an I had an Eſtate now, I know how to live like a Gentleman——I cou'd ſcorn the Poor, and ſcrew up my Tenants, and wou'd ſooner give Ten Pound to a Wench, than Two-pence for Charity; I cou'd quickly turn—my Cart into a Coach, and my Man *Plod* into a Coachman —— I cou'd hurry into the Tradeſmen's Books——Wear fine Clothes, and never pay for them—Lie with their Wives, and make my Footmen beat their Huſbands, when they come to aſk me for Money. Get drunk with Lords, and break the Watch-

Watchmen's Heads —— Scour the Streets, and ſleep in a Bawdy-houſe——Sell my Lands, and pay no Debts —— Get a Charge of Baſtards for the Pariſh to maintain —— Then, by the Help of a Commiſſion, tranſport myſelf out of their Reach.———

Enter Sir Jeffrey Conſtant, *in a riding Habit.*

Sir *Jeff.* Do you hear, Friend?

Rog. Mayhap I do——And mayhap I do not; What then, Sir?

Sir *Jeff.* Nay, the Matter's not great —— Do you live at that Houſe?

Rog. I did a little while ago —— When I was in the Cellar.

Sir *Jeff.* A comical Fellow. Then you don't ſerve Mr. *Truſty?*

Rog. No, Sir, I ſerve his Maſter, tho' as moſt Farmers do their Landlords.

Sir *Jeff.* I underſtand you: You rent one of the Knight's Farms?

Rog. Ay, and a plaguy dear one too.———

Sir *Jeff.* Say you ſo! That's a Pity; I'll ſpeak a good Word for thee—Is Mr. *Truſty* at home?

Rog. I thank you heartily. Yes, Sir, he's at home. (*Runs to the Door and knocks.* Truſty *opens the Door and ſhrieks out, and throws it to again.*) Wookers, what's the Matter now?

Sir *Jeff.* Was not that Mr. *Truſty?*

Rog. Yes, Sir, I think ſo.

Clin. (*Within.*) Oh undone, undone; (Clinch *peeps out as affrighted.*) here's my old Maſter.

Sir *Jeff.* What's that?

Rog. Nay, I heard a Noiſe, but can't tell what they ſaid —— But an you pleaſe to come wo' me, Sir, I'll carry you in the Back-way.

Sir *Jeff.* The Back-way——What can be the Meaning of this? Why ſhou'd he ſtart at ſight of me? There muſt be ſomething more in it than I can fathom; and yet I think he's an honeſt Man. I never found any Thing to the contrary. Prithee, Friend, knock again.

[Roger *knocks, then liſtens.*

Rog.

Reg. They are all asleep, Sir—— For I cannot so much as hear a Mouse stir———

Sir *Jeff.* Asleep! That's impossible—But come, Friend, shew me the Back-door you spoke of———

Reg. Ay, Sir: But upon second Thoughts—I must be a little wary too. Are not you some Rogue, that comes to rob the House with half a dozen Pistols about you? For look ye, I'm an honest Man, and won't be drawn in for a Halter.

Sir *Jeff.* You Rascal, do I look like a Thief?

Reg. Nay, nay, as for Looks—— That's no Matter, de ye see—I have known many a Rogue with as good a Countenance—— No Disparagement in your's, I promise you. So that I shall not stir one Step without you'll stand search———

Sir *Jeff.* I shall break your Head, Sirrah, if you provoke me, I tell you but that.

Reg. And what must I be doing in the mean Time—— Ha! old Gentleman? Break my Head, quotha!——You are mistaken—We don't use to take broken Heads in our Country, mun——Ha, ha, I won't shew you the Back-door now, and how will you help yourself?———

Sir *Jeff.* I know all the Doors of this House as well as you—And can shew myself in——— [*Going.*

Reg. Can you so—but I'll watch you—I wonder who this old Fellow is.

Sir *Jeff.* Sure some Madness has seiz'd the Family; for certainly I'm not chang'd—Without Dispute, *Trusty* knows me; but I'll find the Cause presently. [*Exit.*

Reg. And so will I.——— [*Exit.*

Enter out of the House, Captain Constant, Lovely *and* Clinch.

Clin. So, Sir, here's Muck to your Wedding, with a Witness. What do you intend to do now?—— Do you think it possible to persuade your Father too, that he died of an Apoplexy.

Lov. I fear, *Clinch*, that's beyond the Art of thy Impudence to do———

Clin. Nay, this Plot was none of my Impudence's contriving, that's my Comfort—I'm but a Servant; my Master told me, he was in Mourning for his Father——And, Faith

Faith, I reſolve not to believe the Father to the contrary: Such an entire Deference have I for all your Commands, Sir.

Conſt. Why thou can'ſt not ſure have the Confidence to ſtand it out to his Face.

Clin. Never fear me, Sir—You don't know what I can do—What ſay you, Sir? Shall we perſuade the old Gentleman into a Ghoſt; or will you own your Fault, and refund the Money?

Conſt. Neither, *Clinch*—I have more Duty, than to attempt the one; and more Neceſſity, than to ſubmit to the other.———

Clin. Nay, if you be ſo divided—What do you propoſe?

Conſt. I know not what to do—I'm glad the Ceremony was over, before he came.

Lov. And the Money ſent away—What think you of my Houſe, till the Heat of the Diſcovery be over? 'Tis my Opinion your Preſence won't be proper—I warrant Sir *David* will be in Purſuit of Mrs. *Laura* preſently too—But we have ſeen her fairly married; ſo that *Faithful* is out of Danger; we'll leave him here.———

Conſt. Shall I not take *Belinda* with us? I fear as much for her, as for myſelf———

Clin. So there's no-body fears for me, I find—*(Aſide.)* I am like to have my Part, truly.

Lov. No, truſt to her Management——She turn'd the Act upon her Father, you know, and made him impoſe her own Choice upon her. Let *Clinch* ſtay and uſe his own Diſcretion—If he can banter Sir *Jeffrey*, and ſave his Bones, let him: But be ſure to give us Notice of all that paſſes.

Clin. What if my Bones are broke?———I thank you heartily for your Love, Sir.

Conſt. No, no, *Clinch*; take Heed you keep out of the Reach of his Cane.

Clin. Or he'll make me feel he's Fleſh and Blood.—Hark, I hear him coming, Good-bye to you, Sir———

[*Runs in.*

Lov. 'Tis Time for us to fly——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dolly.

Dolly. Well, I'm glad my Lady's marry'd; for if this old

old Spark had come three Hours ſooner, I wou'd not have ventur'd Two to Ten of the Match—I can't imagine where the Bridegroom's gone — Nor what he will do, when my Maſter comes to have a right Underſtanding; but I reſolve to keep him ignorant as long as I can. Ho, here he comes.

Enter Truſty.

Oh, Sir, I am frighted out of my Wits; I went to ſerve my Lady's *Italian* Greyhound, and I found a great ſwinging Dog, as large as an Ox, with two great Eyes, as big as Buſhels; and before I could call out—Whip it was vaniſh'd———

Truſt. Mercy upon us—'Twas certainly Sir *Jeffrey* ——. *Clinch.* [*Enter* Clinch.

Clin. Sir, did you call———

Truſt. Did not you ſay your old Maſter appear'd in the Shape of a Dog?

Clin. Ay, Sir, ſeveral Times.

Dolly. In a huge great Dog?

Truſt. As big as an Ox.

Clin. Ay, Sir, as big as an Elephant.

Dolly. Ah! then it was certainly him I ſaw. Oh dear, oh dear, if the Houſe be haunted, I muſt leave it. I cannot live in't, if I might have a thouſand Pounds; and may be, he'll appear to no body but me —— I am ſure I never did him any Harm; 'tis true, I did not love him, becauſe he was ſomething ſtingey——He never gave me a Farthing in his Life———

Truſt. Nay, for that Matter, I have got many a fair Pound by him, and yet he appeared to me to day.

Clin. Indeed, Sir! In what Shape, pray?

Dolly. Like an Ox, or an Elephant.

Truſt. No, in his own Shape; but I wiſh I may never ſee him more, for I was horribly ſcar'd.

Clin. What, had he a cloven Foot, Sir, did you mind?

Truſt. Nay, for my Part,—I know not whether he had any Feet or no——Ha! bleſs me, defend me,—protect me——Avoid, Satan——*(Retreating all this while.)* I never wrong'd that Form, which thou haſt ta'en; ſo tell him —And for my Money, I have accounted for that! and all Things are rectify'd——— [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Sir Jeffrey, *amaz'd.*

Dolly. Oh! ſhield me ye Stars. [*Runs in.*

Clin. O Legs! ſave me, ſave me. [*Runs in.*

Enter Roger.

Sir *Jeff.* What! Am I become a Monſter? Do I affright all I come near? What can be the Reaſon of this? The Doors are all barricaded; and when I knock, none will anſwer—Pri.hee, Friend, aſk ſomebody the Cauſe of theſe Diſorders?

Rog. No! Sir, I'll not budge a Foot; for I dan't know what to ſay to you. The Family were all well, and in their right Senſes, when I left them; and now, upon Sight of you, they are all diſtracted, I think—I wiſh you be'n't a Coujurer, or hark ye, Sir,——Is not your Name *Emmes*—Rais'd by the *French* Prophets to Life again?

Sir *Jeff.* Sirrah, I believe you are the Devil: This Fellow will make me mad. This muſt be ſome Stratagem to abuſe me; and this Rogue is in their Intereſt. Why don't you go about your Buſineſs, Sirrah? What do you hanker after me for?

Rog. Nay——an you go to that, what do you lounge about this Houſe for?—Oh! *Dolly*, are you there; here's an old Gentleman is quite out of Patience.

Dolly. (*Trembling above.*) Oh, oh, oh, oh———

Rog. Hey day! What have you got the Palſy?

Sir *Jeff.* What ails you, to tremble ſo, Sweetheart? Is Mr. *Truſty* within?

Dolly. I, I, I, I, I, o, o, o, o, *Roger*—Ha, ha, have a care, ca, care——Don't yo, yo, you come near him—Nor let him to, to, to, touch you, even with his little Finger———

Sir *Jeff.* Bleſs me! What ails the Wench?

Rog. No, why what's the Matter? He has not the Plague about him, has he? Or is he a Spy from the King of *France*—Od an he be, I'll maul him———

Dolly. Oh, oh, —'tis a, a, Ghoſt.

Rog. The Devil it is——— [*Takes his Pitchfork off his Shoulder, and holds it out at* Sir Jeffrey.

Sir *Jeff.* A Ghoſt, where?—Who—What's a Ghoſt? Death, what means ſhe?

Rog.

Rog. Od's flesh, my Hair stands an end. Look ye—Keep off Mr. *Belzebub*, or—or———

Sir *Jeff.* Look ye, Sweetheart, what Frenzy has poſſeſs'd you, I know not———But if you take me for a Ghoſt——you are deceiv'd. Therefore look well at me———Do I not appear like Fleſh and Blood?

Dolly. Ay, bo, bo, bo, but we, we, we know yo, yo, you a, a, a, a, are not ſo, Sir———

Sir *Jeff.* Zounds, will they perſuade me out of my Life? See, Friend——Do I walk like a Spirit? Do the Dead move, and talk as I do?

Rog. When I am dead,———if you aſk me, I'll reſolve you, if I can.

Sir *Jeff.* Why! Feel me, feel me.

Rog. Feel the Devil——Mercy upon me———Keep off, I ſay—will ye———Or I'll ſtick your Ghoſtſhip thro' the Guts———

Sir *Jeff.* What ſhall I do?——Nay, prithee, Friend.

Rog. Friend me no Friends——Look ye, I am not to be coax'd by the Devil, when I know 'tis the Devil. Indeed, when you are got into a Lawyer, or an handſome Woman, one may be trapan'd.

Sir *Jeff.* Why will you be ſo poſitive? Has any body impos'd upon you?———Pray who told you I was dead?

Dolly. Thoſe that knew very well, Sir.

Enter Clinch.

But I am not able to bear the Sight of you any longer———Now let *Clinch* take his Part.

Sir *Jeff.* Go to be hang'd———Hell and Furies!——Ha, what do I ſee———My Son's Man! Sirrah, Sirrah, what makes you here?———

Clin. Mercy upon me——

Sir *Jeff.* What do you ſtare at, Raſcal, ha?

Clin. But that I believe you are dead, Sir, or I ſhou'd ſwear you are alive———

Sir *Jeff.* You believe I am dead, Rogue———How dare you believe ſuch an impudent Lye? Where's the Rake, your Maſter? I find now who has rais'd this Report. Sirrah, what's your Buſineſs here?

Clin. To wait on my Maſter, Sir———

Sir

Sir *Jeff.* To wait on your Maſter——And where is your Maſter, pray?

Clin. Nay, for my Part, Sir, I am not qualify'd to anſwer a Spirit——There's Mr. *Anthem*, the Afternoon Lecturer, within. He has juſt marry'd Mr. *Faithful* to a great Heireſs, which he brought in juſt now——*Roger* here may ſtep and call him out a little.

Rog. With all my Heart——If there be any Thing that troubles his Mind, I'll go this Minute——

Sir *Jeff.* Sirrah——I'll qualify you for an Hoſpital——I will, ye Dog—— [*Runs after him.*

Clin. Oh, oh, oh.

Rog. Well run, *Clinch*; well run, Ghoſt!——Ad, 'tis a plaguy malicious Spirit tho'.

Clin. Oh, oh, oh. [*Runs in.*

Rog. I'll venture to ſpeak to it once more——In the Name of Goodneſs——What is it that diſturbs your Reſt? Pray tell me; and as I'm an honeſt Man, I'll do you Juſtice as far as Twenty Pounds a Year Free-Land, and all the Crops of my Farm goes——For I perceive you was my Landlord, whilſt you was living; and tho' your Son ſeems to be a very honeſt Gentleman, yet I don't know what he may prove for a Landlord——Then pray ſpeak, can I ſerve you?

Sir *Jeff.* 'Tis in vain to be angry——I muſt ſeem to comply with this Fellow—Yes, Friend, it is in thy Power to ſerve me; if thou can'ſt procure me the Sight of Mr. *Truſty*, 'tis with him my Buſineſs is.

Rog. I'll do my beſt Endeavours, Sir——but keep your Diſtance—— (*He goes a little Way, then turns back.*) But hark ye, Sir, ſuppoſe he won't come out, can't I tell him your Mind?

Sir *Jeff.* No, no, I muſt ſpeak with him myſelf——Death!——

Rog. Good lack——what, perhaps——your Soul won't reſt elſe——

Sir *Jeff.* Heaven give me Patience!

Rog. (*Going, turns back.*) But after you have ſpoken with him, will you be quiet, and haunt this Houſe no more? that's the Queſtion, look ye!

Sir *Jeff.* A Pox of thy impertinent Interrogations; no——

Rog.

Rog. That's enough! —— but hold, muſt he come out, or ſpeak to you through the Window?

Sir *Jeff.* Any Way, ſo I do but ſpeak to him———— Oh, oh!————

Rog. Very well, very well. *(Going.)* But hark ye, Sir Ghoſt—you'll be here——or Mr. *Truſty* will be woundy angry with me.

Sir *Jeff.* Oh Patience, Patience; or I ſhall burſt. *(Aſide.)* Ay, ay, I'll not ſtir.

Rog. Well, I'll take your Word. *(Going.)* Hold, hold, one Thing more, and I ha' done—Pray tell me the Nature of a Ghoſt—do you troubled Spirits fly in the Air, or ſwim in the Water, pray?

Sir *Jeff.* Oh! the Devil————

Rog. Mercy upon us! what are you the Devil, ſay you? Oh, Heaven help you! Well then, are you ſure he will ſee you? for every body can't ſee a Ghoſt, they ſay, eſpecially if the Devil be in't.

Sir *Jeff.* Zounds, I tell you, he'll ſee me as plain as you ſee me.

Rog. Nay, nay, that's plain enough—Well, I'll knock, but, but, but don't you come an Inch nearer me, I charge you. [*Knocks.*

Sir *Jeff.* Wou'd I had been an hundred Miles off, when I firſt ſaw thee. What has my graceleſs Son been doing?

Dolly. Who's there? [*Speaks within.*

Rog. 'Tis I, *Dolly*, prithee tell Maſter *Truſty* that he muſt ſpeak to this Ghoſt, or there's nothing to be done—

Dolly. I doubt he will not be perſuaded to it.

Rog. Why, let him ſpeak to it through the Window, or from the Top of the Houſe—ſo he does but ſpeak to it; but in ſhort, it muſt be ſpoke to, and by him, for it is a confounded ſullen Spirit, and will tell its Mind to nobody elſe—He ſmells curſedly of Brimſtone—Look ye, if Maſter will come out, it ſhan't hurt him—for I'll keep it off with my Fork, ſo tell him, *Dolly*.

Dolly. I'll inform him.

Truſty *opens the Window.*

Rog. So, I have done it, you ſee———— Here's Maſter *Truſty*. [*Going towards the Window.*

Sir *Jeff.* I thank you.

Truſt. I am not able to ſtand, if it comes near me—— Why are you thus diſturb'd, Sir *Jeffrey?*——I aſſure you, your Son has done every Thing very juſtly.

Sir *Jeff.* Why are you thus impos'd upon, Mr. *Truſty*, to believe I am dead?——My Son, quotha!——Oh that I had never got that Son—— [*Weeps.*

Truſt. I know not what to think; ſure 'tis no Ghoſt.

Rog. Well, this Thing is the likeſt Fleſh and Blood, that ever I ſaw——

Sir *Jeff.* Pray do but touch me, Mr. *Truſty*—'tis very odd, you will not be perſuaded to touch me.

[*Puts out his Hand towards the Window.*

Rog. Take Heed, Mr. *Truſty.*

Truſt. Why ſhou'd I fear, I never wrong'd him—I'll venture; but firſt—(*Holds up his Hand as if he pray'd.*) now—ha! 'tis a real Hand—He's living;—Sir, I am convinc'd.

Rog. Say you ſo——why then if you are alive, the Fright's over, and I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

Truſt. I aſk your Pardon, Sir; I have been abus'd—groſly abus'd; Sir *Jeffrey*, your Son, came down in Mourning, and aſſur'd me you was dead.

Sir *Jeff.* I'll make him mourn for ſomething, I warrant you.

Truſt. Ah! that he does already, Sir, for I have paid him all the Rents in my Hands.

Sir *Jeff.* Have you ſo?——'Tis the laſt Rents he ſhall ever take for any Land of mine——I'll diſinherit him this Day.

Truſt. Oh! undone, undone for ever——Oh, oh, oh! [*Weeps.*

Rog. Here's ſmall Mirth towards, as far as I can find. I'll e'en take t'other Horn of Ale, and t'other Buſs of *Dolly*—— [*Ex. into the Houſe.*

(Clinch, *liſtening.*)

Sir *Jeff.* What has that Rogue's Extravagance coſt me? But if he ſtarves for the future, I care not; he never ſhall get a Groat from me.

Clin. Nay, then we may all go for Soldiers. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeff.* Where is he?

Truſt. Oh, oh, oh! I know not; but wherever he is—I am

I am wretched, he has made me miſerable, I'm ſure. Oh, oh, oh!

Sir *Jeff.* No, Mr. *Truſty*; though you have us'd me dirtily, in making me the Jeſt of your Family; for you might have diſcover'd the Impoſture with leſs Precaution; yet I'll not take that Advantage which the Laws allow. You have ſerv'd me long, and I believe you honeſt. I'll diſcharge you from what you have paid my undutiful Child——Let him take what he has got, and make the beſt on't.

Clin. That's ſomething, however. [*Aſide.*

Truſt. You are generous, Sir *Jeffrey*, even beyond my Hopes: But Oh! there is yet a greater Offence behind, which cuts me deeper than the Money——Alas! my Daughter——

Sir *Jeff.* What of her?

Truſt. Is married to your Son; Oh; oh, oh!

Sir *Jeff.* Then he is compleatly wretched——A Wife, and no Eſtate; ha, ha, ha; I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

Clin. There's a kind Father now——I muſt give my Maſter Notice of his good Fortune. [*Exit.*

Truſt. Oh! ſay not ſo, Sir; be not glad of my Child's Ruin; had I known you liv'd, the Match had never been.

Sir *Jeff.* Go; you are not the Man I took you for—you are but a Knave. You ought to have been as juſt to my Heir, as to myſelf——What, was your Blood fit to be popt into my Eſtate? Ha! or have you been really a Steward, and cheated me out of a Fortune for your Daughter?

Truſt. Sir, what I am Maſter of, I got fairly under you, Part, and Part under my Lord *Belville* in *Ireland*, whom I ſerv'd twenty Years in the ſame Poſt I do you; when he died, he truſted me with a Secret, which yet I have divulged to no Man; and when I do, the World will ſay I am an honeſt Man. Love firſt join'd their Hearts, and my Ignorance their Hands; uſe me as you pleaſe, but pardon them.

Enter Lovely, *&c.*

Lov. I muſt become an Interceſſor in that too, Sir *Jeffrey*; Love is the great Cementer of the Marriage-State; it reconciles all Differences—it bends the Stubborn — and

it tames the Bold, it wins the Haughty, ſoftens the Savage, and reclaims the Libertine! then will you caſt off your Son for a Vertue, you ought rather to prize him for?

Sir *Jeff.* That Love can never be a Vertue, Mr. *Lovely*, that teaches a Child to trick his Parents.

Lov. Stratagems ever were allow'd of in Love and War; Sir, you muſt forgive him.

Enter Captain Conſtant, Belinda *and* Maria.

Mar. And I muſt ſecond Mr. *Lovely*, Sir; the Captain has married a virtuous Woman, and I believe you'll confeſs a handſome one too.

Sir *Jeff.* Nay, I have nothing to ſay againſt her Virtue, nor her Beauty neither; ſhe's a pretty Woman, that's the Truth on't; if ſhe had married any body's Son but mine, I ſhou'd have wiſh'd her Joy with all my Heart—Oh thou graceleſs Wretch, get out of my Sight.

Con. (Kneeling.) I confeſs, Sir, I am unworthy of your Mercy, but throw myſelf wholly upon your Good-Nature and fatherly Affection, with this Reſolution, never to attempt aught againſt your Pleaſure more.

Sir *Jeff.* No, Sir, nothing you can do for the future, ſhall either pleaſe, or diſpleaſe me; mark that.

Bel. Give us but your Bleſſing, Sir, and we ſhall never quarrel with Fortune for her Favours: Love ſhall ſupply that Defect; my chief Concern ſhall be to ſhew my Duty, and by my Care to pleaſe you, prove the entire Affection I have for your Son; and that Way make up the Inequality of my Birth and Fortune.

Sir *Jeff.* You ſhall never make up any Thing with me, I promiſe you, Madam, whilſt he is your Father——— Death, marry my Slave?

Traſt. The Name of Slave belongs not to us free-born People, Sir *Jeffrey*; but were I your Slave, ſhe is not; for ſince the Truth muſt out, ſhe is no Child of mine, but Daughter to my Lord *Belville*; which I have brought up ever ſince ſhe was three Days old; her Mother dying in her Labour, and her Marriage being private, becauſe ſhe was much below my Lord's Quality; and he at that Time under the Tuition of a Father: He never made it publick, but put her into my Hands to breed up as my own. When he came to his Eſtate, he purchas'd a thou-

ſand

ſand Pounds a Year, and ſettled it on her; which I have manag'd ever ſince, and now will deliver it up to Captain *Conſtant*. This I had told in the Infancy of their Love; but that I ſaw your Son was not well with you, and did not then think him a Match good enough for her; but ſince he has over-reach'd me, I hope you'll prove a Father.

Sir *Jeff.* Is it poſſible! Od, Madam, I wiſh you Joy with all my Soul, Faith I do; and if this is Matter of Fact, you ſhall find me a Father: *Jack*, you ſhall go to *Flanders* no more.

Lov. Dear *Conſtant*, I congratulate thy good Fortune—

Mar. And I your's, Madam, ſince I no more muſt call you Couſin.

Bel. Still let me hold that Name; for ſince I never knew my Father, I ſhall acknowledge this good Man as ſuch.

Mar. Sir *Jeffrey*, I was poſitive you won'd not repent.

Sir *Jeff.* You, that are ſo poſitive in theſe Matters; why don't you and Mr. *Lovely* ſtrike up a Bargain? he has follow'd you a conſiderable Time.

Lov. That Queſtion is à propos, Sir *Jeffrey*. What can you ſay, Madam? muſt I dangle after you two or three Years longer? Faith, I wiſh I hold out.

Truſt. Give him thy Hand, Girl; I'll engage to reconcile thy Father, or give thee a Portion myſelf.

Sir *Jeff.* Why, what Objections can he make againſt Mr. *Lovely*?

Truſt. Only Principles: Her Father's a violent Tory, and this honeſt Gentleman's a Whig, that's all.

Sir *Jeff.* Ha, ha, a ſtrong Reaſon, Faith.

Truſt. I'll bring him over, I warrant thee, Girl.

Mar. Upon that Condition, there's my Hand.

Lov. And here's my Heart. [*Embrace.*

Sir *Jeff.* Why, that's well ſaid—we only want the Man in Black now.

Enter Faithful *and* Laura, Lucy *and* Manage.

Faith. We have juſt done with ours; he is within ſtill.

Tru. Dear Mr. *Faithful*, I wiſh thee Joy with all my Heart; and you, Madam.

Om. We all do the ſame.

Faith. I thank you all, and heartily return the ſame to

each of you; I wou'd have the whole Race of Mankind bleſs'd, now I am ſo.

Lau. There cannot be a Joy beyond what I am poſſeſs'd of.

Bel. I hope, Madam, we ſhall be better acquainted for the Future.

Lau. I ſhall be very ambitious of the Honour.

Enter Sir David.

Sir *Dav.* Ho! have I found you, Villains? I charge you all in the Queen's Name, to aſſiſt me in ſecuring this Couple.

Truſt. Why Faith, Sir *David*, they are ſecure enough, for they are lawfully link'd in the Chains of Matrimony, I'm witneſs.

Sir *Dav.* Marry'd! the Devil they are.

Mar. Yes, Sir, I'll ſwear to it, if occaſion be.

Lucy. So will I too, Sir *David*.

Lau. And with my own Conſent, I aſſure you——You may barricade your Windows now, Sir *David*, I ſhall run mad no more; Ha, ha, ha!

Faith. I ſhall trouble your Houſe no more, Sir, I am diſpoſſeſs'd, Sir *David*, you need not run from me now; ha, ha, ha!

Cor. And he will know his Inn for the future; ha, ha, ha!

Faith. And am perfectly recover'd of my Wound, Sir; and ſhall have no Occaſion to borrow your Coach again; without you'll do me the Favour to let it carry my Wife to *London*.

Sir *Dav.* Carry her to Hell——Here's a ſhuffling cutting Raſcal in all his Tropes and Figures; Zounds, how I am trick'd! But you have robb'd me, Miſtreſs.

Lau. Of nothing but my Writings, Sir, mark that.

Sir *Dav.* The Law ſhall tell you that; and ſo, may the Itch of Variety ſeize you, and the Curſe of Cuckoldom fall on him; Arreſts and Poverty on you all. [*Exit.*

Truſt. Ha, ha, ha! now *Lovely*, for the Parſon.

Enter 'Squire Num *and* Slouch.

Num. Hold! I forbid the Banns; you ſhan't have her, mun, for all you are ſo cock-ſure.

Sir

Sir *Jeſ.* What Banns do you forbid, Friend?

Num. Why, Mr. *Truſty*'s Daughter's Banns.

Om. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Alas! 'Squire, you come too late; ſhe that was Mr. *Truſty*'s Daughter, is marry'd; and I am juſt going to't.

Num. That was! What do you mean?

Lov. Why, I mean that Mrs. *Belinda*, that has ſnapt your Heart, 'Squire, proves to be a Lord's Daughter, and not Mr. *Truſty*'s, as you believe; and now is Captain *Conſtant*'s Wife, here.

Num. A Lord's Daughter! Nounds, I'm glad I'm rid of her—Captain, I wiſh you much Joy with all my Heart ——Od, I'll engage ſhe ſhakes your Commiſſion for you; ha, ha.

Om. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Num. Why, what Luck have I had, *Slouch!* Mercy on us; what a Ruin had I brought upon all our Country Gentlemen innocently? For ſhe wou'd have corrupted all their Wives; the Devil a one wou'd have made her own Butter, after being acquainted with her.

Bel. Oh! you miſtake, 'Squire, I am an excellent Houſewife; ha, ha, ha!

Num. Yes, yes, ſome in our Country know by woful Experience, what Houſewifes you Quality make; Nounds, 'twou'd undo the High Sheriff of the County to find you in clean Cards; then your plaguy outlandiſh Liquors, your Coffee and Tea, ſucks up the Cream of a whole Dairy, and your Suppers and Dinners for your Goſſips wou'd confound all the Eggs and Pullen; and the Money you game away, wou'd ruin a Lord of a Manor. No, no, no Quality Breed for us Country Gentlemen; 'egad, that wou'd be worſe than double Taxes; ha, ha.

Con. Ha, ha! Well then, 'Squire, I have done you a Piece of Service; I hope all Animoſities are forgot.

Num. They are i'faith, Sir; and if you'll give me Leave, I'll be heartily merry with you.

Truſt. You ſhall be heartily welcome, 'Squire; I ſent for the Muſick—Hark, I hear them tuning their Inſtruments.

Num. Muſick! 'Egad, if they can play my Tune, I'll give you a Jig.

Truſt. Come, let's in then, and begin. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Inside of the House, and discovers them dancing.*

Enter Roger *and* Dolly.

Rog. Save you all—Master and Landlord that was, and Master and Landlord that is, I'm glad to hear all is over, with all my Soul——I hope you'll not forget your Promise tho' to your poor Tenant *Roger*—which was to speak to Master——no, no, speak to yourself now, Sir——My Farm is woundy dear.

Trust. You are wondrous merry, *Roger*.

Rog. So is every body you know, Sir, when they are prepared for the Parson; are they not, Mrs. *Belinda*? I hope I shall have your Consent; for I have got *Dolly* in the Mind at last.

Bel. I wish you Joy with all my Heart, *Roger*.

Con. I'm glad to see you follow your Lady's Example, Mrs. *Dorothy*.

Dolly. She set too good a Pattern, not to imitate, Sir.

Con. Here remains three to be provided for yet; which is *Clinch*, *Lucy* and *Manage*.

Lucy. The best Provision I desire, is to wait on my Lady still, Sir.

Man. And I on my Master; who knows but Time may chop up a Wedding between you and I, Child? [*To* Lucy.

Faith. Your Desires are granted; what says *Clinch*?

Clin. I had a kind of a Tender for *Dolly*; but since she's dispos'd of, I'll stand as I do.

Const. Then we are all agreed.

Sir *Jeff.* Well, honest *Roger*, if thou'lt give us a Song to your Dance now, I'll be as good as my Word, and make thy Farm easy in the Rent for the next Year.

Rog. Say you so? I thank you heartily, Master, I'll do my best, I can't sing like your *Londoners*—But 'tis a new Ballad, and 'twas made at *London*, by a very honest Country Gentleman, last Sessions of Parliament. Hum, hum. [*Sings.*

Slouch. Ads Blead, you sing, Sir, and the 'Squire by, that's more than any Man in *Somersetshire* will venture to do; Master, Ods Wounds, hold your own, Master.

A SONG,

A SONG, *by the* Author, *and ſung by Mr.* Dogget.

Wou'd you chuſe a Wife for a happy Life,
Leave the Court, and the Country take;
Where Dolly *and* Sue, *young* Molly *and* Prue,
Follow Roger *and* John, *whilſt Harveſt goes on,*
And merrily, merrily rake.

Leave the London *Dames, be it ſpoke to their Shames,*
To lig in their Beds till Noon;
Then get up and ſtretch, then paint too and patch,
Some Widgeon to catch, then look on their Watch,
And wonder they roſe up ſo ſoon.

Then Coffee and Tea, both Green and Bohea,
Is ſerv'd to their Tables in Plate;
Where their Tattles do run, as ſwift as the Sun,
Of what they have won, and who is undone,
By their gaming, and ſitting up late.

The Laſs give me here, tho' brown as my Beer,
That knows how to govern her Houſe;
That can milk her Cow, or farrow her Sow;
Make Butter, or Cheeſe, or gather green Peaſe,
And values fine Clothes not a Louſe.

This, this is the Girl, worth Rubies and Pearl;
This the Wife that will make a Man rich:
We Gentlemen need no Quality Breed,
To ſquander away what Taxes would pay,
In truth we care for none ſuch.

Gay. Now I am happy———
Belinda *mine, and you my Faults forgive;*
'Tis from this Moment I begin to live.
Love ſprang the Mine, and made the Breach in Duty,
No Cannon-Ball can execute like Beauty,
But I'll no more in ſearch of Pleaſures rove,
Since ev'ry Bleſſing is compriz'd in Love. [Exeunt.

A GOTHAM ELECTION.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

TICKUP, *a Candidate for* Gotham.
Sir John Worthy, *another Candidate talk'd on, but not ſeen.*
Friendly, *an Agent for Sir* Roger Truſty.
Score-double, *an Inn-keeper.*
Watt Waſhball, *a Barber.*
The Mayor *of* Gotham.
Mallet, *a Carpenter, and his Son.*
Scruple, *a Quaker.*
A Cobler.
A Miller.
Ben Blunt.
Gregory Gabble.
Roger Sly.
Timothy Shallow.

WOMEN.

Lady Worthy.
Gaody Gabble.
Goody Shallow.
Goody Sly.
Midwife, and other Women.

SCENE, *Gotham.*

A

GOTHAM ELECTION.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter on one Side Mr. Friendly.

On the other, Scoredouble, *an Inn-keeper.*

Friend. HA! Landlord, I'm glad to ſee you.

Score. Mr. *Friendly*, you are welcome.

Friend. I hope Mrs. *Scoredouble* and your pretty Daughter's well.

Score. Yes, yes, Sir, the Women are in good Caſe; my Wife, as the old Zaying is, *is better in Health than good Condition.* In troth I'm glad to zee you; pray, what brought you to *Gotham* an I may be ſo bold to aſk you? Elections, I warrant you?

Friend. Something like it, Landlord; pray what ſort of a Man is your Mayor?

Score. Why, his Worſhip is a huge Admirer of the *French*; nay, 'tis whiſper'd by zome, that his Zon is with the Knight of the *Dragon*, for he has never been zeen zince the Duke of what d'e call him went away.

Friend. Say you ſo!

Score. Ay, an he has a Daughter, a weighty Girl, I promiſe you: Od wou'd you had her, Mr *Friendly*; ſhe has Five Thouſand Pound, and a right Lover of her Country.

Friend. Five Thouſand Pound! a-gad, a ſudden Thought comes into my Head, I'll purſue it; who knows but I may make ſome lucky Diſcovery: I thank you for your kind Wiſhes, Landlord, but I can never hope for ſuch a Fortune:

tune: His Son with the Knight of the *Dragon*, say you, why then your Mayor is a *Jacobite*.

Score. Nay, he is shrewdly suspected by some to be a down-right *Papist* in his Heart; but to say Truth of him, he does go to Church constantly, he does, indeed; he does go to Church.

Friend. A pretty Fellow, for the Head of a Corporation.

Score. What do you please to drink, Sir?

Friend. Why, bring us the best your House affords.

Score. The best my House affords, ha, ha, ha, that is as you think it, Sir;——now most of our Gentry, for this last your Years, d'ye mind, will touch nothing but *French* Claret,—there are some that like your *Port* Wines still, but very few, and those of the poorer Sort too, as my Barboard can witness.

Friend. Come, bring such as you like yourself.

Score. Why then, Master, we'll have a Bottle of white *Lisbon*.——Here, *Sam*, bring a Bottle of the best white *Lisbon*, d'ye hear.

Friend. Withal my Heart.—Well, Landlord, and how will Elections go with you in *Gotham*?

Score. Why here is old tugging work:——Here has been such roasting of Oxen: Such Feasting, and such Cabalting, as you ne'er saw the like! Here's one Squire *Tickup*, a *Londoner*, I think puts up for one;——he's over Head and Ears in Debt, they say, and so has a Mind to get above the Law, and pay no Body.

Friend. That's one Way, indeed, to serve himself; but he that has not Honesty enough to pay his own Debts, may easily be brought to give up the Debts of the Nation.——I hope he has no considerable Number of Votes secur'd, has he?

Score. He has some.——Here has happen'd an unfortunate Squabble between Sir *John Worthy*, and his Lady.

Friend. Sir *John Worthy!* Does not he put up too?

Score. Ay, and he and his Family has represented this same Burrough of *Gotham* these forty Years, and yet I believe he will lose it now; I am sorry vor't, vor he's a very honest Gentleman.

Friend. How so, prithee?

Score. Why you must know his Lady is a what d'ye call it,——

it,——a High-flyer,——and nothing zo great as our Parſon's Wife and ſhe; now you muſt know, the Parſon had given my Lady a game Cockeril,——and, as the Devil would have it, a Diſſenter's Dog happen'd to worry this zame Cockeril,——and becauſe Sir *John* wou'd not go to Law with him for his Dog's Fault, my Lady zwears he's a Rebel, and would pull down the Church.

Friend. Ha, ha, excellent; but how does this effect Sir *John*'s Election?

Score. Why, my Lady being plaguy cunning de mind,——ſhe reſerv'd to herſelf a Thouſand Pound when ſhe married Sir *John*; now ſhe ſwears ſhe'll ſpend every Groat on't, but ſhe'll fling Sir *John* out of his Election; and under the Roſe, d'ye zee, they zay that ſhe, and this zame Squire *Tickup*, are mainly well acquainted; zo ſhe veaſts the good Wives, d'ye mind, and ſo ſecures all thoſe Huſbands Votes, whoſe Wives wear the Breeches, ha, ha, ha.

Friend. Ha, ha, come my Service to you, and to all thoſe honeſt Fellows not under Petticoat Government.

Score. With all my Heart; hang Petticoat Government I zay; Zooks I love to wear my own Breeches.

Friend. Here's ſtrange Juggling it ſeems.

Score. Ha, ha, but now you talk of Juggling, we had rare Juggling here not long ſince; we had like to have had all the Money in the Country juggled away.

Friend. As how!

Score. Why, here was a Trickſter came down to *Gotham*.——

Enter Wat Waſhball.

Ho, *Wat Waſhball!* Come in, come in mun; this zame Man can teſtify what I am going to zay: He is a very honeſt Freeholder, of vour Pounds a Year, zo he is,——a Barber here by; with your Leave, Maſter, I'll drink to him.

Friend. Pray do, you are welcome, Friend.

Wat. Thank you, Sir.

Score. Come pull a Chair *Wat*, and zit down; I was telling Maſter *Friendly* here, of the Trickſter that chang'd the Cards zo, you know, *Wat*, in the Town-Hall.

Wat. Ay, that was a bitter Dog, I believe we ſhan't forget him in Haſte.

Friend. Why, what did he do?

Score.

Score. Why, you muſt know, Sir, he play'd ſeveral Tricks, but his greateſt Skill lay in changing the Cards. —— He had a plaguy Nack at that; —— don't you remember, *Wat*, —— how he dealt a Card round the Hall, —— when our High Sheriff had got the Ace of Hearts, you know?

Wat. Ay, as plain an Ace of Hearts are ever I zaw in all my born Days.

Score. Ay, and what does this zame Trickſter but with one —— Whiſ, conjures away this zame Ace of Hearts, — and claps the Knave of Clubs in its Place.

Friend. Ha, ha, ha.

Score. When my Neighbour *Waſhhall* and I zaw that, we wou'd have had the Mayor made his Mittimuſs, and zent him to a Gaol.

Wat. No, no, not for that, not for that, Landlord, it was for changing an *Engliſh* Guinea into a *French* Piſtole, you know.

Score. Right, right, zo it was *Wat*, zo it was; and you know the Mayor ſaid the Piſtole was the better Gold, and wou'd not meddle with him vor't.

Friend. But there was Four Shillings loſt by that Change; what cou'd your Mayor ſay for that?

Wat. Zay! Why he pretended to prove by Logick, I think he call'd it, —— that Seventeen and Six-pence was more than One and Twenty and Six-pence.

Friend. Pretty Sophiſtry truly, for a Mayor of a Corporation; —— and what is become of this Juggler?

Score. Gone to the Devil, vor ought I know.

Friend. From whence came he?

Wat. Why zome zay from one Part, zome another; but thoſe that pretend to know beſt, zay he came from zome Part of the Zouth-Zeas.

Friend. I rather believe the South-Seas came from him.

Wat. Pray what is this zame Zouth-Zeas? A Shire, Town, Burrough, or Market-Town?

Friend. It was a Market, and once had a very great Trade for Flumery and Leeks.

Score. Well, of all Garden Stuff, I hate thoſe zame Leeks.

Wat. They leave a plaguy Stink behind them.

Enter

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Dinner's upon Table, Sir.

Score. Maſter *Friendly*, will you eat a Slice of Buttock of Beef and Carrots?

Friend. With all my Heart,—— and after Dinner I ſhou'd be glad if you'd bring me acquainted with ſome of the honeſt Fellows of *Gotham*; I'll try if I can recommend a worthy Gentleman to them, one that has Gold enough, and owes no Man a Groat; is as generous as a Prince, and loves his Country as he loves his Wife.

Score. Ha, ha, ha, troth Maſter, that may be little enough, vor what as I do know——pray, who is he?

Friend. Sir *Roger Truſty.*

Score. Sir *Roger!* I ſhall be glad to zee him with all my Heart, Blood and Guts, as they zay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Room in a Tavern.*

Enter Lady Worthy, *Mr.* Tickup, *Goody* Gabble, *and Goody* Shallow.

Lady. Never fear, my dear *Tickup*,—— as far as my Thouſand Pound goes I'll ſtand by you; I'll ſpend it every Shilling but carry my Point; I hate a Whig ſo much, that I'll throw my Huſband out of his Election, or throw myſelf out of the World! a Parcel of canting Rogues; they have always Moderation in their Mouths,——rank Reſiſtance in their Hearts,——and hate Obedience even to their lawful Wives,——and then they bear a mortal Hatred to Three Pound Fourteen and Fippence?

Tick. Ay, they hate all Coin that won't take their Impreſſion.

Lady. Why there's my Brute of a Huſband now, he hates the *French* ſo much, that he won't let poor *Fanny* learn to dance.

Good G. Nay, my Huſband is a little poiſon'd that Way too;——will you believe it, Madam, he had the Impudence to forbid me Dancing with your Honour's Worſhip laſt Night;——he ſaid Dancing was a bold Recreation, and that was an Inlet to Sin;——but I pluck'd up a Spirit, and told him, I wou'd do it; that I wou'd dance, and dance again, ſo I wou'd,—— od my Gentleman was ſoon ſnub'd,

ſnub'd, for he knew, an he rais'd my Paſſion once, he wou'd have enough to do to get it down again.

Good S. Well, an I zay but one Word to *Timothy Shallow*, down goes Thimble and Shears,——and up he takes Gloves and Stick, and away goes he.——Ah, you're a happy Woman, Goody *Gabble*; your Huſband is a Man every Inch of him, I'll zay that for him.

Good. G. You'll ſay that for him; Pray how come you to know what Man my Huſband is, Goody *Shallow?* Have you found him a Man for your Buſineſs, ha?

Good. S. I, I found your Huſband a Man for my Buſineſs, I have a Huſband as fit for Buſineſs as yours;——and tho' I zay it, that ſhou'd not zay it, there is not a better Workman in the Pariſh.

Tick. Ay, ay, they are both good Workmen enough in their Way; ſhe only jeſted with you, that's all.

Lady. Ay, ay, Neighbours, nothing elſe,—well, you'll uſe your Endeavours with your Huſbands to give their Votes for Mr. *Tickup.*

G. Gab. That I ſhall ſure, Madam,——your Worſhip promiſes me I ſhall nurſe the young Squire, as ſoon as he is born.

Tick. That you ſhall.

G. Gab. And I am to have Twenty Pounds a Year.—

Lady. Ay, I'll paſs my Word for't.

G. Gab. I thank your Ladyſhip,—— not that I doubt your Word, Madam, or the bountiful Squire's in the leaſt;—but, but, but, an, an the Squire wou'd advance a Year's Sallery aforehand, it wou'd go a great Way with my Huſband;——for you muſt know, that *Gregory Gabble* is an honeſt Man, and won't vote againſt his Conſcience, if it were not for his Intereſt;—— now Sir *John*, you know, Madam, promiſes to renew his Leaſe *Gratis*, if he votes for him, but an he votes againſt him, he won't bate him a Groat ſo he won't; you know your Huſband's Temper, Madam.

Lady. Oh, prithee name him not, you'll give me the Vapours; there, there's Twenty Pound for you, let me hear his odious Name no more.

Tick. Take Notice *Goody Gabble*, thoſe Twenty Pounds are to pay for nurſing of a Child that ſhall be born,—— no Matter when.

G. Gab.

G. Gab. No, no, no, no Matter whether ever or never, I'll take it when you ſend it, ſure ſweet Squire.

Tick. It is not out of any ſiniſter End to ſuborn your Huſband; no, I ſcorn it, I am an honeſt Man, and a Lover of the Church, and will take Care the Roguiſh Whigs don't pull down a Haſſock in't.

Lady. Ay, Neighbours, Mr. *Tickup*'s a good Churchman, mark that! He is none of your occaſional Cattle; none of your helliſh pantile Crew;——Oh, we ſhall never thrive till all theſe canting Whigs are whipt out of the Kingdom;—— Oh, that I had the Jerking of 'em, I'd teach 'em Paſſive-Obedience, or make the Devil come out of 'em.

Good. S. Well, your Ladyſhip is a very wiſe Woman, that's certain: Good lack, how ſhe doth talk, Neighbour *Gabble?*——Oh, ſhe's a great Woman.

Lady. Ay, and you ſhall be a great Woman too, Goody *Shallow*, if Mr. *Tickup* carries the Day; well, I'll ſay no more, but every Body don't know Mr. *Tickup*'s Power;—but there's a certain great Prince, that ſhall be nameleſs, that has a very great Kindneſs for him, and for ought I know, he may ſtand as fair for a Garter as the beſt of 'em, one Day.

Good. S. Pray, 'Squire, will you be ſo kind as to recommend my *Tim.* to that ſame great Prince, to be his Taylor?

Lady. He ſhall do it; your Huſband ſhall be his Taylor, and you ſhall be Dreſſer to his Queen.

Good. S. And will your Honour's Worſhip do this?

Tick. I'll do any Thing to ſerve you, *Goody Shallow.*

Good. S. Will you, truly! Well, *Timothy Shallow*, thou art a made Man;——and am I born to be a Courtier? Good lack, good lack——

Good. G. Bleſs me! Who wou'd have thought that you, with your Broomſtick, wou'd have come to ſuch Honour, *Goody Shallow?*

Good. S. Ay, who indeed;——but I ha no vine Cloaths to go to Court in tho'; what mun I do for that now?

Tick. Why, to ſhow you that I have a Kindneſs for you and your Huſband, there is Ten Guineas to rig you, for the Honours I deſign to prefer you to. [*Gives her Money.*

Good. S. Ah, Heaven bleſs your good Worſhip, me and

and mine will be oblig'd to pray for you, as long as we live.

Lady. Look you there now, when wou'd a Whig have done as much? —— Bleſs me, I'm in a Sweat when I but name a Whig. —— [*Fans herſelf, and walks about.*

Tick. I take a Pleaſure to ſerve my Country Folks, and am proud of an Opportunity to do good Offices; —— for my Part, I ſhould not be concern'd if I loſt the Election, otherways than not being in a Capacity to ſerve my poor Country at this Juncture.

Lady. There's a Man for ye, Neighbours! Now cou'd you find in your Heart, *Goody Shallow*, to deny this Gentleman any Thing, any Thing, any Thing, I ſay?

Good. S. No, by my truly, I think I cou'd not; why ſhou'd I belie my Conſcience? Madam, come, here's the 'Squire's Health. [*drinks.*

Tick. I am oblig'd to you, *Goody Shallow.* [*kiſſes her.*

Good. S. Good Gentleman, he's not proud; —— odd, he kiſſes main ſweetly, Madam.

Lady. Ay, does he not? —— Well, you'll bring your Huſband over.

Good. S. Over! ay, Madam, or he ſhall never come over —— my Threſhold more, I can tell him but that.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, here's *Goodman Mallet*, the Carpenter, enquires for you; he ſays you ſent for him.

Lady. No, —— I ſent for him in your Name; he is a ſilly Fellow, but no Matter for that; he can do you great Service; humour him in all he ſays, —— bring him up. [*Exit Drawer.*

Give him Money, if you can handſomely top it upon him; —— there's a hundred Guineas, when they are gone, you ſhall have more! —— if you can get *Mallet*'s Vote, he'll bring you twenty at leaſt.

Tick. My charming Woman, —— you oblige me to be for ever your's. [*kiſſes her.*

Lady. Come, Neighbour, let's retire, it may not be proper for us to hear *Goodman Mallet*'s Buſineſs, you know. [*Exit.*

Good. G. No, no, no, no; come, come, come, we'll go,

go, we'll go. Good Sir, your moſt humble Servant, I'll bring you *Gregory Gabble*, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Good. S. And ſo will I, my *Timothy Shallow*, ſweet 'Squire. [*Exit.*

Enter Mallet.

Tick. Mr. *Mallet*, your Servant. [*Takes out* 20 *Guineas, and plays with them on the Table as he talks.*

Mall. Your humble Servant, Sir, pray what is your Buſineſs with me?

Tick. Come, ſit down, Sir;——here, the Houſe.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Did you call, Sir?

Tick. Ay, what Wine do you drink, Mr. *Mallet*?

Mall. 'Tis all one to me, Sir.

Tick. Then bring up a Bottle of *French* Red.

Draw. You ſhall have it, Sir. [*Exit.*

Tick. Mr. *Mallet*, there is a very honeſt Gentleman gives his Service to you, charg'd me to ſee you, and gave me a Token to drink with you.

Mall. Pray, who may that be?

Tick. One Mr. *Double*.

Mall. Ha! Maſter *Double*.

Drawer within.] A Bottle of *French* Red in the *Flower-de-Luce*. *Score.*

Enter with Bottle and Glaſs.

Tick. Come, Mr. *Mallet*, Mr. *Double*'s Health to you.

Mal. With all my Heart; I have earned many a fair Pound of him;——ſome ſays he's an ill Pay-maſter, but I won't ſay ſo; for he paid me very honeſtly, tho' I muſt needs ſay he's a little long winded.——Sir, an you pleaſe, my Service to you, remembring Maſter *Double*.

Tick. Thank you, Mr. *Mallet*; well, how do you like the Wine? I think 'tis pretty good. [*Drinks.*

Mal. I think ſo too, Sir;——but ſecond Thoughts is beſt.

Tick. Right;——Come, here's to your Fireſide, Mr. *Mallet*, I ſuppoſe you are a marry'd Man.

Mal. Ay, Maſter, I have been marry'd theſe Five and Twenty Years; I have a Son's Wife lies in now.

Tick.

Tick. I'll ſtand Godfather, if he be not better provided, Mr. *Mallet.*

Mal. Sir, your humble Servant; I dare ſay he'll accept of your kind Offer, and thank you too.

Tick. Is he all the Children you have, Mr. *Mallet?*

Mal. No, Sir, I have four Sons and three Daughters in all, fine young Men and Women as any in the Pariſh, no Diſpraiſe to the beſt. My eldeſt Son is a Lawyer, juſt out of his Time, a ſmart young Fellow, I promiſe you, Sir: My ſecond I brought up to my own Trade, and he is a very great Maſter of his Buſineſs, tho' I ſay't, as any is in all *Gotham.* My third Son is a Bookſeller, a notable Fellow, he lives in *London*; he is a kind of a Wit too, they ſay, and makes Verſes: Then he has an admirable Knack at quacking Titles. Perhaps you may know what that is, Sir; but for my Part, I do not, I confeſs, underſtand it; but they tell me, when he gets an old good for nothing Book, he claps a new Title to it, and ſells off the whole Impreſſion in a Week.

Tick. 'Tis a good Way of impoſing on the Publick, why he'll be a rich Fellow in a ſhort Time?

Mal. Ay, ſo they ſay; but my youngeſt Lad troubles me moſt of all.

Tick. How ſo, pray?

Mal. Why you muſt know, Sir, he is a main weakly Boy; he had the Rickets till he was ſeven Years old, which took away his Strength, and hugely dull'd his Memory, ſo that he's dull, very dull, Sir; I can't think what to breed him up to, that don't require much Strength of Body, nor Application of Mind: His Mother is for making him a Parſon, but the Rogue won't hear on't.

Tick. Oh, Mr. *Mallet!* by your Deſcription, he is very unfit for a Parſon.

Mal. Why ſo I tell her, Sir; and, in my Opinion, we had better get him a Place at Court.

Tick. Ay, there indeed you are in the right; I don't know but I may be able to ſerve you there, if you'd endeavour to put it in my Power.

Mal. As how, pray?

Tick. Why, Sir, you muſt know, I ſtand one of the Candidates for this Borough of *Gotham*; and if you'll be ſo kind to give me your own Vote, and engage your Friends

Friends to do the ſame, I'll take care of your Son, I promiſe you.

Mal. Pray what may your Name be, Sir?

Tick. My Name is *Tickup*, Sir.

Mal. Tickup! Ah, Sir, you loſe it for a Wager with you.

Tick. Why do you think ſo?

Mal. Why, Sir, our Town has an Averſion for the Family of the *Tickups*; it is a Name very much hated, I aſſure you, an I might adviſe you, I'd change it into *Ready Caſh*, ha, ha.

Tick. You are witty upon my Name, Mr. *Mallet*, but no Matter for that: what will you lay I don't carry it? I'll hold you twenty Guineas to one I do, and you ſhall hold Stakes.

Mal. By Meſs, I'll take this Wager, if I never hold another, done, Sir.

Tick. Done; there, there's twenty Guineas. [*Puſhes 'em to him.*

Mal. Well, if I ſhould loſe my Guinea, Mr. *Tickup*, you'll remember a Place for my Son.

Tick. That I will indeed, Mr. *Mallet*; but then you muſt not vote againſt me.

Mal. No, no, that I won't, I promiſe you; but an I engage my Friends, you muſt promiſe to do a Kindneſs or two more for me.

Tick. Name 'em, and command me.

Mal. Why cou'd not you now get my Son, the Lawyer, made Lord Chancellor, think you?

Tick. Can't! Yes, and will too.

Mal. Will ye? Ay, pray you do—an, an, hold, hold, I have the Names of all the great Places in a Bit o'Paper ſomewhere, if I find 'em, but—I took 'em out of the preſent State of *Gotham*,—hod here, here it is—Ay, let me ſee,—yes, yes,—Lord Steward, ay, Lord Steward! ay, that's a very pretty Poſt; that, d'you mark me, I wou'd have for my Son *Ned*—the Carpenter, he underſtands how to keep the Houſe in good Repair—and that's a main Matter, you know; his Majeſty need give himſelf no Manner of Trouble.

Tick. Oh, that will be a very great Advantage; well, I'll take care about that too.

Mal

Mal. And the Bookſeller, I'd have him——de ze——ho! I'd have him Groom of the Stole.

Tick. There you are perfectly right, becauſe he will have an Opportunity to make Uſe of his Verſes.

Mal. Then for my youngeſt Son! What muſt he be? Why, what an you ſhould make him Treaſurer now! for the Rogue always lov'd Money. And for my Daughters—I fancy they would do rarely well for the Queen's Maids of Honour.

Tick. Oh, excellently well——all this I promiſe you.

Mal. Do you truly?——Well, you are a huge civil Gentleman, and ſo my humble Service to yo—Well, I'll ſay no more——but an I do not bring you twenty Votes, my Name's not *Mallet*, d'ye ſee, that's all, that's all—and ſo, Sir, your Servant, with all my Heart. *(going.)* Hold! one Thing more I muſt deſire of you—I have an own Couſin, that is a Sailor——ſuppoſe now you ſhould make him ſomewhat—an Admiral—or a Boatſwain, or ſo d'ye ſee?

Tick. He ſhall be one of them, I promiſe you.

Mal. Shall he in troth?—well, good bye to you, and thank you kindly. [*going.*

Tick. Mr. *Mallet*, your humble Servant,——oh, the Devil!

Mal. Methinks I love to do Good in my Generation; tho' to ſay Truth, the graceleſs Dog does not deſerve it; but no matter—as long as you can have it for ſpeaking for, you know?

Tick. What is it? Death, this Fellow would tire a Porter.

Mal. I have a Nephew ſomewhere or other, his Name is *Sam Slaſh*, a Soldier; pray enquire him out, wol you, and make him—ay, make a Corporal, or a Colonel, or ſomewhat of that, now.

Tick. Well, well, this I promiſe you. Have you any Thing elſe?

Mal. No, no, I won't trouble you any more, not I—your Servant. [*going.*

Tick. Give me leave to wait of you down.

Mal. Odſo! I had forgot my Wife *Joan*, well thought on I'faith—ſhe would never have forgiven me, if I had not remember'd her——*Joan* muſt have ſomewhat, Mr. *Tickup*,

Tickup, what can *Joan* have now, think; pray think a little for her.

Tick. Let me ſee—why, ſuppoſe ſhe were made Oyſter-Cracker to the Court now.

Mal. Oyſter-Cracker! I don't remember any ſuch Poſt in my Liſt.

Tick. Oh! never trouble your Head about that, there is, or ſhall be ſuch a Poſt.

Mal. Shall there! well, well, that will do then—but, but, but, I doubt *Joan* will never be content to live at Court without me——Can't you contrive ſome ſmall Place for me too——Any thing will ſerve me—I'll be ſatisfy'd with being Lord-Mayor; I am very modeſt in my Requeſts, you ſee?

Tick. Modeſt, quotha! ha, ha, well, well, you ſhall be Lord-Mayor.

Mal. Well, well, that's enough—will you believe me, Mr. *Tickup?* I really love my Friends as well as myſelf—why here's an honeſt Pot-Companion of mine, *Barnaby Bran*, the Baker; methinks I would fain make his Fortune too; can you think of nothing for him?

Tick. Honeſt *Barnaby Bran*, the Baker! I have a rare Place for him.

Mal. Have you really now! What is it, pray?

Tick. Why, he ſhall be——Maſter of the Rolls.

Mal. He will be main thankful. What, is it a Patent Place?

Tick. Yes, yes; a Patent Place.

Mal. And have you any Thing for his Wife?

Tick. His Wife, ay, ſhe ſhall have Pattins too.

Mal. Od, that will pleaſe her Huſband mainly.

Tick. Ay, ſhe has been a Clogg to him a great while, no Doubt on't. [*Aſide.*

Mal. Well, honeſt 'Squire, your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Tick. I'm glad I'm rid of him; bleſs me, if it were in my Power now to keep my Word, what a prodigious Company this Fellow has provided for!——but thanks to Policy, a Man is not always oblig'd to keep his Word:

The Courtier, Politician, and the Bean,
Whate'er you aſk, will never anſwer, No:

But cloſely preſt, you'll find their whole Proceeding,
To be no more nor leſs, than pure good Breeding. [Exit.

SCENE *changes to the* Mayor's *Houſe.*

Enter Mayor *with a Letter in his Hand.*
Friendly *dreſs'd like a* Frenchman.

May. Well, and how does all our Friends on t'other Side the Water, ha? Well, I hope.

Friend. Oh *fort bien*, Monſieur *Mayor*, and Monſieur *le Chevalier*, be varey much your humble Serviteur, Begar.

May. I am very much his, I am ſure—Come, Monſieur, to the Fatherleſs and Widow. [*Drinks.*

Friend. Vid all mine Heart, dat every Man may have his own, Begar. [*Drinks.*

May. Amen, I ſay——but I muſt deſire you, Monſieur, to explain the Letter to me; My Daughter tells me it is not *Engliſh*.

Friend. No, dis be *French*, Sir.

May. French! what has my Son learn'd *French* already? —— But what makes him write *French* to me, when he knows that I can neither write nor read it——and that no Body underſtands a Word of *French* in the Pariſh.

Friend. Oh, for dat very Reaſon he did write in *French*, becauſe it be one great Secret, and he knows me to be de very fedelle Perſonne, in whom de grand Monarchs in dis World put a der Confidance: You underſtand a me, Monſieur?

Man. Yes, yes; Oh Bleſſings on my Boy, he will certainly raiſe his Family?——a Secret! pray read it ſoftly.

Friend. Oh ſoftly, by all Means.——Firſt, den, he tell you here, dat de Knight of de Dragon give his moſt humble Service to you, and prays you to take a de care to make de good Members for him.

May. Ay, ay, I will do all that in me lies.

Friend. And for dat Purpoſe, you ſhall receive one, two, three hundred Piſtoles, in one, two, three Days na ſoy.

May. Very well, very well; ——pray let him know, that the laſt Money, that was remitted, has been prudently employ'd for the Chevalier's Service: Our Parſon Blow-Coal is right ſtanch; he diſtributed it, with a ſtrict Charge.

Charge to have Regard to the Church; the Noiſe of the Church, you know, does much, Monſieur?——My Brother, Alderman *Credulous*, had two hundred Pounds.

Friend. Humph! well ſaid Parſon; this News ſhall to Sir *Roger Truſty*. (*Aſide.*) Ha, ha, ha, Begar, dat will do de Buſineſs; de Cry of de Church will bring in de King *par blue*; but one ting more, Monſieur *Mayor*, he ſay here in dis Letter, dat de Knight of de Dragon charge you right or wrong, to return de vat do you call 'em———de High-Church.

May. Ay, ay, that he may depend on; oh, my dear Boy! And what is my Boy a Favourite abroad, ha?

Friend. Oh, a great Favourite, I aſſure you—Den here be one ting more;——he prays you to ſend by me his Siſter for de Education,——becauſe it be whiſper'd, dat if deſe plaguey Low-Church get de Day,—dey vill make it Treaſon for any one to ſend der Children to *France*, Begar; no, dey vill ſend dem for Education to *Scotland*, and bring all de young Ladies to de Stool of Repentance, ma foy.

May. Zounds, I'd ſend mine to *Lapland* ſooner, tho' I am a Proteſtant myſelf, becauſe I was born ſo d'ye ſee; yet I had rather breed my Children at *Rome*, than *Geneva*; Zounds I hate theſe Whiggiſh Dogs.

Friend. Begar de Pope no love them neither; dey be dam Fellows for de Liberty and Property; but your Daughter, your Daughter, Monſieur Mayor———

May. She ſhall along with you, Monſieur——her Aunt left her five thouſand Pounds;——I wiſh you could perſuade her to turn Nun; one Thouſand would provide for her in the Nunnery—and the other four would make my Son a Lord.

Friend. Oh let de Prieſt get her once, and begar he vill make her——ſometing, I warrant you.

May. But which Way ſhall I get her over, ſhe'll never conſent to leave *England*; for you muſt know ſhe is plaguey low in her Principles?

Friend. Me tell you one Politick———'tis vine Veder! Aſk her to go vid you and me to ſee de Ship dat bring me hither, and ven ſhe be in de Ship vid me, ſome Body muſt ſtop your going up de Ship, and tell you dat Day came an Expreſs for you upon de grand Buſineſs of

de Nation, ma Foy; ſo you leave us, vid de Promiſe to return preſently;——ſo as ſoon as you be gon, me make a de Maſter hoiſt a Sail, and away for *Calais*, Begar.

May. Excellent Contrivance!—we'll about it this Moment.——I can but laugh to think how I ſhall chouſe the young Jade into her Happineſs.

Friend. And I can but laugh to think how you'll be chous'd out of your Daughter, if Luck favours me. [*Aſide.*

May. And pray tell my Son, I'll obſerve his Direction,——my Clerk ſhall ſit up all this Night to write Conveyances;——I'll make twenty Freeholders before Morning yet.

Friend. As how, pray, Monſieur Mayor?

May. Oh, we have Ways and Means:——Why, I'll undertake, d'ye ſee, to make four Votes out of a Gooſeberry-Buſh, and ſix out of a Hog's-Sty——

Friend. Begar doſe be de very ſweet Votes. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

A Cobler at work in his Stall under an Ale-houſe.

Enter Mr. Tickup.

Tick. Speed your Work, Friend, your Trade depends upon good Huſbandry.

Cob. Ay, Maſter, zo't does, as you zay; but I make new Shoes ſometimes, as well as mend old ones.——

Tick. Say you ſo! why you ſhall be my Shoe-maker—if you'll do me a ſmall Kindneſs.

Cob. (*Getting up, with Cap in Hand.*) What is it Maſter? to put a Stitch in your Shoe, I warrant you?

Tick. No, only to give me your Vote, that's all.

Cob. (*Sits down to work again.*) All, quotha! why that's all many a Man has to live on; at this Time, a ſmall Kindneſs! Ha, ha, ha, it is a ſmall Kindneſs, truly.

Tick. What ſay you, Friend, will you?

Cob. I don't know, I believe not.

Tick. Why ſo, pray you?

Cob. I can't tell,——mehap I may;——mehap I may not, d'ye ſee.

Tick. Have you promiſ'd any body elſe?

Cob. Suppoſe I have,——ſuppoſe I have not, what then?

then? Look ye, my Vote's as good as the beſt Man's i'th' Pariſh, or next Pariſh to't, that's a proud Word d'ye zee; ——and I will take care who I gin to, zo I wol.

Tick. Nay, you are in the Right of that; but no Man ſhall do more for the Corporation than myſelf.

Cob. Ay, ay, you all talk it well afore you get in;—but you are no ſooner choſe in, but whip you are as proud as the Devil, zo you are, and a Man can't ſpeak Truth, but you come with your *Candelum Natum* zous upon us.

Tick. Pride is the leaſt Sign of a Gentleman, and I don't know if I ſhould not rather be call'd Rogue, than a proud Man.

Cob. And mehap he would not lie that call'd you both, ha, ha.

Tick. I am ſorry you ſhould have ſo ill an Opinion of me.

Cob. Why are you not proud, now?

Tick. I think I may ſafely ſay I am not.

Cob. Why then——come and kiſs me.

Tick. With all my Heart. [*kiſſes him.* Well, what think you now? will you give me your Vote yet.

Cob. Look ye, vare and zoftly,—I am not throwly zatisfy'd, whether I ſhall give you my Vote or not.

Tick. I am ſorry for that——but if you'l go to the Tavern, I'll give you a Pint of Wine, whether you'll give me your Vote or not, for I like you for your Bluntneſs.

Cob. I dan't value your Wine of this Hog's Briſtle, d'ye zee;——I am an honeſt Man, d'ye zee——and am vor a vree Government; I'm none of thoſe that are to be brib'd——now an you are not proud, d'ye zee — why come into my Stall, here, and I'll give you a Flaggon of Ale.

Tick. Oh, the Devil, that will dirty all my Cloaths? *(Aſide.)* Had not we better go into the Ale-Houſe?

Cob. Look ye there now, did not I zay you was proud? No, Sir, I won't leave my Stall; thoſe that are aſham'd of me—why I am aſham'd of them, d'ye zee, that's all. [*Sings and marks.*

Tick. A Pox of the unpoliſh'd Blockhead, I muſt humour him. [*Gathers up his Coaths, and goes in.*

Nay, nay, don't be angry—— I only ſaid it, to ſave you the Trouble of going for the Ale, that's all.

Cob. Oh, I have a Conveniency for that. [*Whiſtles, and the Boy enters.*

Look you there, Sir; Sirrah, bring me a Pot of humming Ale, de you hear——what are you afraid of your Cloaths? Zblead, ſit down, mun, tho' I'm a poor Fellow, I've zitten by as good as you affore now, mun. [*Pulls him down rudely.*

Enter Boy with Drink on one Side, and Tolefree, the Miller, on t'other.

Tick. Ay, ay, Friend, who doubts it.

Tole. Hark ye, Neighbour *Laſt*, will you never have done cobling my Shoes?

Cob. Oh, Neighbour *Tolefree*, you come in the Nick; why here's Neighbour *Tolefree* has a Vote too, and he'll give it ye.——

Tick. I ſhall be much oblig'd to him, if he will, pray drink to him.

Cob. By and by, let his Betters be ſerv'd before him, my Service to you, Sir——come in, Neighbour *Tolefree*——come, we'll make you Room. [*Drinks.*

Tole. With all my Heart. [*Gets in on the other Side* Tickup.

Tick. I wiſh the Devil had them both—— what a fine Pickle I ſhall be in, pray have a Care of my Cloaths.

Cob. Cloaths, nay, I hope I am a better Commonwealths-Man than to mind Cloaths; ſit cloſe, Neighbour *Tolefree*, or you'll thruſt me off the Form. [*The Miller hitches upon* Tickup, *and makes his Cloaths all white.*

Tick. Theſe Dogs have a Deſign upon me, I wiſh I was fairly out; Death, what a Coat is here? [*Aſide.*

Tole. Come, come, put about the Pot.

Tick. My Service to you, Sir, *(drinks)* the King's Health——

Cob. I love the King—and ſo kiſs me agen. [*Claps his Hands on his Cheeks, and pulls him to kiſs him, and leaves them all black.*

Tick. Confound the Raſcal! how his Breath ſtinks—— Well, what ſay you now, Gentlemen, will you both give me your Votes?

Tole.

Tole. Give you my Vote! that will bring no Grift to my Mill, d'ye ſee.

Cob. Get out and walk before my Door, now, two or three Turns, and I'll tell you more of my Mind.

Tick. Death, he'll make me jump over a Stick by and by. [*Gets out and walks.*

Well, what ſay you now?

Tole. You have a plaguy Hitch in your Pace, you learnt to dance of ſome *Frenchman*, I'm certain.

Cob. Ha, ha, ha, ha, I think that you'd think me a Fool, if I ſhould give you my Vote, now.

Tick. How ſo, pray?

Cob. How ſo! ha, ha, ha, you that are a fine bred Gentleman, here d'ye ſee——yet can ſtoop ſo low, as to kiſs, and humour ſuch a dirty Fellow as I am, purely to buy my Vote——I dan't know, d'ye zee, but for a good round Sum you might be prevail'd upon to zell my Country, ha, ha, ha, ha: Look ye, I dan't like you comming Sparks——you ſhould be a little more coy, ha, ha, ha.

Tick. You are merry, Friend.

Cob. Not ſo merry as you think for, mehaps——but Vriend me no Vriend, go troop, Nouns, he looks like a Jeſuit, does he not, Neighbour *Tolefree*?

Tole. Pull off his Whore's Hair, an ze an he has not a bald Crown.

Tick. The Devil! they'll ſtrip me by and by, I had as good walk off, for theſe are both damn'd *Whigs*, I find that.

Cob. Ha, ha, he's gone! an he be not a plaguey High Boy, I'm miſtaken. Come Neighbour *Tolefree*, you and I will take a Pot of Ale together, to Sir *John Worthy*'s Health, you'll vote for him, wol you not?

Tol. Yes, that I wol——for all my Lady has been tampering with my Wife *Margery*, and has given her a vine Silk Gown, and a huge high Head——but I dreſs'd my Dame's Jacket for her, and made her carry 'em agen; odsfleſh, we ſhould have rare Times, an we were to be rul'd by our Wives, you know, ha, ha. [*Exit.*

Enter Alderman Credulous.

Alderman. Ha, ha, ha, I can but laugh to think how

my Wife's Brother, the Mayor, has over-reach'd his Daughter.

Enter Sir Roger Truſty.

Sir Roger. Mr. Alderman *Credulous!* your moſt humble Servant, Sir, I'm glad to ſee you ſo merry; pray what may be the Occaſion?

Ald. Family Affairs, Sir *Roger*; my Brother has diſpos'd of his Daughter——that's all.

Sir Rog. Humph! not as he expected; tho' I believe, for her Advantage, I hope. [*Aſide.*

Ald. Ay, ay, Sir *Roger*, we Fathers know what's good for our Children, better than they do themſelves; they have nought to do but to ſubmit to our Pleaſures; paſſive Obedience is as abſolutely neceſſary in our Wives and Children, as in Subjects to the Monarch; is not your Opinion the ſame, Sir *Roger?*

Sir Rog. Yes, whilſt Huſbands, Fathers and Monarchs exact nothing from us, contrary to our Religion and Laws: But pray, Mr. *Alderman*, how came you ſo paſſive? I remember you wore other Principles in Eighty Eight — this is not natural, *Alderman.*

Ald. Eighty-Eight! that's a long Time ago; I know ſome Men that have worn out twenty Sets of Principles ſince Eighty-Eight, both Men of the Robe, and Men of the Crown.

Sir Rog. More the Pity, *Alderman*, I am ſorry Nature did not diſtinguiſh Men of ſuch Principles from the reſt of her Handywork, that we might enjoy her Gifts more amply, and be more thankful for the Bleſſing. When I reflect that I am of the ſame Species with the Betrayers of my Country (for ſure that Crime is the greateſt of all others) I could almoſt wiſh to wear any other Form of the Creation. Life is a Bleſſing, or a Curſe, according to the Fame we purchaſe, and he that redeems twenty of his Fellow Creatures from the ſlaviſh Yoke of Tyranny, does an Action worthy of a Man that bears the Image of his Creator, whilſt he who ſeeks by Treachery to inſlave his Kind, to feed Ambition, Avarice, or Revenge, is only the Peſt of human Society, and ought to have a Mark ſet upon him, that we might ſhun him as we would the Plague.

Ald.

Ald. Ay, ay, ſo it ought to be, Sir *Roger*; but I have read ſomewhere,

Nature to Man's Breaſt has made no Window,
To ſhow us what they act within Doors.

For my Part, I am for the Church, and my Country.

Sir Rog. So am I; their Intereſts are inſeparable; who gives up one, betrays the other: For my Part, I intend to ſtand or fall by both; therefore I hope you'll do me the Honour of your Vote, Mr. *Alderman.*

Ald. Why truly, Sir *Roger*, I am pre-engag'd, I won't tell a Lie for the Matter.

Sir Rog. To who pray?

Ald. Why to Squire *Tickup.*

Sir Rog. Tickup! Why he's a Fellow not worth a Groat, and a known *Jacobite.*

Ald. Nay, look ye as to that, his Means and his Religion is nothing to me; let his Creditors take care of one, and our Parſon o'th' t'other; for my Part, I'm for the Church, as I ſaid before, and would rather be a Papiſt than a Preſbyterian.

Sir Rog. Why, where's the Neceſſity of your being either? Come, come, there's a more convincing Argument than what you have nam'd—Mr. *Tickup* is recommended by ſome great Man on whom you have Dependance.

Ald. Great Man! Why yes, truly, he is a pretty large Man; and I have, I truſt Heaven, very great Dependance on what he ſays: The Parſon of the Pariſh, you know, ought to be regarded, Sir *Roger*, and he told me that Mr. *Tickup* was a good Churchman, and pray'd me to vote for him, and to get all my Friends to do the ſame, if I would promote the Intereſt of the Church.

Sir Rog. Ay, the Intereſt of the Church of *Rome*, not that of *England*; why I'll undertake to prove this Fellow deep in the Intereſt of young *Perkin*, and that he and his Friend at *Villa Coumbe*, has bought up, and ſent for his Service, more than two thouſand Horſes within theſe laſt four Years; and can ſuch a Man be a proper Perſon to repreſent you in that auguſt Aſſembly, where the People of *Gotham* expect to have theſe pernicious Meaſures redreſt?

Ald. Why I am confounded at what you tell me.

Sir Rog. I am amaz'd to find you in the Intereſt of the High-Boys, you that are a Clothier! What, can you be

for giving up Trade to *France*, and ſtarving poor Weavers?

Ald. Trade, piſh, piſh, our Parſon ſays that's only the Whig's Cant, and that if the Bill of Commerce had paſs'd, it wou'd have been of ſignal Service to us.

Sir Reg. Which Way, I pray, Alderman?

Ald. Nay, I never aſk'd him that; tho' not doubt but he can tell you, for he is a learn'd Man, and underſtands Matters better than I do.

Sir Reg. It is much to be wiſh'd for the Honour of our Religion, and the Safety of our State, that thoſe learned Men were more induſtrious in the Cure of Souls, and leſs buſy in Politicks —— But come, come, Mr. *Alderman*, there is yet a Secret behind the Curtain; pray what cou'd Mr. *Tickup*, or any of his Friends oblige you with, that is not in my Power to have done?—You and I have been good Friends, and if a Brace of Hundreds had been wanting—why, we could have ſerv'd you as well as they.

Ald. So, ſo, I find whereabouts you are already. Well, there is nothing kept a Secret in this damn'd Town: However, I had not thoſe two hundred Pounds by Way of Bribe, I aſſure you, Sir *Roger*.

Sir Reg. Ha, ha, why then you had two hundred Pounds?

Ald. Yes, I confeſs, Mr. *Blowcoal* our Parſon did give me Bills for two hundred Pounds, part of a Sum, he ſaid, that was given him for charitable Uſes, and bad me diſpoſe of it to proper Objects, as I thought fit, but not to bribe Votes, I aſſure you.

Sir Reg. No, no, no, no, 'twas to build Churches, I ſuppoſe, and reward ſecret Merit, ha, ha, ha, ha; but I am ſorry, for your Sake, that they made their Payment in Paper: ——Pray let me ſee thoſe Bills——who are they upon?

Ald. See them! Ay——there they are, Sir *Roger*.

[*Gives him Bills.*

Sir Reg. (*Looks on 'em.*) Upon Sir *Charles Wealthy!* As I ſuſpected: ——Why he is a Bankrupt, not worth a Groat, ha, ha, ha; why you are bit, Alderman; *Blowcoal* has bit you, ha, ha, ha; Charity, quotha! Yes, this is Charity with a Vengeance.

Ald.

Ald. How! Am I trick'd? But you are not in Earneſt, Sir *Roger*, are you?

Sir Reg. As certainly as that I myſelf loſt five hundred Pound by the ſame Banker: I tell you, Sir *Charles Wealthy* has been gone off this Month.

Ald. The Devil he has! Odſheart, I am finely ſerv'd; why, I'm out of Pocket the Lord knows what: Death! I ſhall loſe all Patience!

Sir Reg. Look ye, Mr. *Alderman*, if you'll yet hear Reaſon, I'll make up all this Matter; ſee here, *(pulls out a Purſe)* here's two hundred Guineas in this Purſe; all ready Caſh, hang Paper; here's the beſt Proviſion for charitable Uſes.—— Mr. *Alderman!* hark how religiouſly they chink; what ſay you? Come, for once, ſerve yourſelf and your Country, old Boy.

Ald. But are you ſure theſe Bills are not worth a Farthing, Sir *Roger?* [*Sir* Roger *claps the Bills into his Pockets, and takes out ſome Papers, and tears 'em in ſmall Pieces.*

Sir Reg. Sure on't, aye, as ſure as I am that my Name is *Roger Truſty*;——and thus I ſacrifice them to your Reſentment, Mr. *Alderman*, and now——

Ald. Death, Hell, and the Devil, I'm undone——but if I'm not reveng'd.——

Sir Reg. (Plays with the Purſe.) It was a curſed Trick indeed to affront an Alderman of a Corporation at this Rate.

Ald. Give me the Purſe; *(Sir* Roger *ſlops it into his Hand)* and now, Sir *Roger*, I am yours; if I do not fit Parſon *Blowcoal*, ſay I am the Son of a dead Cinder.—— I'll bring ſixteen Votes, Sir *Roger*; egad I'll over reach the Rogues, I warrant 'em: This Purſe is a Pledge for my Performance. [*Exit.*

Sir Reg. And theſe Bills a Pledge for that Purſe. Ha, ha, ha. *(takes out the Bills)* I'll ſend my Servant to receive the Money immediately; I think I have paid them in their own Coin.

Tho' at laſt we have the Advantage got,
We give the Treat, but they ſhall pay the Shot.

SCENE Mallet's *Son's Houſe.*

Mallet, *his Son*, *Lady* Worthy, *Goody* Gabble, *Goody* Shallow,

low, Sly *and his Wife, and Midwife with the Child; ſeveral Men and Women drinking, as at a Chriſtning, a Quaker filling Wine, and a Fidler playing.*

Enter Tickup.

Mallet. We began to deſpair of your Company, Sir, we have Chriſten'd the Child—— but we got one to ſtand in your Place, 'Squire.

Tick. Very well, I'll take the Charge upon me,

Midwife. (Preſenting the Child.) Here's your Godſon, Sir, a fine thumping Boy, he is almoſt big enough to aſk you Bleſſing.

Tick. A fine Child, indeed —— *(He takes the Child and kiſſes it, and gives it a Silver Cup.)* Here, Sirrah, here's a Cup for you, and beſure you drink my Health out of it as ſoon as you can ſpeak, do you hear——— Which is the Father?

Mal. This is my Son, 'Squire.

Sen. Sir, you do me much Honour.

Tick. Sir, I wiſh you much Joy of my Godſon,—and may your good Lady bring you every Year ſuch another. Well, which are the Godmothers? that I may diſcharge my Duty.

Goody Sly. Why, I am one, for want of a better, Sir.

Tick. Say you ſo! Have at you then. [*Kiſſes her.*

G. Gab. And I'm t'other, ſweet 'Squire.

Tick. Goody Gabble; (kiſſes her) nay, I'm to go round,—— and you too, Mrs. Midnight; kiſs me, you old Jade you ———

Mid. Well, well, you Gentlemen are very happy at Midnight, ſometimes——Old Jade! Not ſo old neither, but I can have a Civility done me by as fine a Gentleman as your 'Squire's Worſhip, I'd have you to know.

Tick. P'ſhaw, who diſputes that?—Old Jade is my favourite Name; you muſt know, egad, I love an old Woman —— I would not give a Fig for your green Girls, not I.

G. Sly. Ah, you are a merry Gentleman——He has a breath as ſweet as a Cow——he kiſſes rarely well——*Roger*, you ſhall give this Gentleman your Vote, *Roger*.

[*Aſide to her Huſband.*

Roger. So, he has tickled her Fancy already.

G. Sly. I fancy you are a rare Dancer, 'Squire; pray will you give us a Jigg?

Tick. A Jigg! Ay, with all my Heart, if you'll dance with me, Dame.

G. Sly. A lack, 'Squire, I can't dance, 'Squire.

Tick. I warrant thee, Dame:——Come, ſtrike up, Fiddle. [*He kiſſes her.*

G. Sly. Nay, ſure I ſhall not be able to do it with ſuch a fine Gentleman as you. [*They dance.*

Roger. (*Goes up to his Wife.*) Get home, you Beaſt, you, wol ye? A Plague o' your jigging, will you ne'er ha jigging enough?

Tick. I hope you are not angry! Rather than diſoblige you, I'll kiſs your Wife no more.

G. Sly. Look ye there now, *Roger*——you are always doing Miſchief, ſo you are.

Lady. An't you aſham'd of yourſelf, *Roger?*

Roger. Aſham'd of myſelf; vor what, I tro?

Lady. Methinks you ſhould take it as an Honour.

Roger. What, vor him to lie with my Wife! Look ye, Madam, you may keep that Honour for Sir *John*, an you woll.

Lady. You ſaucy impudent Raſcal! Who do you talk to, Sirrah?

G. Gab. Fye, Neighbour *Sly*, you uſe my Lady like a common Woman, ſo you do.

Roger. If ſhe's as common as thoſe that take her Part, I'm ſure ſhe's common enough.

G. Gab. Meaning me, Sirrah——I'll make you prove your Words, you Rogue you:——Why *Gregory, Gregory Gabble*, I ſay—do you hear what this Rogue *Sly* ſays? [Gregory *is kiſſing a Woman.*

See, ſee, the Villain is minding his Pleaſures, when he ſhould be vindicating his Wife;—but I'll ſwinge you,—I'll cool your Courage when I get you at home, I will ſo——— [*Clapping her Hands.*

Lady. This Raſcal, *Sly*, was againſt the Peace, I remember it well——and I'll have you hang'd for't, I will, you Pantile Monſter.

Roger. Nay, when ſuch as you talk of Peace, we know the Devil is beating up for Volunteers, ha, ha.

Tick. Prithee, my dear Life, don't put thyſelf into a Paſſion,

Paſſion.——Mr. *Sly*, I aſk your Pardon, if I have given you any Offence.

Roger. I am no Pope, Sir; ——but I ha done.

Mal. Why that's well ſaid——my Neighbour *Sly*'s an honeſt Man, he takes nothing ill, I'll ſay that for him. Pray, Mr. *Tickup*, drink to my Neighbour *Sly*.

Tick. I fill'd the Glaſs for the ſame Purpoſe. Mr. *Sly*, my hearty Service to you.

Roger. Don't Maſter me, Sir,——I'm but a poor Man; my Name is *Roger Sly*, d'ye ſee, that's all.

Mal. (*To the Quaker.*) Neighbour *Scruple*, will you do me the Favour to give this honeſt Gentleman your Vote?

Scruple. Verily, Neighbour *Mallet*,——I do think I ſhall not do it.

Mal. Why ſo?

Scru. Am I oblig'd to give thee my Reaſons?

Mal. No, not oblig'd, but I would be glad to know them.

Scru. Why then thou ſhalt know them. Between thee and me, Neighbour *Mallet*, I do not take him for an honeſt Man.

Lady. Not an honeſt Man! Why what can you ſay againſt his Honeſty?——He's none of your canting Congregation, that's all.

Scru. I did not direct my Diſcourſe to thee; and I wou'd adviſe thee not to put thyſelf into a Paſſion, it will much diſorder thy outward Woman——and make thy Lovers leſs deſiring.

Lady. My Lovers! Goodman Gooſe-crown, who told you that I had Lovers, ha? Goodman *Mallet*, why do you let your Son take Wine of this old canting Villain, when there is ten times better either at the Pope's Head, —or the Devil?

Scru. Yea, verily, I do perceive that thou art much in the Intereſt of thoſe two that thou haſt nam'd, by thy Language and thy Actions.

Lady. And what are you in the Intereſt of, Sirrah?—Not of your Country,—you, you, you—Spawn of old Noll, you——Here, Fidler, play me the Tune of, *The King ſhall enjoy his own again.*

Sly. Ay, let 'en, let 'en an he dares; 'zbud I ha' no Papiſts Tunes play'd where I am; play Lillibullera, you Rogue.

Lady.

Lady. You won't have no Papiſts Tunes! Sirrah, play what I bad you.

Sly. Wounds, play what I bad ye, ye Dog, or I'll break your Fiddle about your Ears. [*He plays Lillibullero.*

Lady. You Preſbyterian Son of a Conventicle, how dare you contradict me, Sirrah? [*Strikes him on the Face, and makes his Noſe bleed.*

G. Sly. Murder, Murder, my Huſband's all of a gore Blood; ah, you are a good one to ſtrike a Man, I warrant ye.

Lady. I'll murder you, you dirty, draggle-tail'd Slut; take that Huſwife. [*Strikes Goody* Sly, *and makes her Noſe bleed; ſhe blows it into her Hand, and ſhows it, crying.*

G. Sly. See, ſee here, ſee here, how they begin to ſpill Proteſtant Blood already; oh you Papiſt Devil, you;——ay, this is what you wou'd be at.

Sly. Zounds, if ſhe carries this off, —I'll be hang'd alive; I'll dreſs her down, I warrant her, an ſhe be for fighting. [*Offers to ſtrip; they hold him.*

Mal. O fie, is ſhe not a Woman?

Sly. Nay, aſk her Spark there, he knows beſt, or he's foully bely'd on—A Woman! a ſhameleſs Beaſt is ſhe!

Tick. Let me perſuade your Ladyſhip to leave the Room. [*Aſide to the Lady.*

Lady. No, I'll have the Blood, the Blood, the Blood of theſe confounded Whigiſh Dogs. [*Stamps and Tears.*

Tick. Indeed you'll ruin the Deſign by theſe Paſſions; did not I intend to eruſh them a more effectual Way? You ſhou'd ſee how we wou'd uſe them now; but we muſt bear with their Saucineſs now, if we expect to gain our Ends;——you will by theſe Meaſures fright 'em all into your Huſband's Intereſt.

Lady. Oh, oh, oh, well, well, that Thought has cool'd me, and I'll retire to your Lodgings, make what Haſte you can after me, where we will meditate on Revenge to come. [*Exit.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Mayor is gone to the Hall, Sir, and the Election is begun.

Tick. Well, Gentlemen, I hope you'l give me your Votes;

Votes; none shall do more for your Town than I will, I promise you. [*Exit.*

Ser. Here's a Letter for you, Mr. *Scruple*, from your Wine Merchant, Monsieur *Traffick*, the Man says.

[*Gives* Scruple *a Letter.*

Scru. (Reads.) *I should take it as a particular Favour, if you wou'd give Mr.* Tickup *your Vote, who is now with you in* Gotham; *he is an honest Gentleman, I assure you.*— Yes, it would be a very particular Favour, truly.

Mal. What wou'd, Mr. *Scruple?*

Scru. Why thou must know, that this Letter comes from a *Frenchman*, to direct my Vote for a Member in the *English* Senate, ha, ha.

Mal. Perhaps there may be no harm in it, the Gentleman might mean it well.

Scru. Yea, he doth mean it well for himself, no doubt on't; but he doth not mean it well for me——But come, let us to the Hall, Neighbours.

Mal. Ay, ay, to the Hall, and act as Conscience, or our Interest leads. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Friendly *and* Lucy.

Friend. I hope you are convinc'd, Madam, of your Father's Principle, and what you must have suffer'd from it, if I had been really what I am represented.

Lucy. I do believe the Design you speak of; a Nunnery! Heaven! I shudder at the Thought.

Friend. Ay; where swarms of Nuns and Priests daily curse your Country, by *Bell*, *Book*, and *Candle*, where you must have been taught to pray for its Destruction too.

Lucy. No! Had I been trapan'd to that curs'd Place, tho' but a poor defenceless Maid alone; yet I'd have shown 'em a true *British* Soul, and dy'd before I wou'd have chang'd my Faith.

Friend. Well said, Madam; but to the Point—you will not sure return to your Father, and put it in his Power to betray you a second Time?

Lucy. No, that I won't.

Friend. May I not hope some Share in your Esteem?

Lucy. No whining, Love, I'm not to be caught that Way;

Way;— this Day I am of Age, and I chuſe you for my Guardian,——and if you can bring me unqueſtionable Proofs of your being an honeſt Man;— that you have always been a Lover of your Country;— a true Aſſertor of her Laws and Privileges; and that you'd ſpend every Shilling of my Portion, in Defence of Liberty and Property, againſt *Perkin* and the Pope, I'll ſign, ſeal, and deliver myſelf into your Hands the next Hour.

Friend. If I do not this, may I meet the Fate which every Traytor to his Land deſerves, my charming Heroine! [*A Noiſe of a Mob without, crying, A* Tickup, *a* Tickup; *A* Worthy, *a* Worthy; *A* Truſty, *a* Truſty.

Lucy. The Election is begun; where ſhall I ſtay conceal'd!

Friend. At my Lodgings, Madam, where you ſhall quickly have the Proof that you demand, to make my Happineſs compleat.

Enter Mob with their Candidates at the Head of each Party, one bearing a Pope, and wooden Shoes, with Wool in their Hats; the other a Tub, with a Woman Preacher in it, and Laurel in their Hats; crying on one Side, A Tickup, *a* Tickup; *on the other, A* Worthy, *a* Worthy, *huzza.*

Ben Blunt. No *Pope*, no *Perkin*; a *Worthy*, a *Worthy*.

Tim. Shal. No Tub-preaching; no Liberty and Property Men.

Gr. Gab. A *Tickup*, a *Tickup*, a *Tickup*.

Ben. Blunt. No Fire and Faggot;— no wooden Shoes; no Trade-Sellers; a Low Bow, a Low Bow.

Tim. Shal. Z'blead! who made you a Politician, in the Devil's Name? [*Knocks him down*; Blunt *gets up and collars him, and pulls him down, and gets on him, and boxes him: Half a Score more falls together by the Ears.*

Gr. Gab. Down with 'em, down with 'em.

Rog. Sly. Nay, an you're for that Sport, have at ye: No *Pope*; no *Perkin*; knock 'em down; down with the Dogs; down with their Champion——down with that frenchify'd Dog, *Tickup*: No High Boy; no High Boy.

Shal. No *Worthy*, no *Worthy*; a High Boy, a High Boy. [*Exeunt fighting.*

Enter

Enter Mr. Scoredouble, Friendly, *and* Lucy.

Score. I wiſh you much Joy with all my Heart, Madam, you are the nineteenth Bride I have been Father to, and I never gave one to an honeſter Man in my Life, I'll say that for him.

Friend. I thank you, Landlord——And it ſhall be my conſtant Study to make you happy, Madam, and by my future Actions convince you, that you have not miſe amiſs. [*To* Lucy.

Lucy. I cannot be unhappy, if your Conduct anſwers your Character; a moderate Man, from a true innate Principle of Virtue, ſcorns to betray even his Enemies, much leſs his Country or Faith. [*A great Shout within.*

Enter Mob, bearing the choſen Member on Poles, in a Chair, huzzaing croſs the Stage.

The Mayor following.

Mayor. I ſay it is an unfair Election, and I'll return Mr. *Tickup.*——Hn! What do I ſee?

Friend. Your Son and Daughter, Sir, if you pleaſe to give us your Bleſſing. [*Kneels.*

Mayor. The Devil! Down-right *Engliſh*, Sirrah; I'll have you laid by the Heels, for a Cheat.

Lucy. Then he'll recriminate, my dear Father, and, ten to one, tell how powerfully the Promiſe of *French* Piſtoles ſway'd your Conſcience, ha, ha.

Mayor. There's a Jade, now; Zounds, that ever I begot her. Huſwife, if you are married to that raſcally, cheating, canting Low Boy—may—Hell confound you both. [*Exit.*

Friend. Ha, ha, ha, mind not his Curſes, my dear *Lucy*, I'll be both a Father and a Huſband to thee.

Lucy. I do believe you, and thank you for this Deliverance; for if I had eſcap'd a Nunnery, ten to one but I had been thrown into the Arms of ſome of my Father's Principle, and that wou'd have been as bad.

This is my Maxim, in a marry'd Life,
Who hates his Country, ne'er can love his Wife.

A WIFE WELL MANAG'D.

A FARCE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

DON Piſalto, *deſigned to have been repreſented by* — —	—	*Mr.* Norris.
Father Bernardo	—	*Mr.* Shepherd.
Teague	— — —	*Mr.* Miller.

WOMEN.

Lady Piſalto	— —	*Mrs.* Baker.
Inis	— — — —	*Miſs* Younger.

SCENE, LISBON.

A

WIFE well MANAG'D.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Lady Piſalto, *and* Inis.

Lady. AH, *Inis!* My Indiſpoſition is not to be cur'd.

Inis. Not without applying the proper Medicine, I grant ye.—Well, had I ſuch a Confeſſor as Father *Bernardo*—I ſay no more—but I fancy nothing wou'd trouble my Conſcience long.

Lady. What do you mean?

Inis. My Meaning depends upon yours, Madam; pray what do you mean by painting Father *Bernardo*'s Picture in every Room in the Houſe, at your Bed's-head, your Toilet, at the Bottom of your Crucifix, at every Corner of your Handkerchief, nay, upon your very Fan too, as if the good Father, like the Traveller in the Fable, cou'd heat and cool at once?

Lady. Is there any harm in wearing a good Man's Picture? Is he not one of the Pillars of our Church? Eminent for declaiming againſt Hereſy and Schiſm, and fain wou'd reconcile the World to *Rome*'s pure Religion? Oh, they are bleſt that he converts; happy the Pair, who e'er they be, that are in Wedlock join'd by him. Wou'd I had been one of thoſe.

Inis. If the good Father has this healing Art, why are you uneaſy? A little of his comfortable Conſolation wou'd revive the Colour in thoſe Cheeks, and give great Satiſfaction

faction to your Mind, or I have loſt my Judgment, and I don't uſe to be out in my Gueſs, where Love's the Riddle.

Lady. Well, ſince thou haſt hit my Diſtemper ſo exactly, Girl, I'll confeſs ingenuouſly to thee, I do love Father *Bernardo* to Diſtraction; but how to diſcover my Paſſion, or what Reception it may meet with when diſcover'd, is that which racks me.

Inis. A kind one I warrant you, Madam: For tho' Prieſts are forbid to marry, as a mortal Sin, Fornication was never reckon'd more than Venial; and for a Diſcovery, whilſt there's Pen, Ink, and Paper in the World, a Woman can never be at a Loſs to tell her Mind. Write to him, Madam, write to him.

Lady. But who ſhall carry it?

Inis. Your *Iriſh* Footman; he's a ſimple, honeſt Fellow, and may eaſily be manag'd; do you write your Letter, Madam, and I'll give him Inſtructions in the mean Time.

Lady. I'll do it this Minute. [*Exit* Lady.

[Inis *goes to the Door and calls* Teague.

Enter Teague.

Teague. Well, Mrs. *Inis*; What Commands have you for Teague now?

Inis. Do you think you can do a Meſſage cunningly, Teague?

Teague. Cunningly! Yes, Faith, we are all ſo cunning now—What for a Meſſage is it?

Inis. It is a Letter for Father *Bernardo* at the Convent of St. *Francis!* if you do it handſomely, a Moidore is your Reward; do you hear, but if you make any Miſtake———

Teague. Hub, bub, bub, bu, Miſtake! No Faith won't I, Arra! An will you be after giving me the Moidore indeed, and by my Shoul now?

Inis. Upon Honour,———

Teague. Arra, ſay no more now——I will be here agen in a Quarter of an Hour. [*Going.*

Inis. But you muſt ſtay for the Letter, *Teague.*

Teague. No, no, 'tis no Matter; I have a very clean Letter

Letter in my Pocket which will do very well upon my Shoul, *(going)* and save Time, yes Faith will it.

Inis. Ha, ha; no, no, *Teague*, that won't do; come along with me, and I'll give you the Letter; but if you shou'd meet my Master, *Don Pisalto*, not a Word of the Letter for your Life—And I charge you to give it into no Hands but the Priest's, and bring me an Answer, and then the Moidore is your own.

Teague. Faith will I.—— [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Teague *with the Letter.*

Teague. Arra, 'pon my Shoul, I have forgot this plaguy Priest's Name——Yes, Faith have I — Father *Bom*, *Bom*, *Bom*——By St. *Patrick* I don't know who to ask for now —Arra, What shall I do?——Who the Devil shall I get to read the Outside of this Letter now?

Enter Don Pisalto *behind him, and looks over his Shoulder on the Letter.*

Don Pis. For Father *Bernardo.*

Teague. Oh, 'pon my Shoulvation dat is the Name now. [*Turns quick upon* Don Pisalto. Ha, my Maistre! What shall I say now? [*Aside.*

Don Pis. Whither are you going with that Letter, Sirrah? It is my Wife's Hand. [*Aside.*

Teague. Ha, ha, 'pon my Shoul, a very good Jest; first reads the Direction, and then asks me whither it goes.

Don Pis. It may not prove so good a Jest as you think, Sirrah ——Who gave you that Letter?

Teague. Arra, Maistre, you are very uncivil now to enquire into other Folks Business, so you are; yes Faith are you.

Don Pis. I shall be so very uncivil to break your Head, Rascal, if you don't answer me to the Purpose; give me the Letter, you Dog you.

Teague. Faith won't I——That's the Way to lose the Moidore, which I am to have for carrying it.

Don Pis. A Moidore for carrying it! Sure the Business must be very urgent, when the Postage is so dear. Give it me, I say, or, or, [*Lays his Hand to his Sword.*

Teague. No, 'pon my Shoul won't I.

Don Pis. Won't you, Sirrah? [*Draws and beats him.*

Teague.

Teague. Arra, take the Letter. *(Throws it down.)* Pox upon me, if I don't wiſh the Devil had you both, yes Faith do I; for poor *Teague* loſes his Moidore now, and Mrs. *Inis* will never ſend me of no more Arrands, no Faith won't ſhe.

Don Piſ. Inis, ho! Did ſhe give it you?— [*Opens it.*

Teague. Yes, indeed now; and I believe there is ſome very great Sin in the Letter now, that the good Father was to ſend his Pardon for, ſo I do.

Don Piſ. Monſtrous! What do I ſee? Yes, here is a Sin with a Witneſs—*(Reads)* "Dear Father, you'll for-"give me when I tell you, that the more I ſee you, the "more I hate my Huſband; *(very fine)* and the more I "pray againſt Temptation, the more powerfully my In-"clinations plead in your Behalf *(Furies and Diſtraction)* "——I implore your charitable Aſſiſtance to conquer "this unruly Sin—*(Yes, I'll help you with a Vengeance to "you)*——Nothing but your Company can prolong the "Life of *Flora.*" *(Say you ſo, Miſtreſs?)* Very well. *Inis* gave you this Letter, you ſay?

Teague. Yes, Faith did ſhe—Arra dear honny Maiſtre; an you have don with the Letter give it me now, that I may carry it to the good Father, what de ye call him, or I ſhall loſe the Moidore, yes Faith ſhall I.

Don Piſ. Ha! A lucky Thought comes into my Head, and this Fellow's Simplicity is of Uſe: Hark ye, *Teague*, come you along with me, I am acquainted with Father *Bernardo*, I'll procure you an Anſwer to this Letter—It is as you ſay, a Letter of Confeſſion, and I believe *Inis* might not perform Articles with you, if ſhe knew I had ſeen it; but take you no Notice of that, do you hear—And there is two Moidores for you, Sirrah. [*Exit.*

Teague. Oh, by my Shoul *Teague* is dum——Now I ſhall have three Moidores; Faith, this is a lucky Beating for poor *Teague*; now will I drink St. *Patrick*'s Health till I am as red as a Potato, yes Faith will I. [*Exit.*

Enter Father Bernardo.

Bern. I have had very odd Dreams to Night; methought I was in Bed with Lady *Piſalto*——Ah, wou'd it was true, for ſhe is a charming Woman; by St. *Anthony* I never heard her Confeſſion, but my Virtue is much ſtag-

ger'd;

ged'd; the Fleſh and Spirit hold ſtrong Contention; oh, ſhe's a delicious Morſel.

Enter Don Piſalto.

Ha! Her Huſband, I hope did not overhear me.

Don Piſ. So, I have diſpatch'd the *Iriſhman.* Ha! Father *Bernardo*, well met; I was going to your Convent; I have a Favour to aſk of you.

Bern. You command me, Senior *Piſalto*, pray what is it?

Don Piſ. Why, I muſt deſire you to procure me a Habit of your Order for an Hour or two.

Bern. I hope you have no Enterprize in View, that may ſcandalize the Prieſthood.

Don Piſ. Pie, fie, does a Man of my Years give you Room for Suſpicion? Beſides, I am a married Man you know.

Bern. And to the moſt beautiful Lady in *Madrid*—— A religious, virtuous Lady: Ah, you are a happy Man, Senior.

Don Piſ. A Curſe on the Happineſs—Her Virtue, and your Sanctity, Father, might have begot a Monſter, call'd a Cuckold, if Fortune had not flung me in the Way to prevent it.

Bern. What ſay you, Senior?

Don Piſ. I ſay I am contented, Father.

Bern. Contented! Why another Man wou'd be tranſported, raviſh'd, nay almoſt guilty of Idolatry.

Don Piſ. Humph! There would have been fine Work if they had come together; oh, theſe Prieſts are full of Abſtinence, and Piety! *(Aſide)* If you'll oblige me with a Habit, let it be immediately, and I ſhou'd be proud if you'd give me your Company this Evening to ſup with my Wife and I; I'll aſſure you, Father, ſhe has a profound Reſpect for you.

Bern. I am much oblig'd to her, Senior; I'll not fail to accept your kind Invitation: Come along with me, and I'll give you the Habit —— A profound Reſpect for me—— Oh, that it were Love. [*Aſide.*

Don Piſ. I'll ſend for them this Minute, Father; but

now I muſt pay a Viſit to my virtuous Wife, and ſee how ſhe bears her Expectation.

'Mmong ſt all the Ills which clog this mortal Life,
The moſt accurſt, and veriеſt Plague is Wife. [Exit.

SCENE *Changes.*

Enter Lady *reading a Letter*; Inis *following.*

Lady. He has anſwer'd me as I could wiſh——Dear, dear *Inis*, how ſhall I reward thee? Take that in Earneſt of my future Kindneſs: He ſays he will come in the Twilight, which will ſoon be here, tho' not ſo ſoon as I cou'd wiſh it:——He deſires, for Reaſons which he will give me, he ſays, to be admitted in the Dark, which Caution does not diſpleaſe me, ſince it will prevent the Confuſion I ſhou'd be in after ſuch a Declaration.—

Inis. He did that on purpoſe, Madam; he is a true Cavalier, and underſtands his Buſineſs to a Hair; he knows Darkneſs is neceſſary upon theſe Occaſions; it prevents a Lady's Bluſhes.—Ods heart, Madam, here's my Lord, I hear him cough.

Lady. Oh miſchievous Minute!——Here, here, run down the back Stairs, and burn that Letter immediately. [*Exit* Inis.

I'll to my Book. [*Sits down, and takes up a Book.*

Enter Don Piſalto.

Don Piſ. There ſhe ſits—as if ſhe knew nothing of the Matter,—a Cockatrice;—What always at thy Devotion, Figgup?

Lady. How can I paſs my Time better in your Abſence, Pudſey? Were it not for theſe good Books, I ſhou'd be very melancholy when you are from me, Pudſey.

Don Piſ. Hell confound her for a diſſembling Witch. [*Aſide.*

Lady. What ails my Pudſey? You look out of Humour with your nown Figgup: What have I done, ha?

Don Piſ. Nothing yet, I hope;—but that's no Fault of her's.

Lady. Nay, what are you ſtudying for, Pud, ha!

Don Piſ. Why if you muſt know, little Figgey,—then I'll tell thee; *Don Cammary* lays claim to Part of that Eſtate

tate I bought laſt Year, and I muſt be oblig'd to leave my dear Figgup for two or three Hours this Evening, in Order to conſult my Lawyers about that Matter, that's all, Figgey:——And I was afraid thou ſhould'ſt take it ill of thy nown Pud.

Lady. Lucky beyond Expreſſion. *(Aſide.)* No, no, Pud, I am not ſo unreaſonable neither;——I can divert myſelf with my Books till thy Return——But do Puddey——make all the Haſte you can to your nown Figgup.—

Don Piſ. Ay, ay, more haſte than you wiſh I dare ſwear. *(Aſide.)* That I will my Precious.—— [*Going.*

Lady. What never a parting Kiſs, Pudſey? Oh, you don't love your Figgup! Go, go, you are a naughty Hubby;——I, I, I, I, wiſh I cou'd love you leſs than I do, ſo I do. [*Sobbing, taking out her Handkerchief.*

Don Piſ. Did ever Woman make a Cuckold with a better Grace? Ounds, ſhe outdoes an *Engliſh* Wife——Nay don't weep, Figgup; I'll ſtay with thee, let the Eſtate go how it will, rather than diſpleaſe my little Figgey.——

Lady. Heaven forbid; that would be carrying the Jeſt too far. *(Aſide.)* No, no! I don't deſire that Pud.

Don Piſ. No, I dare ſwear it. [*Aſide.*

Lady. Go; but give me a kind Kiſs firſt, Pudſey.

Don Piſ. Ah, you are a coaxing Baggage. *(Kiſſes her.)* Well, good-by, Figgey. [*Exit.*

Lady. Good-by, Pudſey—with all my Heart.

Enter Inis.

He is gone, Girl, moſt fortunately.

Inis. I overheard all, and wiſh you Joy of this lucky Opportunity——Come, come, Madam, away to your Chamber, 'tis near the Time——and there contemplate on your coming Joy; whilſt I, your Harbinger of Bliſs, wait to conduct the Man that is to crown your Happineſs.

Lady. I fly, I fly, Girl. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes, and diſcovers Lady* Piſalto *leaning on a Couch.*

Lady. Bleſs me, what Noiſe was that!——My Heart akes horribly, leſt this old Cuff ſhou'd return and prevent my charming Prieſt.

Enter Inis, *leading in* Don Piſalto *in a Prieſt's Habit.*

Inis. Fear nothing, Father, ſtrait forward is your Way to Happineſs.

Don Piſ. A Happineſs, I fear, will bode ſomebody no Good. Hiſt, hiſt, Daughter! Where are you? [*Ex.* Inis.

Lady. Ha! He's come;—here, here, my too charming Father; can you forgive a Woman's Weakneſs.—— [*groping about.*

Don Piſ. Common Frailties of Fleſh and Blood (*groping about*) if thou haſt pray'd againſt it, thou haſt done thy Part, and we are bound to comfort thoſe that faint.

Lady. Oh, I have often pray'd, Father, but to no Purpoſe; you are the only Object of my Wiſhes; I bluſh, tho' in the Dark, to own how much I love you——

Don Piſ. Come to my Arms, and hide thoſe Bluſhes in my Boſom. (*They meet and embrace.*) Is your Huſband ſafe?

Lady. Safe enough, tho' long he will not ſtay; Fortune ſmil'd upon my Wiſhes, and call'd him luckily abroad.

Don Piſ. Then let us improve the little Time we have; thus let me cool the raging Fever in your Blood.

[*Catches hold of her Arms, and pulls out a Rope's End, and beats her ſoundly, ſhe roars out all the while.*

Lady. Oh! What do you mean, to murder me? Inhuman Monſter! Oh! Murder, Murder, Murder,—oh, oh, oh. [*Falls on the Couch.*

Enter Inis.

Inis. Bleſs me! What's the Matter, Madam? [Don Piſalto *turns and beats her.*

Don Piſ. Only adminiſtring a little Penance, Miſtreſs; it won't be amiſs to beſtow a little Charity upon you too.

Inis. The Devil take you, and your Penance too, you old ſanctify'd Dog you: Thieves, Thieves; I'll have you equip'd for the Opera, Sirrah, I will ſo: A Light there, a Light, here's Thieves in the Houſe——Oh, oh, Murder, Thieves——my Lady's murder'd——

Don Piſ. I muſt not ſtay for a Light, leaſt they diſcover who I am:—One farewel Stroke——And now remember your Benefactor, Miſtreſs Bawd. [*Exit.*

Inis.

Inis. Yes; I ſhall remember with a Vengeance.

Enter Teague *with a Candle.*

Teague. Arra, by my Sheul what is de Matter now? Is de Houſe haunted? Has de great Devil and de little Devil put de Fright upon you both together now?

Lady. Begone, impertinent Fool.

Teague. Fool! Pon my Shoul *Iriſhmen* are no Fools:—By St. *Patrick*, we make Fools of de very great many *Engliſh*; yes, Faith, and of de *Spaniards* too.

Inis. Get out, Sirrah, or I'll fling the Candle at your Head.

Teague. Arra, Pox take your ugly Face, and him that would put a Kiſs upon't, for *Teague.* [*Exit.*

Lady. Oh, I am kill'd, *Inis!* This curſed Prieſt has kill'd me.

Inis. Was there ever ſuch a Monſter? I dare ſwear I am black from Head to Foot, he laid on moſt unmercifully:——Well, my Mind miſgives me, this Prieſt is no Man, this feels like an occaſional Correction.

Lady. Occaſional, do you call it? I'm ſure he has given me Occaſion to remember it this Twelve-month.

[Don Piſalto *within.*

Don Piſ. Figgup, why Figgup —— where are you Child?

Lady. Ah Heaven, my Huſband's Voice—Return'd ſo ſoon! What ſhall I ſay for my Indiſpoſition?

Inis. Oh Invention! Where art thou? [*Pauſes.*

Enter Don Piſalto.

Don Piſ. What, aſleep little Figgy?

Inis. Aſleep, Senior, no, no; alas, my poor Lady had like to have been kill'd ſince you went.

Don Piſ. Kill'd! As how? You make me tremble.

Inis. Going down Stairs, her Foot ſlipt, and down ſhe tumbled from Top to Bottom, and bruis'd herſelf ſo ſadly, that ſhe is not able to ſtir a Finger; it is a Mercy ſhe was not kill'd out-right.

Lady. Excellent Wench. [*Aſide.*

Don Piſ. Here's a pure Jade at Invention——They ſay the Devil's a Lyar, but I'll be hang'd if this Wench won't out-lye the Devil—I'm heartily ſorry for this Misfortune,

poor dear Figgey;——but I hope thou haſt not broke any Bones, my dear Figgup.

Lady. But I am much hurt, Pudſey.

Don Piſ. I'm ſorry for't; for I have invited Father *Bernardo* to ſup with us; I met him hardly here, and brought him back with me—becauſe I know he is a Favourite with my Figgey.

Inis. Not ſo great a Favourite as he was, if you knew all. [*Aſide.*

Lady. I beg you wou'd excuſe me, Pudſey, I cannot come down; beſides, I have no Stomach.

Inis. No! The Prieſt has given her and me Supper enough, more than we can digeſt this Twelve-month. [*Aſide.*

Don Piſ. Well, if thou can'ſt not eat, there's no more to be ſaid. Take Care of your Lady, *Inis.*—We'll drink thy Health, little Figgup. [*Exit.*

Lady. My Heart riſes at the Villain; if I ſhou'd ſee him, I think in my Soul I ſhould tear his Eyes out. Oh that I cou'd be reveng'd.

Inis. Reveng'd! What Revenge cou'd you take bad enough, Madam? 'Tis impoſſible to find Revenge equal to the Affront; a Rope's End to a Lady that expected—— I cou'd flea him alive, ſo I cou'd. [*In a Paſſion.*

Lady. My Head akes grievouſly.

Inis. Let me cover you up upon the Bed, Madam; a little Sleep will ſettle your Head agen. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes.*

Enter Don Piſalto *and Prieſt.*

Bern. Your Lady poſſeſt, ſay you?

Don Piſ. 'Tis even ſo, Father; I left her well, and ſound in her Senſes, I thought, about two Hours ago; but now ſhe raves, calls Names, fights, and talks of being beat by every Body that comes near her.

Bern. Poor Lady, I am exceeding ſorry; I'll take care ſhe ſhall be pray'd for by the whole Convent.

Don Piſ. I wiſh you wou'd ſee her, Father, perhaps your ghoſtly Admonition might do her good. Men of your holy Function have Power over unclean Spirits; pray, try what you can do for her.

Bern.

Bern. With all my Heart, but I have no holy Water about me;—nothing frights the Devil like holy Water,—thence comes the Proverb, you know.

Don Piſ. I can help you to ſome, pleaſe to walk this Way, Father. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes, and diſcovers Lady* Piſalto, *on a Couch, aſleep.*

Enter Prieſt, ſets a Baſon of Water on the Table.—— *Don* Piſalto *liſt'ning.*

Bern. Peace be here——Ha! She ſleeps:—How invitingly ſhe lies! Why, what a delicious Morſel has this old ſapleſs *Leg* every Night to ſnoar over.

Don Piſ. Well ſaid, Prieſt;——Oh, this is a holy Man; no Wonder he's the Women's Favourite.——

Bern. I feel a ſtrange Diſorder on the ſudden,——my Pulſe beats quick, and every Senſe ſeems raviſh'd at this Object.——Ha! We are alone,——What hinders me to make Uſe of this Opportunity?——

Don Piſ. Zounds, I ſhall be cuckolded before my Face.

Bern. Beſides, none dare to preſs upon our Privacy,—we have that Advantage above the Laity; I'll try; if ſhe ſhould prove virtuous, and reſiſt, the Noiſe will paſs upon her Huſband, as the Effect of her Poſſeſſion; for I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, ſhe is not mad indeed, and only puts it on to avoid the Embraces of that Skeleton, unfit for a Woman of her Youth and Fire.

Don Piſ. Well, for a thorough-pac'd Whore-maſter, commend me to a Prieſt, I ſay,

Bern. I'll try I'm reſolv'd. [*Steals ſoftly to the Couch and kiſſes her.*

Don Piſ. Very well,——Zounds, I ſhan't contain myſelf.——

Bern. Rapture! Her very Lips gives Extaſy!——She ſleeps very ſound——once more. [*Goes to kiſs her again, and ſhe lifts up her Eyes and ſees him.*

Lady. I dreamt! Ha! Bleſs me, the Monſter's here! Oh, that I could look him dead.—— [*Going to riſe,* Bernardo *ſtops her, and kneels.*

Bern. Oh, do not riſe, my charming Angel, let me fall

my Eyes upon that lovely Face, the perfect Image of the Bleſt above.

Lady. Do not inſult me, thou ungrateful Traytor! Do not.

Bern. What means my Charmer? Oh, forgive my raſh Proceeding, and blame your Eyes, thoſe dear bewitching Eyes, for all that I have done. [*Kiſſes her in Extaſy.*

Lady. Off Monſter, Devil, worſe, if worſe can be, than Devil, thou very Prieſt.———

Don Piſ. Excellent, it works now as I wou'd have it.—

Lady. You thought you had kill'd me, I ſuppoſe,—but you ſhall find, I live to tear your Eyes out, Monſter.

[*Flies up and pulls his Head off, and beats him.*

Bern. Help, Help, Help, bleſs me! She is really poſſeſt.

Enter Inis *with a Stick.*

Inis. Ha! You are here again, old Belzebub! but I'll be even with you now, I will ſo. [*Lays on upon the Prieſt.*

Don Piſ. Ha, ha, I ſhall dye with Laughing.

Bern. What do you mean, Madam, pray be calm, I wou'd comfort you.

Inis. As how, pray, Father? I am much miſtaken if you have any Thing that can comfort a Lady.

Bern. Oh Wickedneſs! Have I nothing that can comfort a Lady?

Lady. Yes, Villain, I can ſhow your Marks of Comfort, I can ſo, but I'll be reveng'd on thee, I will.

[*beats him.*

Inis. Yes, and I can ſhow 'em too; this for my Lady, this for myſelf. [*beats him.*

Don Piſ. Ha, ha, O rare Figgup, O rare *Inis.*

Bern. Bleſs me! By St. *Anthony* they are both poſſeſt; the Maid has caught her Frenzy too, *in Nomine Domine.*—

[*Runs to the Table, and catches up the holy Water, and flings, firſt on one, than on the other.*

Don Piſ. Ha, ha, O rare Prieſt, ha, ha.

Lady. I'll *Nomine Domine* you. You had better have hang'd yourſelf in your Rope's End, than have uſed it about me, I'll make it a dear Beating to you, Sirrah.

Bern. Oh *Maria Mater ora pro nobis.* [*Flings Water ſtill.*

Lady. Ah! He'll drown me.———

Bern.

Bern. Avant Satan, I conjure thee, by St. *Anthony*, St. *Bridget*, and our Lady of *Loretto*. [*Flings Water.*

Inis. (*Strikes down the Bason, and breaks it.*)—What ho, a Rape, a Rape, I'll cant you, I'll have you hang'd;—I'll ſhew the World the Jewel they doat on: I ſaw you when you wou'd have raviſh'd my Lady,——thou Monſter of Iniquity.

Bern. Mercy on me, the Devil is very ſtrong in them both.

Enter Don Piſalto.

Don Piſ. Ha, ha, I muſt releaſe the Prieſt, or they'll murder him between them.——Oh, the Rage of a diſappointed Woman.——What's the Matter here? Pray, Father, withdraw, I am heartily ſorry for your ill Treatment, it is their Height of Frenzy you ſee, Father; I'll wait upon you in the next Room immediately, you can do them no Good I ſee, Father.

Bern. Alas, Senior, they are ſo ſtrongly poſſeſt, that no one Man can deal with them both. [*Exit.*

Inis. Will you let him go, Senior? Why he would have raviſh'd my Lady, if I had not cry'd out.

Don Piſ. No, Miſtreſs, you cry'd out becauſe he had not raviſh'd your Lady.——Go troop, Miſtreſs, I'll reckon with you within. [*Exit* Inis.

And now, Madam, for you.—Do you know this Letter?

Lady. Ha! My Letter to Father *Bernardo!* the Villain has betray'd me!——and I'm undone! [*Aſide.*

Don Piſ. Why don't you anſwer me? What, are you dumb? Then I muſt fetch you to your Speech with this.

[*Pulls out a Dagger.*

Lady. Ah! defend me Heaven. (*falls on her Knees.*) But why name I Heaven;—I have offended that in wronging you, tho' but in Thought;——Oh, forgive me, have Pity on my Youth, and let me live: Puniſh me as ſeverely as you pleaſe; let even him who has betray'd me, name my Penance, and then I'm ſure it will be harſh enough; whate'er it be, I will perform it moſt religiouſly.

Don Piſ. I melt;——the cunning Baggage knows her Power.——

Lady. Oh! Do, Pudſey, do; won't you forgive your nown Figgup? Can you pierce this Boſom you have kiſs'd ſo often, and ſee your Figgey's Blood run trickling down?

Don Pif. I am conquer'd; I can hold no longer.—— Riſe, Figgup, for this Time I will forgive thee; but on Condition you ne'er ſee your ghoſtly Father more; no more Harangues in Praiſe of his Sanctity, and Holineſs of Life; do you hear, Figgey?

Lady. No, never, indeed, Pudſey.

Don Pif. Take heed; for if again I catch you faulty, look to it, expect no Pardon.

Lady. *No, when I am, may I your Pardon miſs,*
Since you ſo generouſly forgive me this.

Don Pif. *When Wives, like mine, gives Inclination Scope,*
No Cure for Cuckoldom like Oyl of Rope.

A

Bold Stroke for a Wife.

A

COMEDY.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. THURMOND.

TO Night we come upon a bold Deſign,
To try to pleaſe without one borrow'd Line:
Our Plot is new, and regularly clear,
And not one ſingle Tittle from Moliere.
O'er buried Poets we with Caution tread,
And Pariſh Sextons leave to reb the Dead.
For you, bright Britiſh *Fair, in Hopes to charm ye,*
We bring To-night, a Lover *from the Army:*
You know the Soldiers *have the ſtrangeſt Arts,*
Such a Proportion *of prevailing Parts,*
You'd think that they rid Poſt to Womens Hearts.
I wonder whence they draw their bold Pretence;
We do not chuſe them ſure for our Defence:
That Plea is both impolitick and wrong,
And only ſuit ſuch Dames as want a Tongue.
Is it their Eloquence and fine Addreſs?
The Softneſs of their Language?——Nothing leſs.
Is it their Courage, that they bravely dare
To ſtorm the Sex at once?——Egad! 'tis there.
They act by us as in the rough Campaign,
Unmindful of Repulſes, charge *again:*
They mine, *and* countermine, *reſolv'd to win,*
And, if a Breach *is made,——they will* come in.
You'll think, by what we have of Soldiers *ſaid,*
Our Female Wit was in the Service bred:
But ſhe is to the hardy Toil a Stranger,
She loves the Cloth indeed, but hates the Danger:
Yet to this Circle of the Brave and Gay,
She bid me, for her good Intentions, ſay,
She hopes you'll not reduce her to Half Pay.
As for our Play, 'tis Engliſh *Humour all:*
Then will you let our Manufacture fall?
Would you the Honour of our Nation raiſe,
Keep Engliſh Credit *up, and* Engliſh Plays.

EPI

EPILOGUE,

Written by Mr. *SEWELL:*

Spoken by Mrs. *BULLOCK.*

WHAT new ſtrange Ways our modern Beaus deviſe!
What Trials of Love-Skill, to gain the Prize!
The Heathen Gods, who never matter'd Rapes,
Scarce wore ſuch ſtrange Variety of Shapes:
The Devil take their odious barren Skulls,
To court in Form of Snakes *and filthy* Bulls:
Old Jove *once nick'd it too, as I am told,*
In a whole Lapfull of true ſtandard Gold:
How muſt his Godſhip then fair Danae *warm!*
In trucking Ware *for* Ware *there is no Harm.*
Well after all that Money *has a Charm.*
But now indeed that ſtale Invention's paſt;
Beſides you know that Guineas fall ſo faſt,
Poor Nymph muſt come to Pocket-piece at laſt.
Old Harry's *Face, or good Queen* Beſs's *Ruff,*
Not that I'd take 'em——may do well enough;
No——my ambitious Spirit's far above
Theſe little Tricks of mercenary Love.
That Man be mine, who, like the Col'nel here,
Can top his Character in ev'ry Sphere;
Who can a thouſand Ways employ his Wit,
Out promiſe Stateſmen, and out cheat a Cit:
Beyond the Colours of a Trav'ller paint,
And cant, and ogle too——beyond a Saint.
The laſt Diſguiſe moſt pleas'd me, I confeſs,
There's ſomething tempting in the preaching *Dreſs;*
And pleas'd me more than once a Dame *of Note,*
Who lov'd her Huſband *in his* Footman's *Coat.*
To ſee one Eye in wanton Motions play'd,
The other to the Heav'nly Regions ſtray'd,
As if for its Fellow's Frailties pray'd:
But yet I hope, for all that I have ſaid,
To find my Spouſe a Man of War in Bed.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir *Philip Modelove*, an old Beau.	Mr. *Knap.*
Periwinkle, a Kind of ſilly Virtuoſo.	Mr. *Spiller.*
Tradelove, a Change Broker.	Mr. *Bullock*, ſen.
Obadiah Prim, a Quaker, Hoſier.	Mr. *Puck.*
All Four choſe Guardians to Mrs. *Lovely.*	
Colonel *Fainwell*, in Love with Mrs. *Lovely.*	Mr. *Charles Bullock.*
Freeman, his Friend, a Merchant.	Mr. *Ogden.*
Simon Pure, a Quaking Preacher.	Mr. *Griffin.*
Mr. *Sackbut*, a Vintner.	Mr. *Hall.*

WOMEN.

Mrs. *Lovely*, a Fortune of Thirty Thouſand Pounds.	Mrs. *Bullock.*
Mrs. *Prim*, Wife to *Prim* the Hoſier.	Mrs. *Kent.*
Betty, Servant to Mrs. *Lovely.*	Mrs. *Robins.*

SCENE *London*; Footmen, Drawers, &c.

A Bold Stroke for a WIFE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE a Tavern.

Colonel Fainwell *and* Freeman *over a Bottle.*

Freeman. COME, Colonel, his Majeſty's Health. — You are as melancholy as if you were in Love: I wiſh ſome of the Beauties of *Bath* han't ſnapt your Heart.

Col. Why, Faith, *Freeman*, there is ſomething in't: I have ſeen a Lady at *Bath*, who has kindled ſuch a Flame in me that all the Waters there can't quench.

Free. Women, like ſome poiſonous Animals, carry their Antidote about 'em—Is ſhe not to be had, Colonel?

Col. That's a difficult Queſtion to anſwer; however, I reſolve to try: Perhaps you may be able to ſerve me; you Merchants know one another.—The Lady told me herſelf, ſhe was under the Charge of four Perſons.

Free. Odſo! 'tis Mrs. *Ann Lovely.*

Col. The ſame.——Do you know her?

Free. Know her! Ay.—Faith, Colonel, your Condition is more deſperate than you imagine: Why, ſhe is the Talk and Pity of the whole Town; and it is the Opinion of the Learned, that ſhe muſt die a Maid.

Col. Say you ſo? That's ſomewhat odd, in this charitable City.——She's a Woman, I hope.

Free. For aught I know,——but it had been as well for her, had Nature made her any other Part of the Creation. The Man who keeps this Houſe, ſerv'd her Father; he is a very honeſt Fellow, and may be of Uſe to you; we'll ſend for him to take a Glaſs with us; he'll give you her whole Hiſtory, and 'tis worth your hearing.

Col. But may one truſt him?

Free.

Free. With your Life: I have Obligations enough upon him to make him do any thing: I ſerve him with Wine. [*Knocks.*

Col. Nay, I know him pretty well myſelf. I once uſed to frequent a Club that was kept here.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, d'ye call?

Free. Ay; ſend up your Maſter.

Draw. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Col. Do you know any of this Lady's Guardians, *Freeman?*

Free. Yes, I know two of them very well.

Enter Sackbut.

Free. Here comes one will give you an Account of them all——Mr. *Sackbut*, we ſent for you to take a Glaſs with us. 'Tis a Maxim among the Friends of the Bottle, that as long as the Maſter is in Company, one may be ſure of good Wine.

Sack. Sir, you ſhall be ſure to have as good Wine as you ſend in——Colonel, your moſt humble Servant; you are welcome to Town.

Col. I thank you, Mr. *Sackbut.*

Sack. I am as glad to ſee you, as I ſhould a hundred Ton of *French* Claret Cuſtom-free——My Service to you, Sir. (*drinks*) You don't look ſo merry as you uſed to do; ar'n't you well, Colonel?

Free. He has got a Woman in his Head, Landlord, can you help him?

Sack. If 'tis in my Power, I ſhan't ſcruple to ſerve my Friend.

Col. 'Tis one Perquiſite of your Calling.

Sack. Ay, at 'tother End of the Town, where you Officers uſe, Women are good Forcers of Trade: A well-accuſtom'd Houſe, a handſome Bar-keeper, with clean obliging Drawers, ſoon get the Maſter an Eſtate; but our Citizens do ſeldom any thing but cheat within the Walls. —But as to the Lady, Colonel, point you at Particulars, or have you a good *Champagne* Stomach? Are you in full Pay, or reduc'd, Colonel?

Col. Reduc'd, reduc'd, Landlord.

Free.

Free. To the miſerable Condition of a Lover!

Sack. Piſh! that's preferable to Half-pay; a Woman's Reſolution may break before the Peace; puſh her home, Colonel, there's no parlying with the fair Sex.

Col. Were the Lady her own Miſtreſs, I have ſome Reaſons to believe I ſhould command in Chief.

Free. You know Mrs. *Lovely*, Mr. *Sackbut?*

Sack. Know her! Ay, poor *Nancy*; I have carried her to School many a frofty Morning. Alas! if ſhe's the Woman, I pity you, Colonel: Her Father, my old Maſter, was the moſt whimſical, out-of the Way temper'd Man I ever heard of, as you will gueſs by his laſt Will and Teſtament——This was his only Child: I have heard him wiſh her dead a thouſand Times.

Col. [illegible] ſo?

Sack. He hated Poſterity, you muſt know, and wiſh'd the World were to expire with himſelf——He uſed to ſwear, if ſhe had been a Boy, he would have qualified him for the Opera.

Free. 'Tis a very unnatural Reſolution in a Father.

Sack. He died worth thirty thouſand Pounds, which he left to his Daughter, provided ſhe married with the Conſent of her Guardians: But that ſhe might be ſure never to do ſo, he left her in the Care of four Men, as oppoſite to each other as the four Elements; each has his quarterly Rule, and three Months in a Year ſhe is obliged to be ſubject to each of their Humours, and they are pretty different, I aſſure you——She is juſt come from *Bath.*

Col. 'Twas there I ſaw her.

Sack. Ay, Sir, the laſt Quarter was her Beau Guardian's—She appears in all publick Places during his Reign.

Col. She viſited a Lady who boarded in the ſame Houſe with me: I lik'd her Perſon, and found an Opportunity to tell her ſo. She reply'd, ſhe had no Objection to mine; but if I could not reconcile Contradictions I muſt not think of her, for that ſhe was condemned to the Caprice of four Perſons, who never yet agreed in any one Thing, and ſhe was oblig'd to pleaſe them all.

Sack. 'Tis moſt true, Sir; I'll give you a ſhort Deſcription of the Men, and leave you to judge of the poor Lady's Condition. One is a Kind of Virtuoſo, a ſilly half-witted Fellow, but poſitive and ſurly, fond of every thing antique and foreign, and wears his Cloaths of the Faſhion

of the laſt Century; doats upon Travellers, and believes more of Sir *John Mandeville* than he does of the Bible.

Col. That muſt be a rare odd Fellow!

Sack. Another is a Change-Broker; a Fellow that will out-lie the Devil for the Advantage of Stock, and cheat his Father that got him, in a Bargain: He is a great Stickler for Trade, and hates every Man that wears a Sword.

Free. He is a great Admirer of the *Dutch* Management, and ſwears they underſtand Trade better than any Nation under the Sun.

Sack. The Third is an old Beau, that has *May* in his Fancy and Dreſs, but *December* in his Face and his Heels: He admires all the new Faſhions, and thoſe muſt be *French*; loves Operas, Balls, Maſquerades, and is always the moſt tawdry of the whole Company on a Birth-Day.

Col. Theſe are pretty oppoſite to one another, truly! and the Fourth, What is he, Landlord?

Sack. A very rigid Quaker, whoſe Quarter begun this Day.——I ſaw Mrs. *Lovely* go in not above two Hours ago,——Sir *Philip* ſet her down. What think you now, Colonel, is not the poor Lady to be pitied?

Col. Ay, and reſcu'd too, Landlord.

Free. In my Opinion, that's impoſſible.

Col. There is nothing impoſſible to a Lover. What would not a Man attempt for a fine Woman and thirty thouſand Pounds? Beſides, my Honour is at Stake; I promiſed to deliver her,—and ſhe bid me win her and wear her.

Sack. That's fair, Faith.

Free. If it depended upon Knight-errantry, I ſhould not doubt your ſetting free the Damſel; but to have Avarice, Impertinence, Hypocriſy, and Pride, at once to deal with, requires more Cunning, than generally attends a Man of Honour.

Col. My Fancy tells me, I ſhall come off with Glory. I reſolve to try however.—Do you know all the Guardians, Mr. *Sackbut?*

Sack. Very well, Sir, they all uſe my Houſe.

Col. And will you aſſiſt me, if Occaſion requires?

Sack In every thing I can, Colonel.

Free. I'll anſwer for him; and whatever I can ſerve you in, you may depend on. I know Mr. *Periwinkle* and

Mr.

Mr. *Tradelove*; the latter has a very great Opinion of my Intereſt abroad——I happen'd to have a Letter from a Correſpondent two Hours before the News arrived of the *French* King's Death: I communicated it to him; upon which he bought up all the Stock he could, and what with that, and ſome Wagers he laid, he told me he had got to the Tune of five hundred Pounds; ſo that I am much in his good Graces.

Col. I don't know but you may be of Service to me, *Freeman*.

Free. If I can, command me, Colonel.

Col. Isn't it poſſible to find a Suit of Cloaths ready made at ſome of theſe Sale-ſhops fit to rig out a Beau, think you, Mr. *Sackbut*?

Sack. O have 'em——No Colonel, they keep nothing ready made that a Gentleman would be ſeen in: But I can fit you with a Suit of Cloaths, if you'd make a Figure——Velvet and Gold Brocade——They were pawn'd to me by a *French* Count, who had been ſtript at Play, and wanted Money to carry him Home; he promiſed to ſend for them, but I have not heard any Thing of him.

Free. He has not fed upon Frogs long enough yet to recover his Loſs; ha, ha!

Col. Ha, ha! Well, the Cloaths will do, Mr. *Sackbut*,——tho' we muſt have three or four Fellows in tawdry Liveries: They can be procur'd, I hope.

Free. Egad! I have a Brother come from the *Weſt Indies* that can match you; and, for Expedition-ſake, you ſhall have his Servants: There's a Black, a Tawnymoor, and a *Frenchman*; they don't ſpeak one Word of *Engliſh*, ſo can make no Miſtake.

Col. Excellent!——Egad! I ſhall look like an *Indian* Prince. Firſt I'll attack my Beau Guardian; where lives he?

Sack. Faith, ſomewhere about St. *James*'s; tho' to ſay in what Street, I cannot; but any Chairman will tell you where Sir *Philip Modelove* lives.

Free. Oh! you'll find him in the Park at Eleven every Day; at leaſt, I never paſs'd thro' at that Hour without ſeeing him there—But what do you intend?

Col. To addreſs him in his own Way, and find what he deſigns to do with the Lady.

Free.

Free. And what then?

Col. Nay, that I cannot tell; but I ſhall take my Meaſures accordingly.

Sack. Well, 'tis a mad Undertaking, in my Mind: But here's to your Succeſs, Colonel. [*Drinks.*

Col. 'Tis ſomething out of the Way, I confeſs; but Fortune may chance to ſmile, and I ſucceed. Come, Landlord, let me ſee thoſe Cloaths. • *Freeman*, I ſhall expect you'll leave Word with Mr. *Sackbut*, where one may find you upon Occaſion; and ſend me the *Indian* Equipage immediately, d'ye hear?

Free. Immediately. [*Exit.*

Col. *Bold was the Man who ventur'd firſt to Sea,*
But the firſt vent'ring Lovers bolder were.
The Path of Love's a dark and dang'rous Way,
Without a Landmark, or one friendly Star,
And he that runs the Riſque deſerves the fair. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Prim's* Houſe.

Enter Mrs. Lovely, *and her Maid* Betty.

Betty. Bleſs me, Madam! Why do you fret and teaze yourſelf ſo? This is giving them the Advantage with a Witneſs.

Mrs. Lov. Muſt I be condemn'd all my Life to the preſterous Humours of other People, and pointed at by every Boy in Town? — Oh! I could tear my Fleſh, and curſe the Hour I was born.—Isn't it monſtrouſly ridiculous, that they ſhould deſire to impoſe their Quaking Dreſs upon me at theſe Years? When I was a Child, no Matter what they made me wear, but now———

Betty. I would reſolve againſt it, Madam; I'd ſee 'em hang'd before I'd put on the pinch'd Cap again.

Mrs. Lov. Then I muſt never expect one Moment's Eaſe: She has rung ſuch a Peal in my Ears already, that I ſha'n't have the right Uſe of them this Month, — What can I do?

Betty. What can you *not* do, if you will but give your Mind to it? *Marry*, Madam.

Mrs. Lov. What! and have my Fortune go to build Churches and Hoſpitals?

Betty. Why, let it go—If the Colonel loves you, as he pretends,

pretends, he'll marry you without a Fortune, Madam; and I aſſure you a Colonel's Lady is no deſpicable Thing; a Colonel's Poſt will maintain you like a Gentlewoman, Madam.

Mrs. Lov. So you would adviſe me to give up my own Fortune, and throw myſelf upon the Colonel's.

Betty. I would adviſe you to make yourſelf eaſy, Madam.

Mrs. Lov. That's not the Way, I'm ſure. No, no, Girl, there are certain Ingredients to be mingled with Matrimony, without which I may as well change for the worſe as the better. When the Woman has Fortune enough to make the Man happy, if he has either Honour or good Manners, he'll make her eaſy. Love makes but a ſlovenly Figure in a Houſe where Poverty keeps the Door.

Betty. And ſo you reſolve to die a Maid, do you, Madam?

Mrs. Love. Or have it in my Power to make the Man I love Maſter of my Fortune.

Betty. Then you don't like the Colonel ſo well as I thought you did, Madam, or you would not take ſuch a Reſolution.

Mrs. Lov. It is becauſe I do like him, *Betty*, that I do take ſuch a Reſolution.

Betty. Why, do you expect, Madam, the Colonel can work Miracles? Is it poſſible for him to marry you with the Conſent of all your Guardians?

Mrs. Lov. Or he muſt not marry me at all: And ſo I told him; and he did not ſeem diſpleaſed with the News. ——He promiſed to ſet me free; and I, on that Condition, promiſed to make him Maſter of that Freedom.

Betty. Well! I have read of enchanted Caſtles, Ladies delivered from the Chains of Magick, Giants kill'd, and Monſters overcome; ſo that I ſhould be the leſs ſurprized, if the Colonel ſhould conjure you out of the Power of your four Guardians; if he does, I am ſure he deſerves your Fortune.

Mrs. Lov. And ſhall have it, Girl, if it were ten Times as much——For I'll ingenuouſly confeſs to thee, that I do like the Colonel above all Men I ever ſaw:——There's ſomething ſo *Jantée* in a Soldier, a Kind of *Je ne ſcai quoi* Air,

Air, that makes 'em more agreeable than the reſt of Mankind.—They command Regard, as who ſhould ſay, We are your Defenders. We preſerve your Beauties from the Inſults of rude and unpoliſh'd Foes, and ought to be preferr'd before thoſe lazy indolent Mortals, who, by dropping into their Father's Eſtate, ſet up their Coaches, and think to rattle themſelves into our Affections.

Betty. Nay, Madam, I confeſs that the Army has engroſſed all the prettieſt Fellows. — A laced Coat and Feather have irreſiſtible Charms.

Mrs. Lov. But the Colonel has all the Beauties of the Mind as well as the Body. —— O, all ye Powers that favour happy Lovers, grant that he may be mine! Thou God of Love, if thou be'ſt aught but Name, aſſiſt my *Fairwell.*

Point all thy Darts to aid his juſt Deſires,
And make his Plots as prevalent as thine. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE the Park.

Enter Colonel finely dreſt, three Footmen after him.

Col. SO now, if I can but meet this Beau!—Egad! methinks I cut a ſmart Figure, and have as much of the tawdry Air as any *Italian* Count, or *French* Marquée of them all—Sure I ſhall know this Knight again. — Ah! yonder he ſits making Love to a Maſk, i'faith, I'll walk up the *Mall*, and come down by him. [*Exit.*

Scene draws, and diſcovers Sir Philip *upon a Bench, with a Woman maſk'd.*

Sir *Phil.* Well but, my Dear, are you really conſtant to your Keeper?

Wom. Yes, really, Sir, —— Hey day! Who comes yonder? He cuts a mighty Figure.

Sir *Phil.* Ha! a Stranger, by his Equipage keeping ſo cloſe at his Heels,—He has the Appearance of a Man of Quality,—Poſitively *French*, by his dancing Air.

Wom. He croſſes, as if he meant to ſit down here. ——

Sir

Sir *Phil.* He has a Mind to make love to thee, Child.

Enter Colonel, and ſeats himſelf upon the Bench by Sir Philip.

Wom. It will be to no Purpoſe if he does.

Sir *Phil.* Are you reſolved to be cruel then?

Col. You muſt be very cruel indeed if you can deny any Thing to ſo fine a Gentleman, Madam.

[*Takes out his Watch.*

Wom. I never mind the Outſide of a Man.

Col. And I'm afraid thou art no judge of the Inſide.

Sir *Phil.* I am poſitively of your Mind, Sir, for Creatures of her Function ſeldom penetrate beyond the Pocket.

Wom. Creatures of your Compoſition have, indeed, generally more in their Pockets than in their Heads. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Phil.* Pray what ſays your Watch? mine is down.

[*Pulling out his Watch.*

Col. I want thirty-ſix Minutes of Twelve, Sir.—

[*Puts up his Watch, and takes out his Snuff box.*

Sir *Phil.* May I preſume, Sir?

Col. Sir, you honour me. [*preſenting the Box.*

Sir *Phil.* He ſpeaks good *Engliſh*,—tho' he muſt be a Foreigner —This Snuff is extremely good,—and the Box prodigious fine; the Work is *French*, I preſume, Sir.

Col. I bought it in *Paris*, Sir.—I do think the Workmanſhip pretty neat.

Sir *Phil.* Neat! 'tis exquiſitely fine, Sir. Pray, Sir, if I may take the Liberty of enquiring,—What Country is ſo happy to claim the Birth of the fineſt Gentleman in the Univerſe? *France*, I preſume.

Col. Then you don't think me an *Engliſhman*?

Sir *Phil.* No, upon my Soul don't I.

Col. I am ſorry for't.

Sir *Phil.* Impoſſible you ſhould wiſh to be an *Engliſhman!* Pardon me, Sir, this Iſland could not produce a Perſon of ſuch Alertneſs.

Col. As this Mirror ſhews you, Sir.

[*puts up a Pocket-Glaſs to Sir* Philip's *Face.*

Wom. Coxcombs! I'm ſick to hear them praiſe one another. One ſeldom gets any Thing by ſuch Animals, not even a Dinner, unleſs one can dine upon Soop and Celery.

Sir

Sir *Phil.* O Gad, Sir!—Will you leave us, Madam? Ha, ha!

Col. She fears 'twill be only loſing Time to ſtay here, ha, ha! I know not how to diſtinguiſh you, Sir, but your Mien and Addreſs ſpeak you Right Honourable.

Sir *Phil.* Thus great Souls judge of others by themſelves,—I am only adorn'd with Knighthood, that's all, I do aſſure you, Sir; my Name is Sir *Philip Modelove.*

Col. Of *French* Extraction?

Sir *Phil.* My Father was *French.*

Col. One may plainly perceive it. —There is a certain Gaiety peculiar to my Nation (for I will own myſelf a *Frenchman*) which diſtinguiſhes us every where.—A Perſon of your Figure would be a vaſt Addition to a Coronet.

Sir *Phil.* I muſt own I had the Offer of a Barony about five Years ago, but I abhorr'd the Fatigue which muſt have attended it.—I could never yet bring myſelf to join with either Party.

Col. You are perfectly in the Right, Sir *Philip,* —a fine Perſon ſhould not embark himſelf in the ſlovenly Concern of Politicks: Dreſs and Pleaſure are Objects proper for the Soul of a fine Gentleman.

Sir *Phil.* And Love.——

Col. Oh! that's included under the Article of Pleaſure.

Sir *Phil. Parbleu il eſt un Homme d'Eſprits,* I muſt embrace you,—*(riſes and embraces)*—Your Sentiments are ſo agreeable to mine, that we appear to have but one Soul, for our Ideas and Conceptions are the ſame.

Col. I ſhould be ſorry for that. *(aſide.)*—You do me too much Honour, Sir *Philip.*

Sir *Phil.* Your Vivacity and *jantée* Mien aſſured me at firſt Sight there was nothing of this foggy Iſland in your Compoſition. May I crave your Name, Sir;

Col. My Name is *La Fainwell,* Sir, at your Service.

Sir *Phil.* The *La Fainwells* are *French,* I know; tho' the Name is become very numerous in *Great-Britain* of late Years.——I was ſure you was *French* the Moment I laid my Eyes upon you: I could not come into the Suppoſition of your being an *Engliſhman:* This Iſland produces few ſuch Ornaments.

Col. Pardon me, Sir *Philip,* this Iſland has two Things ſuperior to all Nations under the Sun.

Sir

Sir *Phil.* Ah! what are they?

Col. The Ladies, and the Laws.

Sir *Phil.* The Laws, indeed, do claim a Preference of other Nations,—but, by my Soul, there are fine Women every where. —I muſt own I have felt their Power in all Countries.

Col. There are ſome finiſh'd Beauties I confeſs, in *France*, *Italy*, *Germany*, nay, even in *Holland*, *mais ſont bien rare*: But *les Belles Angloiſes!*—Oh, Sir *Philip*, where find we ſuch Women! ſuch Symmetry of Shape! ſuch Elegancy of Dreſs! ſuch Regularity of Features! ſuch Sweetneſs of Temper! ſuch commanding Eyes! and ſuch bewitching Smiles.

Sir *Phil.* Ah! *parbleu vous eſtez attraper.*

Col. *Non, je vous aſſure, Chevalier,*—But I declare there is no Amuſement ſo agreeable to my *Goût*, as the Converſation of a fine Woman —I could never be prevailed upon to enter into what the Vulgar calls the Pleaſure of the Bottle.

Sir *Phil.* My own Taſte, *poſitivement*.—A Ball, or a Maſquerade, is certainly preferable to all the Productions of the Vineyard.

Col. Infinitely! I hope the People of Quality in *England* will ſupport that Branch of Pleaſure, which was imported with their Peace, and ſince naturaliz'd by the ingenious Mr. *Heidegger*.

Sir *Phil.* The Ladies aſſure me it will become Part of the Conſtitution. —Upon which I ſubſcribed an hundred Guineas. —It will be of great Service to the Publick, at leaſt to the Company of Surgeons; and the City in general.

Col. Ha, ha! it may help to enoble the Blood of the City. Are you married, Sir *Philip?*

Sir *Phil.* No; nor do I believe I ever ſhall enter into that honourable State: I have an abſolute *Tendre* for the whole Sex.

Col. That's more than they have for you, I dare ſwear. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Phil.* And I have the Honour to be very well with the Ladies, I can aſſure you, Sir; and I won't affront a Million of fine Women to make one happy.

Col. Nay, Marriage is reducing a Man's Taſte to a Kind

of half Pleaſure; but then it carries the Bleſſing of Peace along with it; one goes to ſleep without Fear, and wakes without Pain.

Sir *Phil.* There's ſomething of that in't; a Wife is a very good Diſh for an *Engliſh* Stomach,—but groſs Feeding for nicer Palates, ha, ha, ha!

Col. I find I was very much miſtaken, —— I imagined, you had been married to that young Lady whom I ſaw in the Chariot with you this Morning in *Grace-church-Street.*

Sir *Phil.* Who, *Nancy Lovely?* I am a Piece of a Guardian to that Lady: You muſt know, her Father, I thank him, joined me with three of the moſt prepoſterous old Fellows,——that, upon my Soul, I am in Pain for the poor Girl;—ſhe muſt certainly lead Apes, as the Saying is; ha, ha!

Col. That's Pity, Sir *Philip.* If the Lady would give me Leave, I would endeavour to avert that Curſe.

Sir *Phil.* As to the Lady, ſhe'd gladly be rid of us at any Rate, I believe; but here's the Miſchief, he who marries Miſs *Lovely*, muſt have the Conſent of us all four, —or not a Penny of her Portion.—For my Part, I ſhall never approve of any, but a Man of Figure,——and the reſt are not only averſe to Cleanlineſs, but have each a peculiar Taſte to gratify.—For my Part, I declare I would prefer you to all Men I ever ſaw.

Col. And I her to all Women——

Sir *Phil.* I aſſure you, Mr. *Fairwell*, I am for marrying her, for I hate the Trouble of a Guardian, eſpecially among ſuch Wretches; but reſolve never to agree to the Choice of any one of them,—— and I fancy they'll be even with me, for they never came into any Propoſal of mine yet.

Col. I wiſh I had your Leave to try them, Sir *Philip.*

Sir *Phil.* With all my Soul, Sir, I can refuſe a Perſon of your Appearance nothing.

Col. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you.

Sir *Phil.* But do you really like Matrimony?

Col. I believe I could with that Lady, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* The only Point in which we differ—But you are Maſter of ſo many Qualifications, that I can excuſe one Fault; for I muſt think it a Fault in a fine Gentleman; and that you are ſuch, I'll give it under my Hand.

Col.

Col. I wiſh you'd give me your Conſent to marry Mrs. *Lovely* under your Hand, Sir *Philip*.

Sir *Phil.* I'll do't, if you'll ſtep into St. *James's Coffee-houſe*, where we may have Pen and Ink;——tho' I can't foreſee what Advantage my Conſent will be to you, without you could find a Way to get the reſt of the Guardians.—But I'll introduce you, however; ſhe is now at a Quaker's, where I carried her this Morning, when you ſaw us in *Gracechurch ſtreet*.—I aſſure you ſhe has an odd *Ragoût* of Guardians, as you will find when you hear the Characters, which I'll endeavour to give you as we go along.—Hey! *Pierre, Jacque, Renno?*—Whare are you all, Scoundrels?—Order the Chariot to *St. James's Coffee-houſe*.

Col. Le Noir, la Brun, la Blanc.——*Marbleu, ou ſont ces Coquins la? Allons, Monſieur le Chevalier.*

Sir *Phil.* Ah! *Pardonnez moy, Monſieur.*

Col. Not one Step, upon my Soul, Sir *Philip*.

Sir *Phil.* The beſt bred Man in *Europe*, poſitively. [*Ex.*

SCENE changes to *Obadiah Prim's* Houſe.

Enter Mrs. Lovely, *followed by Mrs.* Prim.

Mrs *Prim.* Then thou wilt not obey me: And thou doſt really think thoſe Fallals become thee?

Mrs. *Love.* I do, indeed.

Mrs. *Pr.* Now will I be judged by all ſober People, if I don't look more like a modeſt Woman than thou doſt, *Anne?*

Mrs. *Lov.* More like a Hypocrite you mean, Mrs. *Prim.*

Mrs. *Pr.* Ah! *Anne, Anne*, that wicked *Philip Modelove* will undo thee.——Satan ſo fills thy Heart with Pride, during the three Months of his Guardianſhip, that thou becomeſt a Stumbling-Block to the Upright.

Mrs. *Lov.* Pray, who are they? Are the pinch'd Cap and formal Hood the Emblems of Sanctity? Does your Virtue conſiſt in your Dreſs, Mrs. *Prim?*

Mrs. *Prim.* It doth not conſiſt in cut Hair, ſpotted Face and bare Necks.——Oh, the Wickedneſs of the Generation! The primitive Women knew not the Abomination of hoop'd Petticoats.

Mrs. *Lov.* No, nor the Abomination of Cant neither.

Don't tell me, Mrs. *Prim*, don't.——I know you have as much Pride, Vanity, Self-conceit, and Ambition among you, couched under that formal Habit, and ſanctified Countenance, as the proudeſt of us all; but the World begins to ſee your Prudery.

Mrs. *Prim.* Prudery! What! do they invent new Words as well as new Faſhions? Ah! poor fantaſtick Age, I pity thee.—Poor deluded *Anne*, which doſt thou think moſt reſembleſt the Saint, and which the Sinner, thy Dreſs or mine? Thy naked Boſom allureth the Eye of the Byſtander,—encourageth the Frailty of human Nature,—— and corrupteth the Soul with evil Longings.

Mrs. *Lov.* And, pray, who corrupted your Son *Tobias* with evil Longings? Your Maid *Tabitha* wore a Handkerchief, and yet he made the Saint a Sinner.

Mrs. *Prim.* Well, well, ſpit thy Malice—I confeſs Satan did buffet my Son *Tobias*, and my Servant *Tabitha*; the evil Spirit was at that Time too ſtrong, and they both became ſubject to its Workings,——not from any outward Provocation,—but from an inward Call;——he was not tainted with the Rotteneſs of the Faſhions, nor did his Eyes take in the Drunkenneſs of Beauty.

Mrs. *Lov.* No! that's plainly to be ſeen.

Mrs. *Prim. Tabitha* is one of the Faithful; he fell not with a Stranger.

Mrs. *Lov.* So! Then you hold Wenching no Crime, provided it be within the Pale of your own Tribe.—— You are an excellent Caſuiſt truly.

Enter Obadiah Prim.

Ob. Prim. Not ſtripp'd of thy Vanity, yet, *Anne!* Why doſt thou not make her put it off, *Sarah?*

Mrs. *Pr.* She will not do it.

Ob. Pr. Verily, thy naked Breaſts troubleth my outward Man; I pray thee hide 'em, *Anne:* Put on an Handkerchief, *Anne Lovely.*

Mrs. *Lov.* I hate Handkerchiefs when 'tis not cold Weather, Mr. *Prim.*

Mrs. *Prim.* I have ſeen thee wear an Handkerchief; nay, and a Maſk to boot, in the Middle of *July.*

Mrs. *Lov.* Ay, to keep the Sun from ſcorching me.

Ob. Pr. If thou couldſt not bear the Sun-Beams, how doſt

doſt thou think Man would bear thy Beams? Thoſe Breaſts inflame Deſire, let them be hid, I ſay.

Mrs. *Lov.* Let me be quiet, I ſay. Muſt I be tormented thus for ever? Sure no Woman's Condition ever equalled mine! Foppery, Folly, Avarice and Hypocriſy are, by Turns, my conſtant Companions,——and I muſt vary Shapes as often as a Player.—I cannot think my Father meant this Tyranny! No, you uſurp an Authority which he never intended you ſhould take.

Ob. Pr. Hark thee, do'ſt thou call good Counſel Tyranny? Do I, or my Wife, tyrannize, when we deſire thee in all Love to put off thy tempting Attire, and veil thy Provokers to Sin?

Mrs. *Lov.* Deliver me, good Heaven! or I ſhall go diſtracted. [*Walks about.*

Mrs. *Pr.* So! now thy Pinners are toſt, and thy Breaſts pulled up;——verily they were [illegible] enough before.——Fie upon the filthy Taylor who made the Stays.

Mrs. *Lov.* I wiſh I were in my Grave! Kill me rather than treat me thus.

Ob. Pr. Kill thee! ha, ha! thou thinkeſt thou art acting ſome lewd Play ſure:——Kill thee! Art thou prepared for Death, *Anne Lovely?* No, no, thou would'ſt rather have a Huſband, *Anne:*——Thou wanteſt a gilt Coach, with ſix lazy Fellows behind, to ſtant it in the Ring of Vanity, among the Princes and Rulers of the Land,——who pamper themſelves with the Fatneſs thereof; but I will take Care that none ſhall ſquander away thy Father's Eſtate. Thou ſhall marry none ſuch, *Anne.*

Mrs. *Lov.* Wou'd you marry me to one of your own canting Sect?

Ob. Pr. Yea, verily, no one elſe ſhall ever get my Conſent, I do aſſure thee, *Anne.*

Mrs. *Lov.* And I do aſſure thee, *Obadiah*, that I will as ſoon turn Papiſt, and die in a Convent.

Mrs. *Pr.* Oh Wickedneſs!

Mrs. *Lov.* Oh Stupidity!

Ob. Pr. Oh Blindneſs of Heart!

Mrs. *Lov.* Thou Blinder of the World, don't provoke me,—leſt I betray your Sanctity, and leave your Wife to judge of your Purity:—What were the Emotions of your Spirit—when you ſqueez'd *Mary* by the Hand laſt Night

in the Pantry——when ſhe told you, you buſs'd ſo filthily? Ah! you had no Averſion to naked Boſoms, when you begged her to ſhew you a little, little, little Bit of her delicious Bubby: —— Don't you remember theſe Words, Mr. *Prim.*

Mrs. *Prym.* What does ſhe ſay, *Obadiah?*

Ob. Pr. She talketh unintelligibly, *Sarah.* Which Way did ſhe hear this? This ſhould not have reach'd the Ears of the wicked Ones:——Verily, it troubleth me. [*Aſide.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Philip Modelove, whom they call Sir *Philip*, is below, and ſuch another with him, ſhall I ſend them up?

Ob. Pr. Yea.

Enter Sir Philip *and* Colonel.

Sir *Phil.* How doſt thou do, Friend *Prim?* Odſo! my She-Friend here too! What you are documenting Miſs *Nancy*, reading her a Lecture upon the pinch'd Coif, I warrant ye.

Mrs. *Pr.* I am ſure thou did'ſt never read her any Lecture that was good——My Fleſh rifeth ſo at theſe wicked Ones, that Prudence adviſeth me to withdraw from their Sight. [*Exit.*

Col. Oh! that I could find Means to ſpeak with her! How charming ſhe appears! I wiſh I could get this Letter into her Hand. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Phil.* Well, Miſs *Cockey*, I hope thou haſt got the better of them.

Mrs. *Lov.* The Difficulties of my Life are not to be ſurmounted, Sir *Philip*. —— I hate the Impertinence of him, as much as the Stupidity of the other. [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Verily, *Philip*, thou wilt ſpoil this Maiden.

Sir *Phil.* I find we ſhall differ in Opinion; but that we may none of us ſpoil her, pritbee *Prim*, let us conſent to marry her.——— I have ſent for our Brother Guardians to meet me here about this very Thing——Madam, will you give me leave to recommend a Huſband to you?—— Here's a Gentleman, whom in my Mind, you can have no Objection to.

[*Preſents the* Colonel *to her, ſhe looks another Way.*

Mrs. *Lov.* Heaven deliver me from the formal, and the fantaſtick fool!

Col.

Col. A fine Woman,——a fine Horſe, and fine Equipage, are the fineſt Things in the Univerſe: And if I am ſo happy to poſſeſs you, Madam, I ſhall become the Envy of Mankind, as much as you outſhine your whole Sex.

[*As he takes her Hand to kiſs it, he endeavours to put a Letter into it; ſhe lets it drop*——— Prim *takes it up.*

Mrs. *Lov.* I have no Ambition to appear conſpicuouſly ridiculous, Sir. [*Turning from him.*

Col. So fall the Hopes of *Fainwell!*

Mrs. *Lov.* Ha! *Fainwell!* 'tis he! What have I done? *Prim* has the Letter, and it will be diſcover'd. [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Friend, I know not thy Name, ſo cannot call thee by it; but thou ſeeſt thy Letter is unwelcome to the Maiden, ſhe will not read it.

Mrs. *Lov.* Nor ſhall you; (*ſnatches the Letter*) I'll tear it in a thouſand Pieces, and ſcatter it, as I will the Hopes of all thoſe that any of you ſhall recommend to me.

[*Tears the Letter.*

Sir *Phil.* Ha! Right Woman, Faith!

Col. Excellent Woman. [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Friend, thy Garb favoureth too much of the Vanity of the Age for my Approbation; nothing that reſembleth *Philip Modelove* ſhall I love, mark that;——therefore, Friend *Philip*, bring no more of thy own Apes under my Roof.

Sir *Phil.* I am ſo entirely a Stranger to the Monſters of thy Breed, that I ſhall bring none of them I am ſure.

Col. I am likely to have a pretty Taſk by that Time I have gone thro' them all; but ſhe's a City worth taking, and 'egad I'll carry on the Siege: If I can but blow up the Out-works, I fancy I am pretty ſecure of the Town.

[*Aſide.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Toby Periwinkle and *Thomas Tradelove* demandeth to ſee thee. [*To Sir* Philip.

Sir *Phil.* Bid them come up.

Mrs. *Love.* Deliver me from ſuch an Inundation of Noiſe and Nonſenſe. Oh *Fainwell!* whatever thy Contrivance be, proſper it Heaven;——but oh! I fear thou never canſt redeem me. [*Exit.*

Sir *Phil. Sic tranſit Gloria Mundi!*

Enter Mr. Periwinkle *and* Tradelove.

Theſe are my Brother Guardians, Mr. *Fainwell*, prithee obſerve the Creatures. [*Aſide to* Col.

Trad. Well, Sir *Philip*, I obey your Summons.

Per. Pray, what have you to offer for the Good of Mrs. *Lovely*, Sir *Philip?*

Sir *Phil.* Firſt I deſire to know what you intend to do with that Lady? Muſt ſhe be ſent to the *Indies* for a Venture,—or live to be an old Maid, and then enter'd amongſt your Curioſities, and ſhewn for a Monſter, Mr. *Periwinkle?*

Col. Humph, Curioſities, that muſt be the Virtuoſo. [*Aſide.*

Per. Why what wou'd you do with her?

Sir *Phil.* I would recommend this Gentleman to her for a Huſband. Sir,——a Perſon whom I have pick'd out from the whole Race of Mankind.

Ob. Pr. I would adviſe thee to ſhuffle him again with the reſt of Mankind, for I like him not.

Col. Pray, Sir, without Offence to your Formality, what may be your Objections?

Ob. Pr. Thy Perſon; thy Manners; thy Dreſs; thy Acquaintance;——thy every Thing, Friend.

Sir *Phil.* You are moſt particularly obliging, Friend, ha, ha!

Trade. What Buſineſs do you follow, pray Sir?

Col. Humph, by that Queſtion he muſt be the Broker. (*Aſide.*)—Buſineſs, Sir! the Buſineſs of a Gentleman.

Trad. That is as much as to ſay, you dreſs fine, feed high, lie with every Woman you like, and pay your Surgeon's Bills better than your Taylor's or your Butcher's.

Col The Court is much oblig'd to you, Sir, for your Character of a Gentleman.

Trad. The Court, Sir! What wou'd the Court do without us Citizens?

Sir *Phil.* Without your Wives and Daughters, you mean, Mr. *Tradelove.*

Per. Have you ever travell'd, Sir?

Col. That Queſtion muſt not be anſwer'd now——In Books I have, Sir.

Per. In Books! That's fine travelling indeed!——Sir *Philip*, when you preſent a Perſon I like, he ſhall have my Conſent

Conſent to marry Mrs. *Lovely*, 'till when your Servant. [*Exit.*

Col. I'll make you like me before I have done with you, or I'm miſtaken. [*Aſide.*

Trad. And when you can convince me that a Beau is more uſeful to my Country than a Merchant, you ſhall have mine; 'till then you muſt excuſe me. [*Exit.*

Col. So much for Trade —— I'll fit you too. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Phil.* In my Opinion, this is very inhuman Treatment, as to the Lady, Mr. *Prim.*

Ob. Pr. Thy Opinion and mine happens to differ as much as our Occupations, Friend; Buſineſs requireth my Preſence, and Folly thine; and ſo I muſt bid thee farewel.

Sir *Phil.* Here's Breeding for you, Mr. *Fairweil!* —— Gad take me.

Half my Eſtate I'd give to ſee 'em bit.
Col. *I hope to bite ye all, if my Plot hit.* [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Tavern*; Sackbut *and the* Colonel *in an* Egyptian *Dreſs.*

Sack. A Lucky Beginning, Colonel —— you have got the old Beau's Conſent.

Col. Ay, he's a reaſonable Creature; but the other three will require ſome Pains.—Shall I paſs upon him, think you? Egad, in my Mind, I look as antique as if I had been preſerv'd in the Ark.

Sack. Paſs upon him! ay, ay, as roundly as White-wine daſh'd with Sack does for Mountain and Sherry, if you have Aſſurance enough.——

Col. I have no Apprehenſion from that Quarter; Aſſurance is the Cockade of a Soldier.

Sack. Ay, but the Aſſurance of a Soldier differs much from that of a Traveller.——Can you lye with a good Grace?

Col. As heartily, when my Miſtreſs is the Prize, as I would meet the Foe when my Country call'd, and King

commanded; ſo don't you fear that Part; if he don't know me again, I'm ſafe——I hope he'll come.

Sack. I wiſh all my Debts would come as ſure; I told him you had been a great Traveller, had many valuable Curioſities, and was a Perſon of a moſt ſingular Taſte; he ſeem'd tranſported, and begg'd me to keep you till he came.

Col. Ay, ay, he need not fear my running away—Let's have a Bottle of Sack, Landlord, our Anceſtors drank Sack.

Sack. You ſhall have it

Col. And where-abouts is the Trap-door you mentioned?

Sack. There's the Conveyance, Sir. [*Exit.*

Col. Now if I ſhould cheat all theſe roguiſh Guardians, and carry off my Miſtreſs in Triumph, it would be what the *French* call a *Grand Coup d'Eclat*——Odſo! here comes *Periwinkle*——Ah! deuce take this Beard; pray *Jupiter* it does not give me the Slip, and ſpoil all.

Enter Sackbut *with Wine, and* Periwinkle *following.*

Sack. Sir, this Gentleman hearing you have been a great Traveller, and a Perſon of fine Speculation, begs Leave to take a Glaſs with you; he is a Man of a curious Taſte himſelf.

Col. The Gentleman has it in his Face and Garb: Sir, you are welcome.

Per. Sir, I honour a Traveller, and Men of your enquiring Diſpoſition; the Oddneſs of your Habit pleaſes me extreamly; 'tis very antique, and for that I like it.

Col. 'Tis very antique, Sir:—This Habit once belong'd to the famous *Claudius Ptolemeus*, who liv'd in the Year a Hundred and Thirty-five.

Sack. If he keeps up with the Sample, he ſhall lye with the Devil for a Bean-ſtack, and win it every Straw. [*Aſide.*

Per. A Hundred and Thirty-five! why, that's prodigious now!—Well, certainly 'tis the fineſt Thing in the World to be a Traveller.

Col. For my Part I value none of the modern Faſhions of a Fig-Leaf.

Per. No more don't I, Sir; I had rather be the Jeſt of a Fool, than his Favourite.—I am laugh'd at here for my Singularity——This Coat, you muſt know, Sir, was formerly

merly worn by that ingenious and very learned Perſon, Mr. *John Tradeſcant* of *Lambeth*.

Col. John Tradeſcant! Let me embrace you, Sir,—*John Tradeſcant* was my Uncle, by Mother-ſide; and I thank you for the Honour you do his Memory; he was a very curious Man indeed.

Per. Your Uncle, Sir,—nay then, 'tis no Wonder that your Taſte is ſo refined; why you have it in your Blood. ——My humble Service to you, Sir, to the immortal Memory of *John Tradeſcant*, your never-to-be-forgotten Uncle. [*Drinks.*

Col. Give me a Glaſs, Landlord.

Per. I find you are primitive, even in your Wine; *Canary* was the Drink of our wiſe Forefathers, 'tis Balſamick, and ſaves the Charge of 'Pothecaries Cordials—Oh! that I had liv'd in your Uncle's Days!—or rather, that he were now alive;—Oh! how proud he'd be of ſuch a Nephew!

Sack. Oh Pox! that would have ſpoil'd the Jeſt. [*Aſide.*

Per. A Perſon of your Curioſity muſt have collected many Rarities.

Col. I have ſome, Sir, which are not yet come aſhore, as an *Egyptian* Idol.

Per. Pray, what might that be?

Col. It is, Sir, a Kind of an Ape, which they formerly worſhipp'd in that Country, I took it from the Breaſt of a female Mummy.

Per. Ha, ha, our Women retain Part of their Idolatry to this Day, for many an Ape lies on a Lady's Breaſt, ha, ha.——

Sack. A ſmart old Thief. [*Aſide.*

Col. Two Tuſks of an *Hippopotamus*, two Pair of *Chineſe Nut-crackers*, and one *Egyptian Mummy*.

Per. Pray, Sir, have you never a Crocodile?

Col. Humph! the Boatſwain brought one with Deſign to ſhew it, but touching at *Rotterdam*, and hearing it was no Rarity in *England*, he ſold it to a *Dutch* Poet.

Sack. The Devil's in that Nation, it rivals us in every Thing.

Per. I ſhould have been very glad to have ſeen a living Crocodile.

Col. My Genius led me to Things more worthy of Regard.—Sir, I have ſeen the utmoſt Limits of this globular

World; I have ſeen the Sun riſe and ſet; know in what Degree of Heat he is at Noon, to the Breadth of a Hair, and what Quantity of Combuſtibles he burns in a Day, how much of it turns to Aſhes, and how much to Cinders.

Per. To Cinders! You amaze me, Sir; I never heard that the Sun conſum'd any Thing.—*Deſcartes* tells us——

Col. Deſcartes, with the reſt of his Brethren, both Ancient and Modern, knew nothing of the Matter.——I tell you, Sir, that Nature admits an annual Decay, tho' imperceptible to vulgar Eyes.——Sometimes his Rays deſtroy below, ſometimes above——You have heard of blazing Comets, I ſuppoſe?

Per. Yes, yes, I remember to have ſeen one, and our Aſtrologers tell us of another which ſhall happen very quickly.

Col. Thoſe Comets are little Iſlands bordering on the Sun, which at certain Times are ſet on fire by that luminous Body's moving over them perpendicular, which will one Day occaſion a general Conflagration.

Sack. One need not ſcruple the Colonel's Capacity, faith. [*Aſide.*

Per. This is marvellous ſtrange! Theſe Cinders are what I never read of in any of our learned Diſſertations.

Col. I don't know how the Devil you ſhould. [*Aſide.*

Sack. He has it at his Fingers Ends; one would ſwear he had learn'd to lye at School, he does it ſo cleverly. [*Aſide.*

Per. Well! you Travellers ſee ſtrange Things! Pray, Sir, have you any of thoſe Cinders?

Col. I have, among my other Curioſities.

Per. Oh, what have I loſt for want of Travelling! Pray, what have you elſe?

Col. Several Things worth your Attention——I have a Muff made of the Feathers of thoſe Geeſe that ſav'd the *Roman* Capitol.

Per. Is't poſſible?

Sack. Yes, if you are ſuch a Gander as to believe him. [*Aſide.*

Col. I have an *Indian* Leaf, which open, will cover an Acre of Land, yet folds up in ſo little a Compaſs, you may put it into your Snuff-box.

Sack. Humph! That's a Thunderer. [*Aſide.*

Per.

Per. Amazing!

Col. Ah! mine is but a little one; I have ſeen ſome of them that would cover one of the *Carribbee* Iſlands.

Per. Well, if I don't travel before I die, I ſhan't reſt in my Grave.——Pray, what do the *Indians* with them?

Col. Sir, they uſe them in their Wars for Tents, the old Women for Riding-hoods, the Young for Fans and Umbrellas.

Sack. He has a fruitful Invention. [*Aſide.*

Per. I admire our *Eaſt-India* Company imports none of them; they would certainly find their Account in them.

Col. Right, if they could find the Leaves.—— *Aſide.*—Look ye, Sir, do you ſee this little Vial?

Per. Pray you, what is it?

Col. This is call'd *Poluſioſboio.*

Per. Poluſioſboio!——It has a rumbling Sound.

Col. Right, Sir; it proceeds from a rumbling Nature. ——This Water was Part of thoſe Waves which bore *Cleopatra*'s Veſſel when ſhe ſail'd to meet *Anthony.*

Per. Well, of all that ever travell'd, none had a Taſte like you.

Col. But here's the Wonder of the World—This, Sir, is call'd *Zona,* or *Moros Muſphonon,* the Virtues of this are ineſtimable.

Per. Moros Muſphonon! What in the Name of Wiſdom can that be?——To me it ſeems a plain Belt.

Col. This Girdle has carried me all the World over.

Per. You have carried it, you mean.

Col. I mean as I ſay, Sir:——Whenever I am girded with this, I am inviſible; and by turning this little Screw, can be in the Court of the Great Mogul, the Grand Signior, and King *George,* in as little Time as your Cook can poach an Egg.

Per. You muſt pardon me, Sir, I can't believe it.

Col. If my Landlord pleaſes, he ſhall try the Experiment immediately.

Sack. I thank you kindly, Sir, but I have no Inclination to ride Poſt to the Devil.

Col. No, no, you ſhan't ſtir a Foot, I'll only make you inviſible.

Sack. But if you could not make me viſible again.

Per.

Per. Come, try it upon me, Sir, I am not afraid of the Devil, nor all his Tricks.——'Sbud, I'll ſtand 'em all.

Col. There, Sir, put it on——Come, Landlord, you and I muſt face the Eaſt. *(They turn about.)* Is it on, Sir?

Per. 'Tis on. [*They turn about again.*

Sack. Heaven protect me! Where is he?

Per. Why here, juſt where I was.

Sack. Where, where, in the Name of Virtue? Ah, poor Mr. *Periwinkle!*——Egad, look to't, you had beſt, Sir; and let him be ſeen again, or I ſhall have you burnt for a Wizard.

Col. Have Patience, good Landlord.

Per. But really don't you ſee me now?

Sack. No more than I ſee my Grandmother, that dy'd forty Years ago.

Per. Are you ſure you don't lye; methinks I ſtand juſt where I did, and ſee you as plain as I did before.

Sack. Ah! I wiſh I could ſee you once again.

Col. Take off the Girdle, Sir. [*He takes it off.*

Sack. Ah, Sir, I am glad to ſee you with all my Heart. [*Embraces him.*

Per. This is very odd; certainly there muſt be ſome Trick in't.——Pray, Sir, will you do me the Favour to put it on yourſelf.

Col. With all my Heart.

Per. But firſt I'll ſecure the Door.

Col. You know how to turn the Screw, Mr. *Sackbut?*

Sack. Yes, yes——Come, Mr. *Periwinkle*, we muſt turn full Eaſt. [*They turn, the* Colonel *ſinks down a Trap-door.*

Col. 'Tis done, now turn. [*They turn.*

Per. Ha! Mercy upon me; my Fleſh creeps upon my Bones——This muſt be a Conjurer, Mr. *Sackbut.*

Sack. He is the Devil, I think.

Per. Oh, Mr. *Sackbut*, why do you Name the Devil, when perhaps he may be at your Elbow?

Sack. At my Elbow; marry, Heaven forbid.

Col. (Below.) Are you ſatisfied, Sir?

Per. Yes, Sir, yes.——How hollow his Voice ſounds!

Sack. Yours ſeem'd juſt the ſame——Faith, I wiſh this Girdle were mine, I'd ſell Wine no more. Hark ye, Mr. *Periwinkle, (takes him aſide, 'till the* Colonel *riſes again.)*

again) if he would ſell this Girdle, you might travel with great Expedition.

Col. But it is not to be parted with for Money.

Per. I am ſorry for't, Sir, becauſe I think it the greateſt Curioſity I ever heard of.

Col. By the Advice of a learned Phyſiognomiſt in *Grand Cairo*, who conſulted the Lines in my Face, I returned to *England*, where he told me I ſhould find a Rarity in the Keeping of *four* Men, which I was born to poſſeſs for the Benefit of Mankind; and the *firſt* of the *four* that gave me his Conſent, I ſhould preſent him with this Girdle—Till I have found this Jewel, I ſhall not part with the Girdle.

Per. What can that Rarity be? Didn't he name it to you?

Col. Yes, Sir: He called it a chaſte, beautiful, unaffected Woman.

Per. Piſh! Women are no Rarities——I never had any great Taſte that Way; I married, indeed, to pleaſe a Father, and I got a Girl to pleaſe my Wife; but ſhe and the Child (thank Heav'n) died together——Women are the very Geugaws of the Creation; Playthings for Boys, who, when they write Man, they ought to throw aſide.

Sack. A fine Lecture to be read to a Circle of Ladies! [*Aſide.*

Per. What Woman is there, dreſt in all the Pride and Foppery of the Times, can boaſt of ſuch a Foretop as the *Cockatoo's?*

Col. I muſt humour him—*(aſide)*—Such a Skin as the *Lizzard's?*

Per. Such a ſhining Breaſt as the *Humming-Bird's?*

Col. Such a Shape as the *Antelope's?*

Per. Or in all the artful Mixture of their various Dreſſes, have they half the Beauty of one Box of Butterflies?

Col. No, that muſt be allow'd—For my Part, if it were not for the Benefit of Mankind, I'd have nothing to do with them, for they are as indifferent to me as a Sparrow, or a Flesh Fly.

Per. Pray, Sir, what Benefit is the World to reap from this Lady?

Col. Why, Sir, ſhe is to bear me a Son, who ſhall revive the Art of embalming, and the old *Roman* Manner of burying

burying the Dead; and for the Benefit of Poſterity, he is to diſcover the Longitude, ſo long ſought for in vain.

Per. Od! theſe are valuable Things, Mr. *Sackbut.*

Sack. He hits it off admirably, and t'other ſwallows it like Sack and Sugar—*(Aſide)*—Certainly this Lady muſt be your Ward, Mr. *Periwinkle*, by her being under the Care of *four* Perſons.

Per. By the Deſcription it ſhould——Egad, if I could get that Girdle, I'd ride with the Sun, and make the *Tour* of the World in *four and twenty* Hours. *(Aſide)* And are you to give that Girdle to the *firſt* of the *Four* Guardians that ſhall give his Conſent to marry that Lady, ſay you, Sir?

Col. I am ſo order'd, when I can find him.

Per. I fancy, I know the very Woman—her Name is *Anne Lovely.*

Col. Excellent!——He ſaid, indeed, that the firſt Letter of her Name was *L.*

Per. Did he, really?——Well, that's prodigiouſly amazing, that a Perſon in *Grand Cairo* ſhould know any Thing of my Ward.

Col. Your Ward!

Per. To be plain with you, Sir; I am one of thoſe *four* Guardians.

Col. Are you indeed, Sir? I am tranſported to find the Man who is to poſſeſs this *Moros Muſphonon* is a Perſon of ſo curious a Taſte.—Here is a Writing drawn up by that famous *Egyptian*, which if you will pleaſe to ſign, you muſt turn your Face full North, and the Girdle is your's.

Per. If I live till this Boy is born, I'll be embalm'd, and ſent to the Royal Society when I die.

Col. That you ſhall moſt certainly.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Here's Mr. *Staytape* the Taylor enquires for you, Colonel.

Col. Who do you ſpeak to, you Son of a Whore.

Per. Ha! Colonel! [*Aſide.*

Col. Confound the blundering Dog! [*Aſide.*

Draw. Why, to Colonel——

Sack. Get you out, you Raſcal.

[*Kicks him out, and goes after him.*

Draw.

Draw. What the Devil is the Matter?

Col. This Dog has ruin'd all my Schemes, I ſee by *Periwinkle*'s Looks. [*Aſide.*

Per. How finely I ſhould have been chous'd—Colonel, you'll pardon me that I did not give you your Title before—it was pure Ignorance, faith it was——Pray—hem, hem! Pray, Colonel, what Poſt had this learned *Egyptian* in your Regiment?

Col. A Pox of your Sneer. *(Aſide.)* I don't underſtand you, Sir.

Per. No, that's ſtrange! I underſtand you, Colonel—An *Egyptian* of *Grand Cairo!* ha, ha, ha—I am ſorry ſuch a well invented Tale ſhould do you no more Service——We old Fellows can ſee as far into a Milſtone as them that pick it——I am not to be trick'd out of my Truſt——mark that.

Col. The Devil! I muſt carry it off, I wiſh I were fairly out. *(Aſide.)* Look ye, Sir, you may make what Jeſt you pleaſe—but the Stars will be obey'd, Sir, and, depend upon't, I ſhall have the Lady, and you none of the Girdle.—Now for *Freeman*'s Part of the Plot. *(Aſide.)* [*Exit.*

Per. The Stars! ha, ha—No Star has favour'd you, it ſeems—The Girdle! ha, ha, ha, none of your *Legerdemain* Tricks can paſs upon me——Why, what a Pack of Trumpery has this Rogue pick'd up—His *Pagods*, *Poluſloſboios*, his *Zonas*, *Meros Muſphonons*, and the Devil knows what—But I'll take Care—Ha, gone!——Ay, 'twas Time to ſneak off—Soho! the Houſe! [*Enter* Sackbut.] Where is this Trickſter? Send for a Conſtable, I'll have this Raſcal before the Lord Mayor; I'll *Grand Cairo* him, with a Pox to him—I believe you had a Hand in putting this Impoſture upon me, *Sackbut.*

Sack. Who I, Mr. *Periwinkle?* I ſcorn it; I perceiv'd he was a Cheat, and left the Room on purpoſe to ſend for a Conſtable to apprehend him, and endeavour'd to ſtop him when he went out—But the Rogue made but one Step from the Stairs to the Door, call'd a Coach, leap'd into it, and drove away like the Devil, as Mr. *Freeman* can witneſs, who is at the Bar, and deſires to ſpeak with you; he is this Minute come to Town.

Per. Send him in. [*Exit* Sackbut.] What a Scheme this Rogue has laid! How I ſhould have been laugh'd at, had

it

it ſucceeded! [*Enter* Freeman *booted and ſpur'd.*] Mr. *Freeman*, your Dreſs commands your Welcome to Town, what will you drink? I had like to have been impos'd upon here by the veriеſt Raſcal———

Free. I am ſorry to hear it.—The Dog flew for't—he had not 'ſcap'd me, if I had been aware of him; *Sackbut* ſtruck at him, but miſs'd his Blow, or he had done his Buſineſs for him.

Per. I believe you never heard of ſuch a Contrivance, Mr. *Freeman*, as this Fellow had found out.

Free. Mr. *Sackbut* has told me the whole Story, Mr. *Periwinkle*; but now I have ſomething to tell you of much more Importance to yourſelf.—I happen'd to lie one Night at *Coventry*, and knowing your Uncle, Sir *Toby Periwinkle*, I paid him a Viſit, and, to my great Surprize, found him dying.

Per. Dying!

Free. Dying, in all Appearance; the Servants weeping, the Room in Darkneſs; the 'Pothecary ſhaking his Head, told me, the Doctors had given him over; and then there is ſmall Hopes, you know.

Per. I hope he has made his Will—he always told me, he would make me his Heir.

Free. I have heard you ſay as much, and therefore reſolv'd to give you Notice. I ſhould think, it would not be amiſs if you went down to-morrow Morning.

Per. It is a long Journey, and the Roads very bad.

Free. But he has a great Eſtate, and the Land very good—Think upon that.

Per. Why that's true, as you ſay; I'll think upon it: In the mean Time, I give you many Thanks for your Civility, Mr. *Freeman*, and ſhould be glad of your Company to dine with me.

Free. I am oblig'd to be at *Jonathan*'s Coffee-Houſe by Two, and now it is half an Hour after One; if I diſpatch my Buſineſs, I'll wait on you; I know your Hour.

Per. You ſhall be very welcome, Mr. *Freeman*, and ſo your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Colonel *and* Sackbut.

Free. Ha, ha, ha,—I have done your Buſineſs, Colonel, he has ſwallow'd the Bait.

Col.

Col. I overheard all, though I am a little in the Dark; I am to perſonate a Highwayman, I ſuppoſe—That's a Project I am not fond of; for though I may fright him out of his Conſent, he may fright me out of my Life, when he diſcovers me, as he certainly muſt in the End.

Free. No, no, I have a Plot for you without Danger, but firſt we muſt manage *Tradelove*—Has the Taylor brought your Clothes?

Sack. Yes, Pox take the Thief.

Col. Well, well, no Matter, I warrant we have him yet—But now you muſt put on the *Dutch* Merchant.

Col. The Duce of this trading Plot——I wiſh he had been an old Soldier, that I might have attack'd him in my own Way, heard him fight over all the Battles of the civil War—But for Trade, by *Jupiter* I ſhall never do it.

Sack. Never fear, Colonel, Mr. *Freeman* will inſtruct you.

Free. You'll ſee what others do, the Coffee-houſe will inſtruct you.

Col. I muſt venture, however—But I have a farther Plot in my Head upon *Tradelove*, which you muſt aſſiſt me in, *Freeman*; you are in Credit with him, I heard you ſay.

Free. I am, and will ſcruple nothing to ſerve you, Colonel.

Col. Come along then—Now for the *Dutchman*—Honeſt *Ptolemy*. By your Leave.

Now muſt Bag Wig and Buſ'neſs come in Play;
A Thirty-Thouſand-Pound Girl *leads the Way.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Jonathan's *Coffee-Houſe in* Change-Alley. *A Crowd of People with Rolls of Paper and Parchment in their Hands; a Bar, and Coffee-Boys waiting.*

Enter Tradelove *and* Stock-Jobbers, *with Rolls of Paper and Parchment.*

1ſt Stock. SOuth-Sea at ſeven Eighths; who buys?

2d Stock. *South-Sea* Bonds due at *Michaelmas*, 1718. Claſs Lottery-Tickets.

3d Stock. East-India Bonds?

4th Stock. What, all Sellers and no Buyers? Gentlemen, I'll buy a thouſand Pound for *Tueſday* next, at *three Fourths*.

Coff. Boy. Freſh Coffee, Gentlemen, freſh Coffee?

Trade. Hark ye, *Gabriel*, you'll pay the Difference of that Stock we tranſacted for t'other Day.

Gabr. Ay, Mr. *Tradelove*, here's a Note for the Money upon the *Sword-Blade* Company. [*Gives him a Note.*

Coff. Boy. Bohea-Tea, Gentlemen?

Enter a Man.

Man. Is Mr. *Smuggle* here?

1ſt Coff. Boy. Mr. *Smuggle*'s not here, Sir, you'll find him at the Books.

2d. Stock. Ho! here come two Sparks from t'other End of the Town; what News bring they?

Enter two Gentlemen.

Trade. I would fain bite that Spark in the Brown Coat; he comes very often into the Alley, but never employs a Broker.

Enter Colonel *and* Freeman.

2d Stock. Who does any thing in the Civil-Liſt Lottery? or *Cacq?* Zounds, where are all the *Jews* this Afternoon? Are you a Bull or a Bear To-day, *Abraham?*

3d Stock. A Bull, Faith,——but I have a good Putt for next Week.

Trade. Mr. *Freeman*, your Servant! Who is that Gentleman?

Free. A *Dutch* Merchant, juſt come to *England*; but hark ye, Mr. *Tradelove*,—I have a Piece of News will get you as much as the *French* King's Death did, if you are expeditious.

Trade. Say you ſo, Sir! Pray, what is it?

Free. (Shewing him a Letter.) Read there, I receiv'd it juſt now from one that belongs to the Emperor's Miniſter.

Trade. (Reads.) *Sir, As I have many Obligations to you, I cannot miſs any Opportunity to ſhew my Gratitude; this Moment my Lord has receiv'd a private Expreſs, that the* Spaniards *have rais'd their Siege from before* Cagliari; *if this*

proves

proves any Advantage to you, it will anſwer both the Ends and Wiſhes of, Sir, Your moſt obliged humble Servant,

Henricus Duſſeldorp.

Poſtſcript.

In two or three Hours the News will be publick.

May one depend upon this, Mr. *Freeman?*

[*Aſide to* Freeman.

Free. You may.——I never knew this Perſon ſend me a falſe Piece of News in my Life.

Trade. Sir, I am much oblig'd to you, 'Egad, 'tis rare News.——Who ſells *South-Sea* for next Week.

Stock Job. (*All together.*) I ſell; I, I, I, I, I ſell.

1*ſt Stock.* I'll ſell 5000*l.* for next Week, at *five Eighths.*

2*d Stock.*——I'll ſell ten thouſand, at *five Eighths*, for the ſame Time.

Trade. Nay, nay, hold, hold, not altogether, Gentlemen, I'll be no Bull, I'll buy no more than I can take: Will you ſell ten thouſand Pounds at a Half, for any Day next Week, except *Saturday?*

1*ſt Stock.* I'll ſell it you, Mr. *Tradelove.*

Free. (*Whiſpers to one of the Gentlemen.*)

Gent. (*Aſide.*) The *Spaniards* rais'd the Siege of *Cagliari!* I don't believe one Word of it.

2*d Gent.* Rais'd the Siege; as much as you have rais'd the Monument.

Free. 'Tis rais'd I aſſure you, Sir.

2*d Gent.* What will you lay on't.

Free. What you pleaſe.

1*ſt Gent.* Why, I have a Brother upon the Spot, in the Emperor's Service; I am certain if there were any ſuch Thing, I ſhould have had a Letter.

2*d Stock.* How's this? The Siege of *Cagliari* rais'd?——I wiſh it may be true, 'twill make Buſineſs ſtir, and Stocks riſe.

1*ſt Stock.* *Tradelove*'s a cunning fat Bear; if this News proves true, I ſhall repent I ſold him the ten thouſand Pounds.——Pray, Sir, what Aſſurance have you that the Siege is rais'd?

Free. There is come an Expreſs to the Emperor's Miniſter.

2*d Stock.* I'll know that preſently. [*Exit.*

1*ſt Gent.*

1st Gent. Let it come where it will, I'll hold you fifty Pounds 'tis falſe.

Free. 'Tis done.

2d Gent. I'll lay you a Brace of Hundreds upon the ſame.

Free. I'll take you.

4th Stock. 'Egad, I'll hold twenty Pieces 'tis not rais'd, Sir.

Free. Done with you too.

Trade. I'll lay any Man a Brace of Thouſands the Siege is rais'd.

Free. The *Dutch* Merchant is your Man to take in. [*Aſide to* Tradelove.

Trade. Does not he know the News?

Free. Not a Syllable; if he did, he wou'd bet a Hundred thouſand Pound as ſoon as one Penny;—he's plaguy rich, and a mighty Man at Wagers. [*To* Tradelove.

Trade. Say you ſo,—'Egad, I'll bite him, if poſſible;——Are you from *Holland*, Sir?

Col. Ya, Mynheer.

Trade. Had you the News before you came away?

Col. Wat believe you, Mynheer?

Trade. What do I believe? Why, I believe that the *Spaniards* have actually rais'd the Siege of *Cagliari*.

Col. Wat Duyvel's News is dat? 'Tis niet waer, Mynheer,——'tis no true, Sir.

Trade. 'Tis ſo true, Mynheer, that I'll lay you two thouſand Pounds upon it.——You are ſure the Letter may be depended upon, Mr. *Freeman?*

Free. Do you think I would venture my Money, if I were not ſure of the Truth of it? [*Aſide to* Tradelove.

Col. Two duyſend Pound, Mynheer, 'tis gadaen—dis Gentleman ſal hold de Gelt. [*Gives* Freeman *Money.*

Trade. With all my Heart—this binds the Wager.

Free. You have certainly loſt, Mynheer, the Siege is rais'd indeed.

Col. Ik gelov't niet, Mynheer *Freeman*, ik ſal ye dubbled houden, if you pleaſe.

Free. I am let into the Secret, therefore won't win your Money.

Trade. Ha, ha, ha! I have ſnapt the *Dutchman*, Faith, ha,

ha, ha! this is no ill Day's Work,——pray, may I crave your Name, Mynheer?

Col. Myn Naem, Mynheer! myn Name is *Jan van Timtamtirelereletta Heer Fainwell.*

Trade. Zounds, 'tis a damn'd long Name, I ſhall never remember it.—*Myn Heer van, Tim, Tim, Tim,*——What the Devil is it?

Free. Oh! never heed, I know the Gentleman, and will paſs my Word for twice the Sum.

Trade. That's enough.

Col. You'll hear of me ſooner than you'll wiſh, old Gentleman, I fancy. *(Aſide.)* You'll come to *Sackbut's*, *Freeman.* [*Exit.*

Free. Immediately. [*Aſide to the* Colonel,

1ſt Man. Humphry Hump here?

2d Boy. Mr. *Humphry Hump* is not here; you'll find him upon the *Dutch* Walk.

Trade. Mr. *Freeman*, I give you many Thanks for your Kindneſs.——

Free. I fear you'll repent when you know all. [*Aſide.*

Trade. Will you dine with me?

Free. I'm engag'd at *Sackbut's*; adieu. [*Exit.*

Trade. Sir, your humble Servant. Now I'll ſee what I can do upon *'Change* with my News. [*Exit.*

SCENE *the Tavern.*

Enter Freeman *and* Colonel.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! The old Fellow ſwallowed the Bait as greedily as a Gudgeon.

Col. I have him, Faith, ha, ha, ha!—His two thouſand Pounds ſecure.——If he would keep his Money, he muſt part with the Lady, ha, ha.——What came of your two Friends? They perform'd their Part very well; you ſhould have brought 'em to take a Glaſs with us.

Free. No matter, we'll drink a Bottle together another Time. — I did not care to bring them hither; there's no Neceſſity to truſt them with the main Secret, you know, *Colonel.*

Col. Nay, that's right, *Freeman.*

Enter Sackbut.

Sack. Joy, Joy, *Colonel!* The luckieſt Accident in the World! *Col.*

Col. What ſay'ſt thou?

Sack. This Letter does your Buſineſs.

Col. (Reads.) To *Obadiah Prim*, Hoſier, near the Building call'd the *Monument*, in *London*.

Free. A Letter to *Prim!* How came you by it?

Sack. Looking over the Letters our Poſt-Woman brought as I always do, to ſee what Letters are directed to my Houſe, (for ſhe can't read, you muſt know) I ſpy'd this to *Prim*, ſo paid for it among the Reſt; I have given the old Jade a Pint of Wine on purpoſe to delay Time, till you ſee if the Letter be of any Service; then I'll ſeal it up again, and tell her I took it by Miſtake; — I have read it, and fancy you'll like the Project—Read, read *Colonel*.

Col. (Reads) *Friend* Prim, *there is arriv'd from* Penſilvania *one* Simon Pure, *a Leader of the Faithful, who hath ſojourn'd with us eleven Days, and hath been of great Comfort to the Brethren.—He intendeth for the Quarterly Meetings in* London; *I have recommended him to thy Houſe. I pray thee treat him kindly, and let thy Wife cheriſh him, for he's of weakly Conſtitution——he will depart from us the third Day; which is all from thy Friend in the Faith.*

Aminadab Holdfaſt.

Ha, ha, excellent! I underſtand you, Landlord, I am to perſonate this *Simon Pure*, am I not?

Sack. Don't you like the Hint?

Col. Admirably well!

Free. 'Tis the beſt Contrivance in the World, if the right *Simon* gets not there before you. ———

Col. No, no, the Quakers never ride Poſt; he can't be here before To-morrow at ſooneſt: Do you ſend and buy me a Quaker's Dreſs, Mr. *Sackbut*; and ſuppoſe *Freeman*, you ſhould wait at the *Briſtol* Coach, that if you ſee any ſuch Perſon, you might contrive to give me Notice. ——

Free. I will--the Country Dreſs and Boots, are they ready?

Sack. Yes, yes, every Thing——Sir.

Free. Bring 'em in then.—[*Exit* Sack.] Thou muſt diſpatch *Periwinkle* firſt—remember his Uncle Sir *Toby Periwinkle* is an old Batchelor of Seventy-five.—that he has Seven hundred a Year, moſt in Abbey Land, that he was once in Love with your Mother, and ſhrewdly ſuſpected by ſome to be your Father,——that you have been thirty Years his Steward,—and ten Years his Gentleman,——remember to improve theſe Hints.

Col.

Col. Never fear, let me alone for that—but what's the Steward's Name?

Free. His Name is *Pillage.*

Col. Enough—[*Enter* Sackbut *with Clothes.*] Now for the Country Put——— [*Dreſſes.*

Free. 'Egad, Landlord, thou deſerveſt to have the firſt Night's Lodging with the Lady for thy Fidelity;—what ſay you, *Colonel*, ſhall we ſettle a Club here, you'll make one?

Col. Make one; I'll bring a Set of honeſt Officers, that will ſpend their Money as freely to the King's Health, as they would their Blood in his Service.

Sack. I thank you, *Colonel*; here, here! [*Bell rings.* [*Exit* Sackbut.

Col. So, now for my Boots. [*Puts on Boots.*] Shall I find you here, *Freeman*, when I come back?

Free. Yes,——or I'll leave Word with *Sackbut*, where he may ſend for me—Have you the Writings, the Will,——and every Thing?

Col. All, all!—— [*Enter* Sackbut.

Sack. Zounds! Mr. *Freeman!* yonder is *Tradelove* in the damned'ſt Paſſion in the World——He ſwears you are in the Houſe—he ſays you told him you was to dine here.

Free. I did ſo, ha, ha, ha? he has found himſelf bit already.———

Col. The Devil! he muſt not ſee me in this Dreſs.

Sack. I told him I expected you here, but you were not come yet———

Free. Very well,——make you haſte out, *Colonel*, and let me alone to deal with him: Where is he?

Sack. In the *King's-Head.*

Col. You remember what I told you?

Free. Ay, ay, very well. Landlord, let him know I am come in;—and now, Mr. *Pillage*, Succeſs attend you. [*Exit* Sack.

Col. Mr. *Proteus* rather.———

From changing Shape, and imitating Jove,
I draw the happy Omens of my Love.
I'm not the firſt young Brother of the Blade,
Who made his Fortune in a Maſquerade. [*Exit* Col.

Enter Tradelove.

Free. Zounds! Mr. *Tradelove*, we're bit it ſeems.

Trade. Bit do you call it, Mr. *Freeman?* I am ruin'd. —— Pox on your News.

Free. Pox on the Raſcal that ſent it me.——

Trade. Sent it you! Why *Gabriel Skinflint* has been at the Miniſter's, and ſpoke with him, and he has aſſur'd him 'tis every Syllable falſe; he receiv'd no ſuch Expreſs.

Free. I know it: I this Minute parted with my Friend, who proteſted he never ſent me any ſuch Letter. — Some roguiſh Stockjobber has done it on purpoſe to make me loſe my Money, that's certain; I wiſh I knew who he was, I'd make him repent it.—I have loſt 30*cl.* by it.

Trade. What ſignifies your three hundred Pounds to what I have loſt? There's two thouſand Pounds to that *Dutchman* with a curſed long Name, beſides the Stock I bought; the Devil! I could tear my Fleſh——I muſt never ſhew my Face upon 'Change more;——for, by my Soul, I can't pay it.

Free. I am heartily ſorry for it! What can I ſerve you in? Shall I ſpeak to the *Dutch* Merchant, and try to get you Time for the Payment.

Trade. Time! Ads'heart; I ſhall never be able to look up again.

Free. I am very much concern'd that I was the Occaſion, and wiſh I could be an Inſtrument of retrieving your Misfortune; for my own, I value it not. Adſo! a Thought comes into my Head, that, well improv'd, may be of Service.

Trade. Ah! there's no Thought can be of any Service to me, without paying the Money, or running away.

Free. How do you know? What do you think of my propoſing Mrs. *Lovely* to him? He is a ſingle Man—and I heard him ſay he had a Mind to marry an *Engliſh* Woman —— nay, more than that, he ſaid ſomebody told him, you had a pretty Ward——he wiſh'd you had betted her inſtead of your Money.

Trade. Ay, but he'd be hang'd before he'd take her inſtead of the Money; the *Dutch* are too covetous for that; beſides, he did not know that there were three more of us, I ſuppoſe.

Free. So much the better; you may venture to give him your Conſent, if he'll forgive you the Wager: it is

not

not your Buſineſs to tell him, that your Conſent will ſignify nothing.

Trade. That's right as you ſay; but will he do it, think you?

Free. I can't tell that; but I'll try what I can do with him——He has promis'd me to meet me here an Hour hence; I'll feel his Pulſe, and let you know: If I find it feaſible, I'll ſend for you; if not, you are at Liberty to take what Meaſures you pleaſe.

Trade. You muſt extol her Beauty, double her Portion, and tell him I have the intire Diſpoſal of her, and that ſhe can't marry without my Conſent;——and that I am a covetous Rogue, and will never part with her without a valuable Conſideration.

Free. Ay, ay, let me alone for a Lye at a Pinch.

Trade. 'Egad, if you can bring this to bear, Mr. *Freeman*, I'll make you whole again; I'll pay the three hundred Pounds you loſt, with all my Soul.

Free. Well, I'll uſe my beſt Endeavours —— Where will you be?

Trade. At Home; pray Heaven you proſper—If I were but the ſole Truſtee now, I ſhould not fear it. Who the Devil would be a Guardian,

If, when Caſh runs low, our Coffers t'enlarge,
We can't, like other Stocks, tranſfer our Charge? [Exit.

Free. Ha, ha, ha——he has it. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Periwinkle's *Houſe.*

Enter Periwinkle *on one Side, and* Footman *on t'other.*

Foot. A Gentleman from *Coventry* enquires for you, Sir.

Per. From my Uncle, I warrant you; bring him up—This will ſave me the Trouble, as well as the Expence of a Journey.

Enter Colonel.

Col. Is your Name *Periwinkle*, Sir?

Per. It is, Sir.

Col. I am ſorry for the Meſſage I bring—My old Maſter, whom I ſerved theſe forty Years, claims the Sorrow due from a faithful Servant to an indulgent Maſter. [*Weeps.*

Per. By this I underſtand, Sir, my Uncle Sir *Toby Periwinkle* is dead.

Col. He is, Sir, and he has left you Heir to ſeven Hundred a Year, in as good Abbey-Land as ever paid *Peter-Pence* to *Rome*. —— I wiſh you long to enjoy it, but my Tears will flow when I think of my Benefactor—*(Weeps.)* Ah! he was a good Man——he has not left many of his Fellows——the Poor lament him ſorely.

Per. I pray, Sir, what Office bore you?

Col. I was his Steward, Sir.

Per. I have heard him mention you with much Reſpect; your Name is————

Col. Pillage, Sir.

Per. Ay, *Pillage*, I do remember he called you *Pillage* ——Pray, Mr. *Pillage*, when did my Uncle die?

Col. Monday laſt, at Four in the Morning. About Two he ſign'd his Will, and gave it into my Hands, and ſtrictly charg'd me to leave *Coventry* the Moment he expir'd, and deliver it to you with what Speed I could; I have obey'd him, Sir, and there is the Will. [*Gives it to* Per.

Per. 'Tis very well, I'll lodge it in the Commons.

Col. There are Two Things which he forgot to inſert, but charg'd me to tell you, that he deſir'd you'd perform them as readily as if you had found them written in the Will, which is to remove his Corpſe, and bury him by his Father at St. *Paul's*, *Covent-Garden*, and to give all his Servants Mourning.

Per. That will be a conſiderable Charge; a Pox of all modern Faſhions. *(Aſide.)* Well! it ſhall be done. Mr. *Pillage*: I will agree with one of Death's Faſhion-Mongers, call'd an Undertaker, to go down, and bring up the Body.

Col. I hope, Sir, I ſhall have the Honour to ſerve you in the ſame Station I did your worthy Uncle; I have not many Years to ſtay behind him, and would gladly ſpend them in the Family, where I was brought up—*(Weeps.)* He was a kind and tender Maſter to me.

Per. Pray don't grieve, Mr. *Pillage*, you ſhall hold your Place, and every Thing elſe which you held under my Uncle——You make me weep to ſee you ſo concern'd. *(Weeps.)* He liv'd to a good old Age, and we are all mortal.

Col.

Col. We are ſo, Sir, and therefore I muſt beg you to ſign this Leaſe; You'll find Sir *Toby* has taken particular Notice of it in his Will—I could not get it Time enough from the Lawyer, or he had ſign'd it before he dy'd.

[*Gives him a Paper.*

Per. A Leaſe! for what?

Col. I rented an hundred a Year of Sir *Toby* upon Leaſe, which Leaſe expires at *Lady-Day* next. I deſire to renew it for twenty Years——that's all, Sir.

Per. Let me ſee. [*Looks over the Leaſe.*

Col. Matters go ſwimmingly, if nothing intervene.

[*Aſide.*

Per. Very well——Let's ſee what he ſays in his Will about it. [*Lays the Leaſe upon the Table, and looks on the Will.*

Col. He's very wary, yet I fancy I ſhall be too cunning for him. [*Aſide.*

Per. Ho, here it is——*The Farm lying——now in Poſſeſſion of* Samuel Pillage—*ſuffer him to renew his Leaſe——at the ſame Rent*—Very well, Mr. *Pillage*, I ſee my Uncle does mention it, and I'll perform his Will. Give me the Leaſe—(Col. *gives it him, he looks upon it, and lays it upon the Table.)* Pray you ſtep to the Door, and call for a Pen and Ink, Mr. *Pillage*.

Col. I have Pen and Ink in my Pocket, Sir, *(Pull out an Inkhorn.)* I never go without that.

Per. I think it belongs to your Profeſſion——*(He looks upon the Pen, while the* Col. *changes the Leaſe, and lays down the Contract.)* I doubt this is but a ſorry Pen, tho' it may ſerve to write my Name. [*Writes.*

Col. Little does he think what he ſigns. [*Aſide.*

Per. There is your Leaſe, Mr. *Pillage*, *(Gives him the Paper.)* Now I muſt deſire you to make what Haſte you can down to *Coventry*, and take Care of every Thing, and I'll ſend down the Undertaker for the Body; do you attend it up, and whatever Charge you are at, I will repay you.

Col. You have paid me already, I thank you, Sir. [*Aſide.*

Per. Will you dine with me?

Col. I would rather not, there are ſome of my Neighbours which I met as I came along, who leave the Town

this Afternoon, they told me, and I ſhould be glad of their Company down.

Per. Well, well, I won't detain you.

Col. I don't care how ſoon I am out. [*Aſide.*

Per. I will give Orders about Mourning.

Col. You will have Cauſe to mourn, when you know your Eſtate imaginary only.

You'll find your Hopes and Cares are vain,
In Spite of all your Caution you have ta'en,
Fortune rewards the faithful Lover's Pain. [Exit.

Per. Seven Hundred a Year! I wiſh he had died ſeventeen Years ago;——What a valuable Collection of Rarities might I have had by this Time!—I might have travell'd over all the known Parts of the Globe, and made my own Cloſet rival the Vatican at *Rome*.—Odſo, I have a good Mind to begin my Travels now;——let me ſee.——I am but Sixty! my Father, Grandfather, and Great Grandfather, reach'd Ninety odd;——I have almoſt forty Years good:——Let me conſider! what will ſeven hundred a Year amount to in——ay! in thirty Years, I'll ſay but Thirty——Thirty times Seven, is ſeven times Thirty——that is——juſt twenty-one thouſand Pounds,——'tis a great deal of Money.——I may very well reſerve ſixteen Hundred of it for a Collection of ſuch Rarities, as will make my Name famous to Poſterity;——I would not die like other Mortals, forgotten in a Year or two, as my Uncle will be——No,

With Nature's curious Works I'll raiſe my Fame,
That Men, 'till Doom's-Day, may repeat my Name. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Tavern*; Freeman *and* Tradelove *over a Bottle.*

Trade. Come, Mr. *Freeman*, here's Mynheer *Jan, Van, Tim, Tam, Tam*;——I ſhall never think of that *Dutchman*'s Name——

Free. Mynheer *Jan Van Timtamtirelireletta Heer Van Fainwell.*

Trade. Ay, *Heer Van Fainwell*, I never heard ſuch a confounded Name in my Life—here's his Health, I ſay.

Free. With all my Heart.

Trade. Faith, I never expected to have found ſo generous a Thing in a *Dutchman*.

Free.

Free. Oh, he has nothing of the *Hollander* in his Temper——except an Antipathy to Monarchy——As soon as I told him your Circumstances, he reply'd, he would not be the Ruin of any Man for the World—and immediately made this Proposal himself—Let him take what Time he will for the Payment, said he; or if he'll give me his Ward, I'll forgive him the Debt.

Trade. Well, Mr. *Freeman*, I can but thank you.—'Egad, you have made a Man of me again; and if ever I lay a Wager more, may I rot in a Gaol.

Free. I assure you, Mr. *Tradelove*, I was very much concern'd, because I was the Occasion, —— tho' very innocently, I protest.

Trade. I dare swear you was, Mr. *Freema*

Enter a Fidler.

Fid. Please to have a Lesson of Musick, or a Song, Gentlemen?

Free. A Song; ay, with all our Hearts; have you ever a merry one?

Fid. Yes, Sir, my Wife and I can give you a merry Dialogue. [*Here is the Song.*

Trade. 'Tis very pretty, Faith.

Free. There's something for you to drink, Friend; go, lose no Time.

Fid. I thank you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Drawer, *and* Colonel *drest for the* Dutch *Merchant.*

Col. Ha, Mynheer *Tradelove*, Ik been sorry voor your Troubles—maer Ik sal you easie macken, Ik will de gelt nie hebben———

Trade. I shall for ever acknowledge the Obligation, Sir.

Free. But you understand upon what Condition, Mr. *Tradelove*; Mrs. *Lovely*.

Col. Ya, de Frow sal al te regt setten, Mynheer.

Trade. With all my Heart, Mynheer; you shall have my Consent to marry her freely.———

Free. Well then, as I am a Party concern'd between you, *Mynheer Jan Van Timtamtirelireletta Heer Van Fain-* [illegible] all give you a Discharge of your Wager under his own Hand, —— and you shall give him your Consent to

marry Mrs. *Lovely* under yours—that is the Way to avoid all Manner of Diſputes hereafter.

Col. Ya, Weeragtig.

Trade. Ay, ay, ſo it is, Mr. *Freeman*, I'll give it under mine this Minute. [*Sits down to write.*

Col. And ſo Ik ſal. [*Sits down to write.*

Free. So ho, the Houſe, (*Enter Drawer.*) Bid your Maſter come up——I'll ſee there be Witneſſes enough to the Bargain. [*Aſide.*

Enter Sackbut.

Sack. Do you call, Gentlemen?

Free. Ay, Mr. *Sackbut*, we ſhall want your Hand here—

Trade. There Mynheer, there's my Conſent as amply as you can deſire; but you muſt inſert your own Name, for I know not how to ſpell it; I have left a Blank for it. [*Gives the* Colonel *a Paper.*

Col. Ya Ik ſal dat well doen.——

Free. Now, Mr. *Sackbut*, you and I will witneſs it. [*They write.*

Col. Daer, Mynheer *Tradelove*, is your Diſcharge. [*Gives him a Paper.*

Trade. Be pleaſed to witneſs this Receipt too, Gentlemen. [Freeman *and* Sackbut *put their Hands.*

Free. Ay, ay, that we will.

Col. Well Mynheer, ye moſt meer doen, ye moſt Myn voorſprach to de Frow Syn.

Free. He means you muſt recommend him to the Lady—

Trade. That I will, and to the reſt of my Brother Guardians.

Col. Wat voor, de Duyvel heb you meer Guardians?

Trade. Only *Three*, Mynheer.

Col. Wat donder heb ye Myn betrocken Mynheer?—Had Ik dat gewoeten, Ik ſoude eaven met you geweeſt Syn.

Sack. But Mr. *Tradelove* is the Principal, and he can do a great deal with the reſt, Sir.

Free. And he ſhall uſe his Intereſt, I promiſe you, Mynheer.

Trade. I will ſay all that ever I can think on to recommend you, Mynheer; and if you pleaſe, I'll introduce you to the Lady.

Col. Well, dat is waer.—Maer ye muſt firſt ſpreken of Myn to de Frow, and to de oudere Gentlemen.

Free.

Free. Ay, that's the beſt Way,—and then I and the *Heer Van Fainwell* will meet you there.

Trade. I will go this Moment, upon Honour.—Your moſt obedient humble Servant.——My ſpeaking will do you little Good, Mynheer, ha, ha; we have bit you, faith, ha, ha.

Well,—my Debt's diſcharged, and for the Man,
He 'as my Conſent—to get her, if he can. [Exit.

Col. Ha, ha, ha! this was a Maſter-Piece of Contrivance, *Freeman.*

Free. He hugs himſelf with his ſuppoſed good Fortune, and little thinks the Luck's on our Side;——but come, purſue the fickle Goddeſs while ſhe's in the Mood.—Now for the Quaker.

Col. That's the hardeſt Taſk.

Of all the Counterfeits perform'd by Man,
A Soldier makes the ſimpleſt Puritan. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE Prim's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Prim *and Mrs.* Lovely *in Quaker's Dreſſes, meeting.*

Mrs. *Pr.* SO, now I like thee, *Anne*; art thou not better without thy monſtrous Hoop-Coat and Patches?--If Heaven ſhould make thee ſo many black Spots upon thy Face, wou'd it not fright thee, *Anne?*

Mrs. *Lov.* If it ſhould turn your Inſide outward, and ſhew all the Spots of your Hypocriſy, 'twould fright me worſe!

Mrs. *Pr.* My Hypocriſy! I ſcorn thy Words, *Anne*, I lay no Baits.

Mrs. *Lov.* If you did you'd catch no Fiſh.

Mrs. *Pr.* Well, well, make thy Jeſts——but I'd have thee to know, *Anne*, that I cou'd have catch'd as many Fiſh (as thou call'ſt them) in my Time, as ever thou did'ſt with all thy Fool-Traps about thee—If Admirers be thy Aim, [illegible] wilt have more of them in this Dreſs than the other. [illegible]he Men, take my Word for't, are more deſirous to ſee what we are moſt careful to conceal.

Mrs. *Lov.* Is that the Reaſon of your Formality, Mrs. *Prim?* Truth will out: I ever thought, indeed, there was more Deſign than Godlineſs in the pinch'd Cap.

Mrs. *Pr.* Go, thou art corrupted with reading lewd Plays, and filthy Romances,—good for nothing but to lead Youth into the high Road of Fornication.—Ah! I wiſh thou art not already too familiar with the wicked Ones.

Mrs. *Lov.* Too familiar with the wicked Ones! Pray no more of thoſe Freedoms, Madam,—I am familiar with none ſo wicked as yourſelf;——How dare you thus talk to me! you, you, you, unworthy Woman you.

[*Burſts into Tears.*

Enter Tradelove.

Trade. What in Tears, *Nancy?* What have you done to her, Mrs. *Prim*, to make her weep?

Mrs. *Lov.* Done to me! I admire I keep my Senſes among you;—but I will rid myſelf of your Tyranny, if there be either Law or Juſtice to be had;—I'll force you to give me up my Liberty.

Mrs. *Pr.* Thou haſt more need to weep for thy Sins, *Anne*——Yea, for thy manifold Sins.

Mrs. *Lov.* Don't think that I'll be ſtill the Fool which you have made me—No, I'll wear what I pleaſe—go when and where I pleaſe—and keep what Company I think fit, and not what you ſhall direct—I will.

Trade. For my Part, I do think all this very reaſonable, Mrs. *Lovely*—'Tis fit you ſhould have your Liberty, and for that very Purpoſe I am come.

Enter Mr. Periwinkle, *and* Obadiah Prim, *with a Letter in his Hand.*

Per. I have bought ſome black Stockings of your Huſband, Mrs. *Prim*, but he tells me the Glover's Trade belongs to you; therefore I pray you look me out five or ſix Dozen of mourning Gloves, ſuch as are given at Funerals, and ſend them to my Houſe.

Ob. Pr. My Friend *Periwinkle* has got a good Windfall to Day—ſeven hundred a Year.

Mrs. *Pr.* I wiſh thee Joy of it, Neighbour.

Trade. What, is Sir *Toby* dead, then?

Per. He is! You'll take care, Mrs. *Prim*;

Mrs.

Mrs. *Pr.* Yea, I will, Neighbour.

Ob. Pr. This Letter recommendeth a Speaker; 'tis from *Aminadab Holdfaſt* of *Briſtol*; peradventure he will be here this Night; therefore, *Sarah*, do thou take Care for his Reception.——— [*Gives her the Letter.*

Mrs. *Pr.* I will obey thee. [*Exit.*

Ob. Pr. What art thou in the Dumps for, *Anne?*

Trade. We muſt marry her, Mr. *Prim.*

Ob. Pr. Why truly, if we could find a Huſband worth having, I ſhould be as glad to ſee her married as thou would'ſt, Neighbour.

Per. Well ſaid; there are but few worth having.

Trade. I can recommend you a Man now, that I think you can none of you have an Objection to!

Enter Sir Philip Modelove.

Per. You recommend? Nay, whenever ſhe marries, I'll recommend the Huſband.———

Sir *Phil.* What muſt it be, a Whale or a Rhinoceros, Mr. *Periwinkle*, ha, ha, ha? Mr. *Tradelove*, I have a Bill upon you *(gives him a Paper)* and have been ſeeking for you all over the Town.

Trade. I'll accept it, Sir *Philip*, and pay it when due—

Per. He ſhall be none of the Fops at your End of the Town, with full Perukes and empty Skulls,—nor yet none of your trading Gentry, who puzzle the Heralds to find Arms for their Coaches.——No, he ſhall be a Man famous for Travels, Solidity, and Curioſity——one who has ſearch'd into the Profoundity of Nature! When Heaven ſhall direct ſuch a One, he ſhall have my Conſent, becauſe it may turn to the Benefit of Mankind.

Mrs. *Lov.* The Benefit of Mankind! What, would you anatomize me?

Sir *Phil.* Ay, ay, Madam, he would diſſect you.

Trade. Or, pore over you through a Microſcope, to ſee how your Blood circulates from the Crown of your Head to the Sole of your Foot——ha, ha! But I have a Huſband for you, a Man that knows how to improve your Fortune; one that trades to the four Corners of the Globe.

Mrs. *Lov.* And would ſend me for a Venture perhaps.

Trade. One that will dreſs you in all the Pride of *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Africa* and *America*——a *Dutch* Merchant, my Girl.

Sir *Phil.* A *Dutchman!* ha, ha, there's a Husband for a fine Lady.——Ya Frow, will you meet myn Slagen—ha, ha; he'll learn you to talk the Language of the Hogs, Madam, ha, ha!

Trade. He'll learn you that one Merchant is of more Service to a Nation than fifty Coxcombs.—The *Dutch* know the trading Interest to be of more Benefit to the State, than the landed.

Sir *Phil.* But what is either Interest to a Lady?

Trade. 'Tis the Merchant makes the *Belle*—How would the Ladies sparkle in the Box without the Merchant! The *Indian* Diamond! The *French* Brocade! The *Italian* Fan! The *Flanders* Lace! The fine *Dutch* Holland! How would they vent their Scandal over their Tea-Tables? And where would your Beaus have *Champagne* to toast your Mistresses, were it not for the Merchant?

Ob. Pr. Verily, Neighbour *Tradelove*, thou dost waste thy Breath about nothing—All that thou hast said tendeth only to debauch Youth, and fill their Heads with the Pride and Luxury of this World—The Merchant is a very great Friend to Satan, and sendeth as many to his Dominions as the Pope.

Per. Right; I say Knowledge makes the Man.

Ob. Pr. Yea, but not thy Kind of Knowledge—it is the Knowledge of Truth—Search thou for the Light within, and not for Bawbles, Friend.

Mrs. *Lov.* Ay, study your Country's Good, Mr. *Periwinkle*, and not her Insects—Rid you of your homebred Monsters, before you fetch any from abroad—I dare swear you have Maggots enough in your own Brain to stock all the *Virtuoso's* in *Europe* with Butterflies.

Sir *Phil.* By my Soul, Miss *Nancy*'s a Wit.

Ob. Pr. That is more than she can say by thee, Friend ——Look ye, it is in vain to talk, when I meet a Man worthy of her, she shall have my Leave to marry him.

Mrs. *Lov.* Provided he be of the Faithful——Was there ever such a Swarm of Caterpillars to blast the Hopes of a Woman! *(Aside.)* Know this, that you contend in vain: I'll have no Husband of your chusing, nor shall my Lord it over me long.——I'll try the Power of an [illegible] Senate——Orphans have been redress'd, and Wills set aside —And none did ever deserve their Pity more—Oh *Fainwell!*

well! where are thy Promiſes to free me from theſe Vermin? Alas! the Taſk was more difficult than he imagin'd!

A harder Taſk than what the Poets tell
Of Yore, the fair Andromeda *befel;*
She but one Monſter fear'd, I've four to fear,
And ſee no Perſeus, *no Deliv'rer near.* [Exit.

Enter Servant, and whiſpers to Prim.

Serv. One *Simon Pure* enquireth for thee.

Per. The Woman is mad. [*Exit.*

Sir *Phil.* So you are all in my Opinion. [*Exit.*

Ob. Pr. Friend *Tradelove*, Buſineſs requireth my Preſence.

Trade. Oh, I ſhan't trouble you—Pox take him for an unmannerly Dog—However, I have kept my Word with my *Dutchman*, and will introduce him too for all you. [*Exit.*

Enter Colonel *in a Quaker's Habit.*

Ob. Pr. Friend *Pure*, thou art welcome; how is it with Friend *Holdfaſt*, and all Friends in *Briſtol? Timothy Littleworth, John Slenderbrain*, and *Chriſtopher Keepfaith?*

Col. A goodly Company! *(Aſide.)* They are all in Health, I thank thee for them.

Ob. Pr. Friend *Holdfaſt* writes me Word, that thou cameſt lately from *Penſilvania*, how do all Friends there?—

Col. What the Devil ſhall I ſay? I know juſt as much of *Penſilvania* as I do of *Briſtol.* [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Do they thrive?

Col. Yea, Friend, the Bleſſing of their good Works fall upon them.

Enter Mrs. Prim *and Mrs.* Lovely.

Ob. Pr. Sarah, know our Friend *Pure.*

Mrs. *Pr.* Thou art welcome, [*He ſalutes her.*

Col. Here comes the Sum of all my Wiſhes——How charming ſhe appears, even in that Diſguiſe? [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Why doſt thou conſider the Maiden ſo intentively, Friend?

Col. I will tell thee: About four Days ago I ſaw a Vi- This very Maiden, but in vain Attire, ſtanding on P and heard a Voice, which called me by my Name—and bid me put forth my Hand and ſave her from the Pit—I did ſo, and methought the Damſel grew to my Side.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Pr.* What can that portend?

Ob. Pr. The Damſel's Converſion—I am perſuaded.

Mrs. *Lov.* That's falſe, I'm ſure—— [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Wilt thou uſe the Means, Friend *Pure?*

Col. Means! what Means? Is ſhe not thy Daughter, already one of the Faithful?

Mrs. *Pr.* No, alas! ſhe's one of the Ungodly.

Ob. Pr. Pray thee mind what this good Man will ſay unto thee; he will teach thee the Way that thou ſhouldeſt walk, *Anne.*

Mrs. *Lov.* I know my Way without his Inſtructions: I hop'd to have been quiet, when once I had put on your odious Formality here.

Col. Then thou weareſt it out of Compulſion, not Choice, Friend?

Mrs. *Lov.* Thou art in the Right of it, Friend.——

Mrs. *Pr.* Art thou not aſhamed to mimick the good Man? Ah! thou art a ſtubborn Girl.

Col. Mind her not; ſhe hurteth not me—If thou wilt leave her alone with me, I will diſcuſs a few Points with her, that may perchance ſoften her Stubborneſs, and melt her into Compliance.

Ob. Pr. Content: I pray thee *put it home to her*—Come, *Sarah*, let us leave the good Man with her.

Mrs. *Lov.* (*Catching hold of* Prim, *he breaks looſe, and* Exit.) What do you mean—to leave me with this old Enthuſiaſtical Canter? Don't think, becauſe I comply'd with your Formality, to impoſe your ridiculous Doctrine upon me.

Col. I pray thee, young Woman, moderate thy Paſſion.

Mrs. *Lov.* I pray thee walk after thy Leader, you will but loſe your Labour upon me——Theſe Wretches will certainly make me mad.

Col. I am of another Opinion; the Spirit telleth me I ſhall convert thee, *Anne.*

Mrs. *Lov.* 'Tis a lying Spirit, don't believe it.

Col. Say'ſt thou ſo? Why then thou ſhalt convert me, my Angel. [*Catching her in his Arms.*

Mrs. *Lov.* (*Shrieks.*) Ah! Monſter hold off, or I'll [illegible] thy Eyes out.

Col. Huſh! for Heaven's ſake—doſt thou not know me? I am *Fairwell.*

Mrs.

Mrs. *Lov. Fainwell!* [*Enter old* Prim.] Oh I'm undone! *Prim* here——I wish with all my Soul I had been dumb.

Ob. Pr. What is the Matter? Why didſt thou ſhriek out, *Anne?*

Mrs. *Lov.* Shriek out! I'll ſhriek and ſhriek again, cry Murder, Thieves, or any Thing, to drown the Noiſe of that eternal Babbler, if you leave me with him any longer.

Ob. Pr. Was that all? Fie, fie, *Anne.*

Col. No Matter, I'll bring down her Stomach, I'll warrant thee.——Leave us, I pray thee.

Ob. Pr. Fare thee well. [*Exit.*

Col. My charming lovely Woman! [*Embraces her.*

Mrs. *Lov.* What mean'ſt thou by this Diſguiſe, *Fainwell?*

Col. To ſet thee free, if thou wilt perform thy Promiſe.

Mrs. *Lov.* Make me Miſtreſs of my Fortune, and make thy own Conditions.

Col. This Night ſhall anſwer all my Wiſhes—See here, I have the Conſent of *three* of thy Guardians already, and doubt not but *Prim* will make the *fourth.* [Prim *liſtening.*

Ob. Pr. I would gladly hear what Arguments the good Man uſeth to bend her. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Lov.* Thy Words give me new Life, methinks.

Ob. Pr. What do I hear?

Mrs. *Lov.* Thou beſt of Men, Heaven meant to bleſs me ſure, when firſt I ſaw thee.

Ob. Pr. He hath mollified her.——Oh wonderful Converſion!

Col. Ha! *Prim* liſtening.—No more, my Love, we are obſerv'd; ſeem to be edified, and give 'em Hopes that thou wilt turn Quaker, and leave the Reſt to me. *(Aloud.)* I am glad to find that thou art touch't with what I ſaid unto thee, *Anne*; another Time I will explain the other Article unto thee; in the mean-while, be thou dutiful to our Friend *Prim.*

Mrs. *Lov.* I ſhall obey thee in every Thing.

Enter Obadiah Prim.

Ob. Pr. O what a prodigious Change is here! Thou haſt wrought a Miracle, Friend! *Anne*, how doſt thou like the Doctrine he hath preached? Mrs.

Mrs. *Lov.* So well, that I could talk to him for ever, methinks—I am aſhamed of my former Folly, and aſk your Pardon, Mr. *Prim.*

Col. Enough, enough, that thou art ſorry; he is no Pope, *Anne.*

Ob. Pr. Verily, thou doſt rejoice me exceedingly, Friend; will it pleaſe thee to walk into the next Room, and refreſh thyſelf——Come, take the Maiden by the Hand.

Col. We will follow thee.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There is another *Simon Pure* enquireth for thee, Maſter.

Col. The Devil there is. [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Another *Simon Pure!* I do not know him, is he any Relation of thine?

Col. No Friend, I know him not—Pox take him, I wiſh he were in *Penſilvania* again, with all my Blood. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Lov.* What ſhall I do? [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Bring him up.

Col. Humph! then one of us muſt go down, that's certain.—Now Impudence aſſiſt me.

Enter Simon Pure.

Ob. Pr. What is thy Will with me, Friend?

S. Pu. Didſt thou not receive a Letter from *Aminadab Holdfaſt* of *Briſtol*, concerning one *Simon Pure?*

Ob. Pr. Yea, and *Simon Pure* is already here, Friend.

Col. And *Simon Pure* will ſtay here, Friend, if poſſible. [*Aſide.*

S. Pu. That's an Untruth, for I am he.

Col. Take thou heed, Friend, what thou doſt ſay; I do affirm that I am *Simon Pure.*

S. Pu. Thy Name may be *Pure*, Friend, but not that *Pure.*

Col. Yea, that *Pure*, which my good Friend *Aminadab Holdfaſt* wrote to my Friend *Prim* about, the ſame *Simon Pure* that came from *Penſilvania*, and ſojourned in *Briſtol* eleven Days; thou would'ſt not take my Name from me, would'ſt thou?—'till I have done with it. [*Aſide.*

S. Pu. Thy Name! I am aſtoniſh'd!

Col. At what? at thy own Aſſurance?

[*Going up to him, he ſtarts back.*

S. Pu. Avant, *Satan*, approach me not; I defy thee and all thy Works.

Mrs.

Mr. *Lov.* Oh, he'll out-cant him—Undone, undone for ever. [*Aſide.*

Col. Hark thee, Friend, thy Sham will not take—Don't exert thy Voice, thou art too well acquainted with *Satan* to ſtart at him, thou wicked Reprobate—What can thy Deſign be here?

Enter a Servant and gives Prim *a Letter.*

Ob. Pr. One of theſe muſt be a Counterfeit, but which I cannot ſay.

Col. What can that Letter be? [*Aſide.*

S. Pu. Thou muſt be the Devil, Friend, that's certain, for no human Power can ſtock ſo great a Falſhood.

Ob. Pr. This Letter ſayeth that thou art better acquainted with that Prince of Darkneſs, than any here—Read that I pray thee, *Simon.* [*Gives it the* Col.

Col. 'Tis *Freeman*'s Hand. *(Reads) There is a Deſign formed to rob your Houſe this Night, and cut your Throat; and for that Purpoſe there is a Man diſguiſed like a Quaker, who is to paſs for one* Simon Pure; *the Gang, whereof I am one, though now reſolved to rob no more, has been at* Briſtol, *one of them came in the Coach with the Quaker, whoſe Name he hath taken; and from what he hath gathered from him, formed that Deſign, and did not doubt but he ſhould impoſe ſo far upon you, as to make you turn out the real* Simon Pure; *and keep him with you. Make the right Uſe of this. Adieu*—— Excellent well! [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Doſt thou hear this? [*To* S. Pure.

S. Pu. Yea, but it moveth me not; that, doubtleſs, is the Impoſtor. [*Pointing to the* Col.

Col. Ah! thou wicked One—now I conſider thy Face, I remember thou didſt come up in the Leathern Conveniency with me—thou hadſt a black Bob-wig on, and a brown Camblet Coat with Braſs Buttons—Can'ſt thou deny it, ha?

S. Pu. Yea, I can, and with a ſafe Conſcience too, Friend.

Ob. Pr. Verily, Friend, thou art the moſt impudent Villain I ever ſaw.

Mrs. *Lov.* Nay, then I'll have a Fling at him. [*Aſide.* I remember the Face of this Fellow at *Bath*—Ay this is he that pick'd my Lady *Raffle*'s Pocket in the Grove—Don't you remember that the Mob pump'd you Friend?—This is the moſt notorious Rogue.

S. Pu. What doſt provoke thee to ſeek my Life? Thou wilt not hang me, wilt thou, wrongfully? *Ob.*

Ob. Pr. She will do thee no Hurt, nor thou ſhalt do me none; therefore get thee about thy Buſineſs, Friend, and leave thy wicked Courſe of Life, or thou may'ſt not come off ſo favourably every where.

Col. Go, Friend, I would adviſe thee, and tempt thy Fate no more.

S. Pu. Yea, I will go, but it ſhall be to thy Confuſion; for I ſhall clear myſelf: I will return with ſome Proofs that ſhall convince thee, *Obadiah*, that thou art highly impoſed upon. [*Exit.*

Col. Then there will be no ſtaying for me, that's certain ——What the Devil ſhall I do? [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. What monſtrous Works of Iniquity are there in this World, *Simon!*

Col. Yea, the Age is full of Vice——Z'death, I am ſo confounded, I know not what to ſay. [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Thou art diſorder'd, Friend—art thou not well?

Col. My Spirit is greatly troubled, and ſomething telleth me, that tho' I have wrought a good Work in converting this Maiden, this tender Maiden, yet my Labour will be in vain; for the evil Spirit fighteth againſt her; and I ſee, yea, I ſee with the Eye of my inward Man, that *Satan* will re-buffet her again, whenever I withdraw myſelf from her; and ſhe will, yea, this very Damſel will, return again to that Abomination from whence I have retriev'd her, as if it were, yea, as if it were out of the Jaws of the Fiend.——

Ob. Pr. Good lack, thinkeſt thou ſo?

Mrs. *Lov.* I muſt ſecond him. *(Aſide.)* What meaneth this ſtruggling within me? I feel the Spirit reſiſteth the Vanities of this World, but the Fleſh is rebellious, yea the Fleſh——I greatly fear the Fleſh and the Weakneſs thereof——hum————

Ob. Pr. The Maid is inſpir'd. [*Aſide.*

Col. Behold, her Light begins to ſhine forth——Excellent Woman!

Mrs. *Lov.* This good Man hath ſpoken Comfort unto me, yea Comfort, I ſay; becauſe the Words which he hath breathed into my outward Ears, are gone thro' and fix'd in mine Heart, yea verily in mine Heart, I ſay;——[illegible] the Spirit doth love him exceedingly, hum——

Col. She acts it to the Life. [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Prodigious! The Damſel is filled with the Spirit, *Sarah.* Enter

Enter Mrs. Prim.

Mrs. Pr. I am greatly rejoiced to ſee ſuch a Change in our beloved *Anne.*

Col. I am not diſpoſed for thy Food, my Spirit longeth for more delicious Meat;—fain would I redeem this Maiden from the Tribe of Sinners, and break thoſe Cords aſunder wherewith ſhe is bound,—hum——

Mrs. Lov. Something whiſpers in my Ears, methinks—that I muſt be ſubject to the Will of this good Man, and from him only muſt hope for Conſolation,——hum.——It alſo telleth me, that I am a choſen Veſſel to raiſe up Seed to the Faithful, and that thou muſt conſent that we *two* be *one* Fleſh according to the Word,——hum.——

Ob. Pr. What a Revelation is here! This is certainly Part of thy Viſion, Friend, this is the Maiden's *growing to thy Side*; Ah! with what Willingneſs ſhould I give thee my Conſent, could I give thee her Fortune too,—but thou wilt never get the Conſent of the wicked Ones.

Col. I wiſh I was ſure of yours. [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. My Soul rejoiceth; yea, rejoiceth, I ſay, to find the Spirit within thee; for lo, it moveth thee with *natural* Agitation,—yea, with *natural* Agitation, towards this good Man—yea, it *ſtirreth*, as one may ſay,—yea, verily I ſay it *ſtirreth* up thy Inclination,——yea, as one would *ſtir* a Pudding.

Mrs. Lov. I ſee, I ſee! the Spirit guiding of thy Hand, good *Obadiah Prim*, and now behold thou art ſigning thy Conſent;—and now I ſee myſelf within thy Arms, my Friend and Brother, yea, I am become *Bone* of thy *Bone*, and *Fleſh* of thy *Fleſh*. (*Embracing him.*)——hum——

Col. Admirably perform'd. (*Aſide.*)——And I will take thee in all Spiritual Love for an Helpmate, yea, for the Wife of my Boſom,——and now methinks——I feel a *Longing*,——yea, a *Longing*, I ſay, for the Conſummation of thy Love,——yea, I do *long* exceedingly.

Mrs. Lov. And, verily, verily, my Spirit feeleth the ſame *Longing*.

Mrs. Prim. The Spirit hath greatly moved them both, [illegible] *Prim*, thou muſt conſent, there's no reſiſting of the Spirit.

Ob. Pr. Yea, the Light within ſheweth me, that I ſhall fight a good Fight,——and wreſtle thro' thoſe reprobate Friends,

Friends, thy other Guardians; —— yea, I perceive the Spirit will hedge thee into the Flock of the Righteous.—Thou art a choſen Lamb,——yea, a choſen Lamb, and I will not puſh thee back.—No, I will not, I ſay;——no, thou ſhalt leap-a, and friſk a, and ſkip-a and *bound*, and *bound*, I ſay,——yea, *bound* within the *Fold* of the Righteous, yea, even within thy *Fold*, my Brother.—Fetch me the Pen and Ink, *Sarah* —— and my Hand ſhall confeſs its Obedience to the Spirit.

Col. I wiſh it were over.

Enter Mrs. Prim *with Pen and Ink.*

Mrs. Lov. I tremble leſt this quaking Rogue ſhould return and ſpoil all. [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Here, Friend, do thou write what the Spirit prompteth, and I will ſign it. [Col. *ſits down.*

Mrs. Pr. Verily, *Anne*, it greatly rejoiceth me, to ſee thee reformed from that original Wickedneſs wherein I found thee.

Mrs. Lov. I do believe thou art, and I thank thee.—

Col. (Reads.) *This is to certify all whom it may concern, that I do freely give all my Right and Title in* Anne Lovely, *to* Simon Pure, *and my full Conſent that ſhe ſhall become his Wife, according to the Form of Marriage. Witneſs my Hand.*

Ob. Pr. That's enough, give me the Pen. [*Signs it.*

Enter Betty *running to Mrs.* Lovely.

Betty. Oh! Madam, Madam, here's the quaking Man again, he has brought a Coachman and two or three more.

Mrs. Lov. Ruin'd paſt Redemption! [*Aſide to* Col.

Col. No, no, one Minute ſooner had ſpoil'd all, but now — here's Company coming, Friend, give me the Paper. [*Going up to* Prim *haſtily.*

Ob. Pr. Here it is, *Simon*; and I wiſh thee happy with the Maiden.

Mrs. Lov. 'Tis done, and *now* Devil *do thy worſt.*

Enter Simon Pure, *and Coachman*, &c.

S. Pu. Look, thee, Friend, I have brought [illegible] People to ſatisfy thee that I am not that Impoſtor which thou did'ſt take me for, this is the Man that did drive the Leathern Conveniency, and brought me from *Briſtol*,—— and this is——

Col.

Col. Look ye, Friend, to ſave the Court the Trouble of examining Witneſſes—I plead guilty,——ha, ha!

Ob. Pr. How's this! Is not thy Name *Pure*, then?

Col. No really, Sir, I only made bold with this Gentleman's Name——but I here give it up ſafe and ſound; it has done the Buſineſs which I had Occaſion for, and now I intend to wear my own, which ſhall be at his Service upon the ſame Occaſion at any Time.—Ha, ha, ha!

S. Pu. Oh! the Wickedneſs of the Age!

Coachman. Then you have no further Need of us. [*Exit.*

Col. No, honeſt Man, you may go about your Buſineſs.

Ob. Pr. I am ſtruck dumb with thy Impudence, *Anne*, thou haſt deceiv'd me,——and perchance undone thyſelf.

Mrs. Pr. Thou art a diſſembling Baggage, and Shame will overtake thee. [*Exit.*

S. Pu. I am grieved to ſee thy Wife ſo much troubled: I will follow and conſole her. [*Exit.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Thy Brother Guardians enquire for thee; here is another Man with them.

Mrs. Lov. Who can that other Man be? [*To the* Col.

Col. 'Tis one *Freeman*, a Friend of mine, whom I ordered to bring the reſt of the Guardians here.

Enter Sir Philip, Tradelove, Periwinkle, *and* Freeman.

Free. (To the Col.) Is all ſafe? did my Letter do you Service?

Col. All, all's ſafe! ample Service. [*Aſide.*

Sir Phil. Miſs *Nancy*, how do'ſt do, Child?

Mrs. Lov. Don't call me Miſs, Friend *Philip*, my Name is *Anne*, thou knoweſt.——

Sir Phil. What, is the Girl metamorphos'd?

Mrs. Lov. I wiſh thou wert ſo metamorphos'd? Ah! *Philip*, throw off that gaudy Attire, and wear the Cloaths becoming thy Age.

Ob. Pr. I am aſhamed to ſee theſe Men. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Phil.* My Age! the Woman is poſſeſs'd.

Col. No, thou art poſſeſs'd rather, Friend.

Trade. Hark ye, Mrs. *Lovely*, one Word with you. [*Takes hold of her Hand.*

Col. This Maiden is my Wife, Thanks to Friend *Prim*, and thou haſt no Buſineſs with her. [*Takes her from him.*

Trade. His Wife! hark ye, Mr. *Freeman.*

Per. Why, you have made a very fine Piece of Work of it, Mr. *Prim.*

Sir Phil. Married to a Quaker! thou art a fine Fellow to be left Guardian to an Orphan, truly—there's a Husband for a young Lady!

Col. When I have put on my Beau Cloaths, Sir *Philip*, you'll like me better.———

Sir Phil. Thou wilt make a very ſcurvy Beau—Friend—

Col. I believe I can prove it under your Hand that you thought me a very fine Gentleman in the Park t'other Day, about thirty-ſix Minutes after Eleven; will you take a Pinch, Sir *Philip*——One of the fineſt Snuff-boxes you ever ſaw. [*Offers him Snuff.*

Sir Phil. Ha, ha, ha! I am overjoy'd, Faith I am, if thou be'ſt the Gentleman.——I own I did give my Conſent to the Gentleman I brought here To-day;—but whether this is he, I can't be poſitive.

Ob. Pr. Can'ſt thou not?——Now I think thou art a fine Fellow to be left Guardian to an Orphan.—Thou ſhallow-brain'd Shuttlecock, he may be a Pick-pocket for ought thou do'ſt know.

Per. You would have been two rare Fellows to have been truſted with the ſole Management of her Fortune, would ye not, think ye? But Mr. *Tradelove* and myſelf ſhall take care of her Portion.———

Trade. Ay, ay, ſo we will—Didn't you tell me the *Dutch* Merchant deſired me to meet him here, Mr. *Freeman?*

Free. I did ſo, and I am ſure he will be here, if you'll have a little Patience.

Col. What, is Mr. *Tradelove* impatient? Nay then, ik been gereet voor you, heb be, *Jan Van Timtamtirelireletta Heer Van Fainwell*, vergeeten?

Trade. Oh! pox of the Name! what have you trick'd me too, Mr. *Freeman?*

Col. Trick'd, Mr. *Tradelove!* did not I give you two Thouſand Pounds for your Conſent fairly? And now do you tell a Gentleman he has tricked you?

Per. So, ſo, you are a pretty Guardian, Faith! to ſell your Charge; what, did you look upon her as a Part of your Stock?

Ob. Pr. Ha, ha, ha! I am glad thy Knavery is found out,

out, however——I confeſs this Maiden over-reached me, and no ſiniſter End at all.

Per. Ay, ay, one Thing or other over-reach'd you all, —but I'll take care he ſhall never finger a Penny of her Money, I warrant you,——over-reach'd quoth'a! Why I might have been over-reach'd too, if I had had no more Wit: I don't know but this very Fellow may be him that was directed to me from *Grand Cairo* t'other Day. Ha, ha, ha!

Col. The very ſame.

Per. Are you ſo, Sir? but your Trick would not paſs upon me.——

Col. No, as you ſay, at that Time it did not, that was not my lucky Hour;——but hark ye, Sir, I muſt let you into one Secret——you may keep honeſt *John Trade-ſcant*'s Coat on, for your Uncle Sir *Toby Periwinkle* is not dead,—ſo the Charge of Mourning will be ſaved, ha, ha, ha!——Don't you remember Mr. *Pillage*, your Uncle's Steward, Ha, ha, ha!

Per. Not dead! I begin to fear I am trick'd too.

Col. Don't you remember the ſigning of a Leaſe, Mr. *Periwinkle?*

Per. Well, and what ſignifies that Leaſe, if my Uncle is not dead?——Ha! I am ſure it was a Leaſe I ſigned.—

Pol. Ay, but it was a Leaſe for Life, Sir, and of this beautiful Tenement, I thank you. [*Taking hold of Mrs.* Lovely.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha! Neighbours Fare.

Free. So then, I find you are all trick'd, ha, ha!

Per. I am certain I read as plain a Leaſe, as ever I read in my Life.

Col. You read a Leaſe, I grant you, but you ſign'd this Contract. [*Shewing a Paper.*

Per. How durſt you put this Trick upon me, Mr. *Free-man?* Didn't you tell me my Uncle was dying?

Free. And would tell you twice as much to ſerve my Friend, ha. ha!

Sir Phil. What the learned and famous Mr. *Periwinkle* bous'd, too!——Ha, ha, ha!—I ſhall die with Laughing, ha, ha, ha!

Ob. Pr. 'Twad been well if her Father had left her to wiſer Heads than *thine* and *mine*, Friends, ha, ha, ha!

Trade.

Trade. Well, ſince you have outwitted us all, pray you what and who are you, Sir?

Sir Phil. Sir, the Gentleman is a fine Gentleman—— I am glad you have got a Perſon, Madam, who underſtands Dreſs and good Breeding.——I was reſolved ſhe ſhould have a Huſband of my chuſing.

Ob. Pr. I am ſorry the Maiden is fallen into ſuch Hands.

Trade. A Beau! nay, then ſhe is finely help'd up.

Mrs. Lov. Why, Beaus are great Encouragers of Trade, Sir, ha, ha, ha!

Col. Look ye, Gentlemen——I am the Perſon who can give the beſt Account of myſelf, and I muſt beg Sir *Philip*'s Pardon, when I tell him, that I have as much Averſion to what he calls Dreſs and Breeding, as I have to the Enemies of my Religion. I have had the Honour to ſerve his Majeſty, and headed a Regiment of the braveſt Fellows that ever puſhed Bayonet in the Throat of a *Frenchman*; and notwithſtanding the Fortune this Lady brings me, whenever my Country wants my Aid, my Sword and Arm are at her Service.

Therefore, my Dear, if thou'lt but deign to ſmile,
I meet a Recompence for all my Toil:
Love and Religion ne'er admit Reſtraint,
And Force makes many *Sinners, not* one *Saint;*
Still free as Air the Active Mind does rove,
And ſearches proper Objects for its Love;
But that once fix'd, 'tis paſt the Pow'r of Art
To chaſe the dear Idea from the Heart:
'Tis Liberty of Choice that ſweetens Life,
Makes the glad Huſband *and the happy Wife.*

A

BICKERSTAFF's BURYING;

OR,

Work for the UPHOLDERS.

A

FARCE.

To the Magnificent Company of

UPHOLDERS, &c.

Custom has made some Things absolutely necessary, and three Sheets without a Dedication, or a Preface, by Way of Excuse, would be an unpardonable Indecency: To avoid which, I was considering at whose Feet to lay these following Scenes. First I thought of offering it to all those young Wives who had sold themselves for Money, and been inter'd with Misery, from the first Day of their Marriage; but supposing their chief Pleasure to consist in Pride, and that they had rather gratify their Ambition in the Arms of a Fool, of Fourscore, than wed a Man of Sense of narrower Fortunes, I concluded 'em unworthy of my Notice.

Then the Race of Old Men presented themselves in my Mind, who, despising Women of their own Years, marry Girls of fifteen, by which they keep open House for all the young Fellows in Town, in order to encrease their Families, and make their Tables flourish like the Vine: But my Aversion to Fools of all Kinds, made me decline them too.

At last, casting my Eyes upon the Title of the Farce, I found it could justly belong to none but the Magnificent Company of Upholders, *whom the judicious Censor of* Great Britain *has so often condescended to mention; to you then, worthy Sirs, whose solemn Train keeps up the pompous State of Beauty, beyond the Limits of a Gasp of Breath, and draws the gazing World to admire, even after Death; to you this Piece I dedicate; 'tis but Reason then you should receive some Tribute from us living, who so truly mourn us dead. What does not Mankind owe to you? All Ranks and Conditions are obliged to you; the Aged and the Young, the Generous and the Miser, the well descended and the baser born. The Escutcheons garnish out the Hearse, the Streamers and Wax Lights, let us into the Name of a Man, which, all his Life had been hid in Obscurity; and many a Right Honourable would fall unlamented, were it not for your decent Cloaks, and dismal Faces,*

that

that look as sorrowfully as the Creditors they leave unpaid. What an immense Sum might be rais'd from your Art to carry on the War, would you, like true Britons, *exert your Power? The People being fond of Sights, what might not be gather'd at a Funeral, when the Rooms are clad in Sable, the Body dress'd out with all your skilful Care, the Tapers burning in their Silver-Sockets, the weeping Virgins fixt like Statues round, and aromatic Gums perfume the Chambers, I think it preferable to the Puppet-show, and a Penny a Head for all the Curious, would, I dare be positive, amount to more than the Candle-Tax; and so make Death subservient to the Living.*

But this, Gentlemen, I leave to your superior Judgment in Politick Principles; and only beg leave to remind you, that in this crouded Town, there are a prodigious Number of Mr. Bickerstaff's *dead Men, that swarm about Streets; therefore, for the Sakes of the most ingenious Part of Mankind, you ought to take Care to inter them out of the Way, since he that does no Good in his Generation, should not be reckon'd among the Living.*

And now to conclude, Gentlemen, I hope you'll pardon this Liberty I have taken, and accept this as a Token of the Respect I bear your noble Society: I honour you tho' I have no Desire of falling into your Hands, but I think we Poets are in no Danger of that, since our real Estate lies in the Brain, and our personal consists in two or three loose Stenes, a few Couplets for the Tag of an Act, and a slight Sketch for a Song, and as I take it, you are not over-fond of Paper-Credit, where there is no Probability of recovering the Debt: So wishing you better Customers, I expect no Return, but am proud of subscribing myself,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Mezro, — — — —	Mr. *Norris*.
Captain, — — — — —	Mr. *Bickerſtaff*.
Boatſwain, — — — —	Mr. *Spiller*.
Firſt Sailor, — — ——	Mr. *Pack*.
Second Sailor, —— — —	Mr. *Miller*.

WOMEN.

Lady *Mezro*, — — ——	Mrs. *Knight*.
Iſabinda, her Niece, — ——	Mrs. *Cox*.
A *Lady*, — — — —	Mrs. *Kent*.

Officer, —— —— ——	Mr. *Carnaby*.
Servants, —— —— ——	Mr. *Cole*, &c.
Lucy, —— —— —— —	Mrs. *Spiller*.

A

BICKERSTAFF's BURYING;

OR,

Work for the UPHOLDERS.

SCENE I.

A working Sea ſeen at a Diſtance, with the Appearance of a Head of a Ship bulging againſt a Rock: Mermaids riſe and ſing: Thunder and Lightning: Then the Scene ſhuts.

Enter Lady Mezro, *and her Niece* Iſabinda *veil'd.*

Iſab. WHY don't you tell me whither you are going, Aunt, this Morning? I can ſcarce keep Pace with you. What is it that tranſports you ſo? you do not uſe to be ſo gay.

Lady *M.* Oh, my Girl, juſt now, from my Chamber-Window, I beheld a Ship, by Streſs of Weather, driven on our Coaſt; which, ſince the laſt unhappy one that brought me here, I have never ſeen; pray Heav'n it be *Engliſh!*

Iſab. So ſay I, then I ſhall ſee the fine Men you have ſo often talk'd of, Aunt.

Lady *M.* Ay, and the Country that breeds thoſe Men, Child, if we can handſomly get off.

Iſab. With all my Heart; for I hate this Iſle of *Ceſgar*, and all its barbarous Laws, ſince you have inform'd me of thoſe of *Great Britain.*

Lady *M.* Huſh, here's ſome of the Ship's Crew; let's ſtep a-ſide and obſerve them. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Captain, Boatſwain, *and* Sailors.

Cap. Well, how fares the Ship, has ſhe any Damage?

Boat. Only the Leak, which the Carpenter has ſtop'd, Captain.

Capt. That's well: I can't imagine what this Iſland produces!

Boat. Monſters, I think; for they ſtare as if they never had any Commerce with Mankind, or ever ſaw a Ship in their Lives.

Capt. I queſtion if ever they did, and wiſh it had not been our Fortune to have improv'd their Knowledge.

1ſt Sail. I wiſh ſo too; I hate making ſtrange Land: Who the Devil knows where to find a Wench now?

Boat. Here's a Dog, that two Hours ago, drown'd his neceſſary Orders with his Prayers, and now is roaring as loud for a Whore.

1ſt Sail. 'Tis our Cuſtom, you know; out of Danger the Sailor muſt be merry, i'Faith; ha, ha.

2d Sail. Nell, at the Ship at *Chatham*, ſhall know this.

1ſt Sail. I care not a Rope's-End if ſhe does: Why, what the Devil do you think I'll come into a ſtrange Land, and not examine what Commodity it produces? No, no, Faith; *Nick* muſt know if the Females here be Fiſh or Fleſh, before he puts off again.

Capt. Ha, ha; Well, well, take Care you han't your Brains beat out: Go, diſperſe yourſelves, and ſee what Proviſions you can get. I juſt now met a Native of the Country; who tells me, that the Prince is coming this Way: He underſtands a little of the *Arabian* Tongue, and has promis'd to introduce me to him; that I may endeavour, by ſome Preſents, to gain his Leave to refit our Ship, and ſupply our Wants.

Boat. Where ſhall we find you, Maſter?

[*Exeunt* Boatſwain *and* Sailors.

Capt. Here, or hereabouts. Now for this *Cabbacuca*. Adſheart, what a Name's there! If the Prince be as barbarous as his Name, we had as good periſh'd in the Storm: But I wonder the Fellow comes not, that is to conduct me to Court; that is, I ſuppoſe, to a King ſitting under a Palm-tree: What would I give for a Friend there?

Enter Lady Mezro *and* Iſabinda.

Lady *M.* [*Clapping him on the Shoulder.*] What would you give, Captain?

Capt.

Capt. Ha! *English!* Nay, then I am not so far out of Knowledge as I imagin'd.

Lady *M.* You are a great Way from the Rose in *Covent-Garden*, I promise you.

Capt. The Rose in *Covent-Garden!* Let me see thy Face, thou dear Angel, or I die. [*Embraces her.*

Lady *M.* Die! Nay, then you have chang'd your Inclination with the Clime; you never us'd to die for an old Acquaintance.

Capt. Ah! an old Acquaintance, here, Child, is welcomer than old Wine, and the Accident will give it a new Relish.

Lady *M.* Say you so? well, whether you speak Truth or not, I protest this Sight of you pleases me better than the first; and now, Sir, I am your humble Servant.

[*Turns up her Veil.*

Capt. Ha! Mrs. *Take-it!* Why, what Wind blew you hither?

Lady *M.* Just such another as brought you, I fancy; our Ship was bound to *Madrass.*

Capt. So was mine.

Lady *M.* After three Days tempestuous Weather, having lost our Main-mast, and all our Tackle, expecting nothing but Death, when by a sudden Gust our Vessel was driven upon yon dreadful Rock, which split her into a thousand Pieces, and only I by Providence was sav'd.

Capt. Thank Heav'n, I've not lost one Man; I pity your Misfortune, and yet, by your Appearance, 'tis a Fault to pity you, for it has turn'd to your Advantage. Prithee what Business had you in the *Indies?*

Lady *M.* To get a Husband; you know few Women go there but to make their Fortunes.

Capt. Which I suppose you have done here, Madam.

Lady *M.* An Emir, which is a Lord, you must understand, walking by the Sea-side, spied me on the Rock, and kindly help'd me down, fell in Love, and married me; and I am now one of the greatest Women upon the Place.

Capt. I am glad on't, with all my Soul. Who is this Lady? another of my old Acquaintance too?

Lady *M.* No, I promise you; there's a Face never saw *Covent-Garden.* She's my Husband's Niece, the best humour'd Woman in the World; and for her Beauty, let

that ſpeak for itſelf, *(turns up her Veil)* ſo, I ſee by your Eyes you like her.

Iſab. Grant, great Prophet, that he may! for I like him, I'm ſure. [*Aſide.*

Capt. Like her! I'Gad, if your Iſland's peopled with ſuch Angels, 'tis certainly the Land of Promiſe, and every Ship will put in here for Proviſion.

Lady *M.* She's the only handſome one in it, I promiſe you; her Mother was *Engliſh*, and cast her by ſuch another Accident as myſelf.

Iſab. And do you think this Face will do in *Covent-Garden*, Captain?

Capt. In *Covent-Garden*, Madam! Where would it not do? Ha! your Skin's as ſmooth as the Sea in a Calm, and your Eyes outſhine the Sun after a Storm; your Voice as ſweet as Syrens Songs; and 'tis greater Pleaſure to behold you, than Land after a dangerous Voyage. I'll ſettle here, I'm reſolv'd.

Lady *M.* Ah, the right *London* Strain. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. And I'de rather go with him. [*Aſide.*

Capt. Where the Devil is my Ship's Crew? I'll have the Bottom of my Veſſel beat out immediately, that I may never put to Sea again.

Iſab. I'm afraid, young Gentleman, you'll change your Note if you knew the Cuſtom of this Country.

Lady *M.* Indeed, my *quondam* Spark, you'd be glad to get off in a Cock-Boat if you do, by that Time you have been married half ſo long as I have been——I'm ſure I would.

Capt. Ay! why ſo? you ſhine in Jewels.

Lady *M.* I once thought Riches the greateſt, but now find them the leaſt Part of Happineſs.

Capt. Oh, you want to ſee dear *England* again, and dazle the Eyes of your old Acquaintance.

Lady *M.* That's not the Cauſe.

Capt. Your Huſband is old, I ſuppoſe?

Lady *M.* True.

Capt. What is that to my Repentance? This Lady is young.

Lady *M.* Then he is as ugly as a Baboon.

Capt. Yet wide; this Lady's as handſome as a Cherubin.

Lady *M.* He's as jealous as a *Spaniard*, as barbarous as a *Turk*,

a *Turk*, and as ill-natur'd as an old Woman; and I hate him as heartily as one Beauty does another; yet fear him as much as you Merchant-Men do a *French* Privateer.

Capt. Why there's nothing ſuper-natural in all this; Women hate their Huſbands all the World over.

Iſab. I'm ſure I ſhould never hate you, if I had you once. *(Aſide.)* And are not you even with us, Captain?

Capt. I won't anſwer for the whole Sex; but I'll engage for myſelf, if thou'lt but try me, Child.

Iſab. Firſt hear the Conditions annext to Matrimony; then, if you'll venture———

Capt. Venture! What the Devil doſt think I that have fac'd ſo many Dangers, ſhould be afraid of freſh Water?

Lady *M.* Have a care what you ſay, Captain; for ſix to four but you'll wiſh yourſelf unmarried again, as heartily as I do.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Oh Madam! undone! undone! my Lord's juſt dying.

Lady *M.* Ah!

Capt. Undone! Piſh, Pox, 'tis the beſt News thou ever brought'ſt in thy Life, Wench.

Lady *M.* Ruin'd! paſt Redemption! Oh, that ever I was born!

Capt. Ha! what's the Meaning of this?

Iſab. Oh unhappy Woman!

Capt. Unhappy! Adſheart, I ſhou'd have gueſs'd her the happieſt Woman in the World, now.

Lady *M.* Fly, call Phyſicians ſtrait, here, bribe 'em with Jewels, *(tears off the Jewels)* give 'em a King's Ranſom, if they can but ſave his Life, load 'em with Wealth 'till they ſink beneath the Weight. Oh! my lateſt Hour is come!

Capt. What the Devil can be the Matter? why all this Noiſe? Here's none but Friends; I don't apprehend that any body can over-hear you; this is ſomething like the *Iriſh* Cry; I ſuppoſe it is the Cuſtom of the Country. *[Aſide.*

Lady *M.* Oh no! Neither Heaven nor Earth will hear me now! I'm loſt, for ever loſt! Oh, oh, oh!

Capt. Humph! now I have found it; all the Eſtate goes with him, I warrant.

Lady *M.* Eſtate! ſink the Eſtate! my Life goes with im!

Iſab. Oh cruel, oh inhuman Law!

Capt. What a-pox, ſhe wont die for the Man ſhe hates, will ſhe? Did you not wiſh to be unmarried juſt now? ind are you ſorry that your Huſband's a-dying? The Woman's diſtracted ſure!

Lady *M.* Oh, I muſt be buried with him alive! O dreadful Thought. [*Runs off.*

Capt. Ha! how's that? Buried alive! I'm Thunderſtruck! Stay, I conjure you, Madam, *(To Iſabinda)* and explain to me this Riddle.

Iſab. It is, Sir, the barbarous Cuſtom of our Country; firſt ordain'd from frequent Poiſoning here, that which ſoever of the married Pair died firſt, the Survivor is buried with alive, dreſt, and adorn'd, for a ſecond Nuptial.

Capt. E'gad, it has turn'd my Stomach againſt the firſt. *(Aſide.)* Unheard of Barbarity! Is none exempt the Pain of the Country?

Iſab. None; all let down a deep hollow Mountain, with ſome Loaves of Bread, and ſome Bottles of Water, on which they may feed for ſome time, and then expire within the loathſome Dungeon. My Mother in her Bloom was with my Father buried: I was but thrice three Moons old; yet I remember even then it rais'd a Horror in me, and as I grew up, fixt a Reſolution in me, never to wed in this curſt Place.

Capt. Faith, you had Reaſon, Madam, and I admire that any body does.

Iſab. Cuſtom has made it eaſy to the true *Coſgarian* Race, but I have a *Britiſh* Soul.

Capt. You muſt be reſcued from this Impoſition; your Aunt too muſt be ſav'd.

Iſab. But how? If he dies, the Officers of Juſtice ſeize her; nay, 'tis Death for all the Houſhold if Information be not given ſtrait. Upon the Wedding-day, two Coffins are always brought into the Bride-Chamber, as part of the Ceremony.

Capt. E'gad, I ſhould have ſmall Appetite to finiſh the Ceremony at the Sight of 'em.

Iſab. This is the deplorable State of Matrimony in our Country.

Capt.

Capt. If it were the Cuſtom all over the World, we young Fellows ſhould live deliciouſly; Women would be as plenty as Blackberries; we might put forth our Hands and take them without Jointures, Settlements, Pin-money, Parſon, and ſo forth. [*Noiſe.*]

Iſab. Hark! I hear a Noiſe! Oh, my poor Aunt! I muſt in, and ſee the Event.

Capt. Firſt promiſe me that if I contrive a Way to clear you hence, you'll conſent to go with me?

Iſab. With all my Heart, there's my Hand upon it; we have no Time for Courtſhip; I'll meet you here again in an Hour.

Capt. Now if I can but handſomly carry off theſe Women, their Jewels will turn to better Account than an *Eaſt-India* Voyage.

Enter Boatſwain *and* Sailors.

Well, what Cheer, my Lads? I have ſeen the Prince, and obtain'd his Leave for every Thing I aſk'd.

1ſt. Sail. Cheer! why Faith, Captain, we ſail directly before the Wind; and I want but your Conſent to make the richeſt Port in the Univerſe.

Capt. What do you mean?

1ſt Sail. What! why I can have a fine Lady here, with as many Jewels about her as will ballaſt a Ship, if you'll but give me my Diſcharge; nay, I won't be ungrateful for it neither, you ſhall have all my Pay: What ſay you, Maſter, will you lend me your Hand to heave me into good Fortune?

2d Sail. Will you be falſe-hearted then, *Nick? Nell* will hang herſelf in her Garters when ſhe hears it.

1ſt Sail. Let her, let her, what care I: Odsfiſh! do you think I'd leave a firſt Rate for a Frigate; forſake a fine Lady for *Nell?* That's quitting a Bowl of Punch for a Draught of Sea-water. [*Spitting.*

Boat. I wonder what ſhe ſaw in that ugly Phiz of thine, that's always as dirty as the Hammock you ſwing in; and as ſeldom waſh'd as your Shirt, which is not once a Quarter.

2d Sail. Ha, ha! Oh, ſhe fell in Love with his Noſe or his Legs.

1ſt Sail. Why, what Fault can you find with my Noſe? *Bob.* Ha! 'tis ſound, and perhaps that's more than yours is.

Boat. Nay, nay, don't find Fault with his Noſe, it is like the Bowſprit, and his Legs would ſerve for a Main-maſt; I warrant the Jade underſtands Sailing, and ſo wiſely provides againſt Streſs of Weather, ha, ha.

1ſt Sail. I'faith, ſhe's a tite Veſſel, and I'll man her as titely, I warrant ye, my Lads.

Capt. Ha, ha; hark ye, Sirrah, there's ſuch Conditions entail'd upon this Woman, you are ſo fond of, that will make you as Wife-ſick, as the Sea did in your firſt Voyage.

1ſt Sail. Aye, it's no Matter for that, Captain; you muſt not think to ſerve me as you do a Whale, fling out an empty Caſk till the Subſtance gets by. Look ye, Maſter, to fetch up half her Wealth, I'd dive to the Bottom of the Sea, and venture being ſwallow'd by a Shark, *Nick* would, I'faith, Maſter.

2d Sail. Well ſaid, *Nick*; E'gad, I warrant you think to be an Ambral now.

1ſt Sail. Why, why not, if I have Money enough to buy it? And I will be an Ambral too, for all you, and my Maſter here, ſhall be my Rear-Ambral.

Capt. Oh, your very humble Servant, Mr. Admiral—but ſuppoſe your Wife ſhould die, *Nick?*

1ſt Sail. Better and better ſtill; her Gold, and precious Stones, won't die too; and E'gad, I'll drink to her good Voyage in a Bowl of Punch, clap my Riches aboard, and hoiſt Sail for merry *England.*

Capt. Ha, ha, Do you know that the Law of this Iſland buries the living Huſband with the dead Wife.

1ſt Sail. Ha! the Devil it does!

Capt. 'Tis even ſo.

Boat. Ambral, I wiſh you much Joy.

1ſt Sail. Alive!

2d Sail. What, is the Wind chop'd full in your Teeth, *Nick?* Ha, ha, ha!

1ſt Sail. Ay, Faith, and blows ſo hard, that it ſhall blow my Head off e're I make the Port of Matrimony in this Iſland. Buried with her? quotha! E'gad, I always thought the Wedding-ſheet the Winding-ſheet of Pleaſure, after a Month; but to have no Hopes beyond her; Zounds! I had rather ſit in the Bilboes all Days of my Life. I'll aboard this Minute. *Boatſwain*, you grumbl'd at my good Fortune juſt now, take her yourſelf if you will.

Boat.

Boat. The Devil take me if I do.

Capt. I told you I ſhould take off the Edge of your Appetite: Go, go, try and get the Ship off: I'll be aboard immediately. Have you got any Proviſions?

Boat. That we have, good Store.

Capt. Well, well, be gone then.

1ſt Sail. Ay, with all my Heart; if I get once aboard, I'll ſtick as cloſe to the Ship as Pitch to a Rope; and ſink with her rather than come aſhore again. Buried with a Wife! the Devil! [*Exeunt* Sailors.

Capt. Let me conſider; what Stratagem ſhall I uſe to carry off the Women.

Enter Iſabinda.

Iſab. There's a ſad Houſe within; but hang me if I don't fancy my Uncle counterfeits; for in my Mind his Pulſe beats as regular as mine.

Capt. Ha! Say you ſo? Then I have it. Convey me into the Houſe, where I'll tell you the Plot, to free you from theſe Apprehenſions.

Iſab. If you effect it you are a Deity. Come along with me; in this Confuſion I can preſerve you undiſcover'd.

Capt. Along then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Emir *on a Couch, with his Wife weeping by him, and Attendants round about. Table, Couch, 2 Chairs, Gallypots, &c.*

Lady. Oh Diſtraction! Look up my Lord, my Love, my Huſband! Oh, you will break my Heart, and I ſhall go before you! Oh, oh, oh!

Emir. The Stars forbid! Oh, oh! [*Groans.*

Lady. Ah! Help ye Slaves——Gently bear him up——Rub his Temples——Apply the Hartſhorn to his Noſe——Oh ſpeak and tell me how you do, my Dear!——Oh, oh, oh! [*Rowſ out.*

Emir. Very bad——Oh, oh!

Lady. Are you very bad, my Love? What will become of me? [*Aſide.*

Em. Very bad indeed, Wife——Oh, I ſhall not live this Day, I doubt.

Lady. Ah! What do I hear?——Oh, ye cruel Powers,——Why was I caſt upon this Shoar? Curſe on theſe glittering

ing Bawbles, whoſe bewitching Luſtre cheats us of true Happineſs. *(Tears off her Jewels.)* A Thirſt of Riches drew me from that Land where Widow-hood is happy — to die within a loathſome Dungeon, unpitied and forlorn.

Em. What does ſhe ſay now? —— Prithee, my Dear, don't afflict yourſelf ſo much——You'll be ſick, my Love—

Lady. But you'll die, my Love——Sick, quotha! Good Heaven! Can I be well when you are dying?

Em. Oh, you think of the Cuſtom of our Country, Wife; you fear to be buried with me, that's all.

Lady. All does he call it—— [*Aſide.*

Em. Now, if it had pleas'd Great *Mahomet*, that thou ſhouldſt have gone firſt, I ſhould have accompanied thee with Pleaſure——

Lady. That's more than I ſhall do you, I'm ſure. [*Aſide.* So ſhall I you, my Dear, as to any Buſineſs I have with Life, when thou'rt gone: but the Pain to ſee thee die, to part with thee for ever, is the Shock that Nature feels—but 'tis unkindly urg'd to think I fear the Cuſtom of the Iſland—for what Joy could I have when thou art gone?

Em. I doubt ſhe lies—But this is the only Way I could ever find to keep her in Subjection; for as ſoon as I am well, whip! ſhe's ſcamper'd, and I have no more Comfort of a Wife than I ſhould have in her Grave: If all *Engliſh* Wives are ſuch Gadders, Heaven help their Huſbands, I ſay——

Lady. How doſt thou do, Jewel?

Em. I think I am a little better; I believe I could eat a Leg of that Chicken within——

Lady. Fly ye Slaves, and fetch it inſtantly. Oh, all ye Powers, that protect our Lives, I thank ye; I feel the Springs of Joy recruit; thy Words run thro' my Soul with ſuch exulting Pleaſure, that 'tis all one Rapture —— Oh, let me hold thee ever in my Arms——Oh! that ſingle Word, Better——has more Harmony in it than the Muſic of the Spheres——Thus let me kiſs it from thy Lips, 'tis the richeſt Cordial Nature could produce to raiſe my ſinking Hopes. *(Embraces and kiſſes him in an Extaſy.)* Where are you, Slaves, why do you ſtay ſo long.

Enter Servants.

Em. Ah, this Wife of mine does but counterfeit this Love

Love to me, I fear —— If our Law did not bury the Living with the Dead, here would be no Joy for my Recovery.

Lady. Come, my Dear, ſhall I cut it for thee?

Em. No, I'll not trouble thee. [*He cuts and eats greedily.* 'Tis very good: Won't you eat a Bit of it, Deary?

Lady. No, thou ſhalt eat it all —— He feeds heartily: Ah, if I had him in Old *England*, I ſhould wiſh it were his laſt —— Oh, the vaſt Difference between a Widow's Weed and a Winding-Sheet, between the civil Ceremonies of ſhedding Tears at the Grave, and the barbarous Cuſtom of making one's Bed there.

Em. How pleas'd ſhe is? Ah, wou'd ſhe be in this good Humour always ——

Lady. Much good may do you, my Dear. [*Kiſſes him.*

Em. I thank you, my Love —— Ah, you little Rogue, how warm your Buſſes are —— (*Riſes from the Table*) Od, they infuſe new Life into me; and methinks I feel Health pop into my Heart, like a Pop-gun —— Another Kiſs, my Deareſt —— (*Kiſſes her.*) So, ſo, thou haſt done it, thou haſt done it, thou dear Rogue —— Go, what do you ſtare at? be gone and leave your Lady and I alone ——

[*To the Servants.*

Lady. Say you ſo —— alone! alas, are you fit to be left alone —— leave a dying Man alone —— Let them ſtir if they dare —— I ſhall take better Care of you than that comes to, my Dear.

Em. Piſh, Piſh, I tell thee I am out of Danger.

Lady. I wiſh thou wert ——

Em. Indeed I am, and thou ſhalt find it ſo; therefore, prithee let them go —— [*Winking at her.*

Lady. Alas, I fear you are light-headed, my Dear; Aye, your Pulſe is upon the Galop; you are in a raging Fever —— Oh, woe is me! Oh, oh, oh! Away, ſome of ye, and fetch a Doctor.

Em. Pſha, pſha; I tell thee thou art miſtaken; I am in no Fever but what proceeds from thy pretty pouting Lips, and thou art the beſt Phyſician, let me kiſs them again; ye, ye, ye, ye, dear ſoft Charmer, ye, ye.

Lady. Are you ſure you are well?

Em. Very ſure on't, my Dear —— Come, let us take a Nap together.

Lady. You know I can't ſleep in the Day-time: beſides, you

you ought to return your Prophet Thanks for your Recovery———

Em. Oh, that I'll do To morrow.

Lady. To-morrow! A Man of your Years ought to be aſham'd of deferring Things of that Kind till To-morrow.

Em. Why, Child, upon Occaſion one may——

Lady. Occaſion! What Occaſion have People of your Age for Life, but to pray———

Em. Have Women in your Country no other Buſineſs for their Huſbands, my Dear?

Lady. No———

Em. Humpth! That was the Reaſon you left it, I doubt———

Lady. Ah! would I had never left it——

Em. But come, come, you jeſt but with me. *Lucy*, fetch your Lady's Night gown——I love to ſee her in her Night-gown —— Ah, thoſe roguiſh Eyes! Another Kiſs and then———

Lady. You love to ſee me in my Night-gown, I think I ſhan't conſult your Fancy much——Prithee no more Sleeping; your Breath's ready to ſtrike one down, and your Beard's as rough as a Hedge-hog. *Lucy*, fetch me my Veil, I have a Viſit to make.

Lucy. Yes, Madam. [*Exit.*

Em. So, ſhe's no Changeling, I find; never Man had ſuch a Wife, certainly——I muſt always be ſick, or ſhe'll always be out of Humour. (*Aſide.*) Sure you'll not leave me, Wife.

Lady. Indeed but I ſhall, Huſband. [*Enter* Lucy.

Lucy. Here's the Veil, Madam. [*She puts it on.*

Em. Well, go then, I won't hinder you —— *Shadock*, give me my Cloak; I'll go ſee the Grand Emir, and paſs away the Time a little till your Lady's Return.

Lady. Well, now I like your Humour. You ſhou'd always let your Wife go, when and where ſhe pleaſes.

Em. That I reſolve for the future——Ha! what ails me —— Bleſs me, I'm very ſick o'th' Sudden; oh, oh! pray lead me to my Bed, or I ſhall die this Moment——

Lady. Ha! what's that, die ſay you? [*throws off her Veil.* Oh wretched me! here, here, here, here, take a little of this, my Lord. Judgment is pronounc'd againſt my Life,

and

and I muſt die at laſt. *(Aſide.)* ——Away, and call the Phyſicians; Haſte, fly, oh, oh, oh!

Em. No, no, 'twill off again; 'tis only a Fit——thy Kindneſs is my beſt Cordial. I'll try to reſt a little.

Lady. Withdraw all of you, and ſeparate into Silence. I'll watch by thee. Heaven ſend my Love a comfortable Nap——What Diſtractions tear my Breaſt——Now Hope, then Deſpair, with alternate Sway, exerciſe their Power, and no kind Glimpſe of Safety offers me Relief.

Enter Iſabinda.

Iſ. Oh Aunt, the Captain is without, and has a Secret to deliver us from this Place if you'll but help the Deſign.

Lady. Bring him in: If your Uncle wakes I'll tell him it is a Doctor.

Enter Captain *and whiſpers the* Lady.

Iſab. Here he is.

Capt. Do you this, and I'll be ready to finiſh it. [*Exit.*

Lady. I'll venture. Oh Fortune, be this once propitious, and I'll ſubmit my future Life, without the leaſt Complaint. Ah! my Head turns round! Oh, I faint, I die! [*Swoons.*

Iſab. Ah Help! Help! Where are you? My Aunt's dead. Help! Help! [*The* Emir *riſes, runs, and catches hold of his Wife.*

Em. I'm Thunder-ſtruck——Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Serv. Ha! Dead! Nay then, where are the Coffins? [*Exeunt* Servants.

Emir. Oh, woe is me! Speak to me, my Dear; ſpeak to me; ſpeak to me.

Iſab. As I ſuſpected: See how nimble he is at the Apprehenſion of being buried with her. What ſhall I do? ſhe's breathleſs quite———

Emir. Oh, oh, oh! *(Roars out.)* Undone, undone, for ever———

Iſab. Ay, it is you have been the Cauſe, oh, wretched Man! Prophet, thou art juſt.

Emir. Wretched indeed. I confeſs I did but counterfeit——Oh Alla, *(kneels)* pardon my Deceit, and give me back her Life, and let her cuckold me with every Thing ſhe meets; let her be the veriеſt Wife that ever *England* bred,

bred, I never will be jealous more! oh, oh! *(Gets up and runs to her, and feels her Pulse, then rubs her Temples, and prays again——)* Is there any Hopes, Niece?

Iſab. No, none. Oh diſtracting Thought! This comes of your frighting her ſo.

Emir. Oh forgive me, Niece, for I truly repent: Alas! I did it only to keep her in Subjection. Oh fetch the Cordial which I, like a falſe Wretch, had no Occaſion for! Oh! I do believe ſhe lov'd me now! Oh Niece, try, try, to pour ſome down her Throat; for I tremble ſo, I cannot guide it to her Lips.

Iſab. Alas! her Teeth are ſet: She's gone! for ever gone!

Emir. Then I'm gone too! [*Burſts out again into Tears.* Oh, oh, oh!

Enter Servants *with two Coffins.*

Iſab. Oh killing Sight! *(kneels)* Thou glorious Sun aſſiſt us now and we are happy. [*Aſide.*

Emir. Ay do, do pray for thy Uncle, Child: Oh, oh, oh!

Iſab. I have Occaſion for my Prayers myſelf, at this Time, I thank ye, for I'm afraid we are in the greater Danger at preſent. [*Aſide.*

Emir. *(Turns and ſees the Coffins.)* Oh, oh, oh, that ever I married! Where ſhall I hide myſelf? Oh, oh, oh! [*Runs off.*

Serv. Stop him, ſtop him. [*Exeunt* Servants.

Iſab. Call the Officers of Juſtice ſtrait; I muſt be cruel here. So, he's gone, Captain, come forth.

Enter Captain.

Lady. I'm almoſt choak'd with holding my Breath ſo long; what's to be done now? Pray Heaven we proſper!

Capt. I warrant you, Madam, come, come, be quick, you muſt aboard this Minute. Have you any Thing you would take with you?

Iſab. I have pack'd up all your Jewels, and every Thing of Value, here, Madam: Mercy on me, how I tremble!

Lady. And I'm ready to ſink with Fear: If we are taken we are undone, and you loſe your Lives.

Capt. Nothing like a good Courage: Come, let's not ſtand diſputing, and loſe the lucky Minute.

Lady.

Lady. From theſe curſt Laws, oh let me 'ſcape with Life.
Iſab. And make me any Creature but a Wife.
Capt. Your Wealth at any Time decides the Strife.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Coſgarian *Lady, dragging in the firſt Sailor.*

Lady. Nay, don't think to leave me, Sir, did you not promiſe to ſtay here?

1*ſt Sail.* But will you promiſe not to die before me then? Anſwer me that: Adſbud, who do you think to chouſe? ha!

Lady. What are you afraid to die with her you love?

1*ſt Sail.* Love! Zounds! does any body love a Woman well enough to die with her?

Lady. Yes, certainly, with their Wives.

1*ſt Sail.* That's a Miſtake, d'ye ſee; for of all the Women in the World we care the leaſt for our Wives, in my Country.

Lady. That's ſtrange. Why, I ſhould rejoice to die with you, pretty *Engliſhman.*

1*ſt Sail.* Aye, one Way, perhaps, pretty Devil! But to be plain with you, I deſire to die no Way with you at all; and ſo I ſhear off. [*Going.*

Lady. Stay. Cannot Gold and Jewels tempt you?
[*Shews Gold and Jewels.*

1*ſt Sail.* No.

Lady. What are you *Engliſhmen* made on?

1*ſt Sail.* Fleſh and Blood, Child: If I can find one of Iron and Steel, I'll recommend him to you.

Lady. Iron and Steel! What kind of Men are they?

1*ſt Sail.* Oh, Things that are ſo well acquainted with the Earth, that they'll lie twenty Years in it and take no Hurt: Now for my Part, I have as much Antipathy to freſh Mould as freſh Water; and had rather eat Sea-Biſket than a green Sod; and the Wind will as ſoon blow North and by South, as I be prevail'd upon to turn in with you.

Lady. Faint-hearted Wretch! Take me with you, then, to your World.

1*ſt Sail.* Look ye, I'll have nothing to do with you at all; and there's your Anſwer; and if you offer to ſtop me, I ſhall make uſe of my Cat of Nine Tails, in troth I ſhall.

Zounds!

'Zounds! I never had ſuch an Averſion for a Woman in my Life. [*Exit* Sailor.

Lady. Sure this is ſome Sea-Monſter, it cannot be a Man, and Proof againſt Gold and Jewels.

The *European*'s God is Gold, we *Indians* ſay,
Then dare they fly from that to which they pray?
When next ——
To th' ſhining Ore thou doſt for Mercy ſue,
As you've been deaf to me, may that be deaf to you.
[*Exit.*

Enter ſecond Sailor.

2d Sail. Ha! the Woman here that *Nick* ſhould have had; a faint-hearted Dog! Now have I a Mind to knock her Brains out, and carry off her Jewels.

Lady. What's here —— another of the puny Knaves? [*A Whiſtle within.*

2d Sail. Ha! the Boſon's Whiſtle! nay then I muſt be ſpeedy; and yet I can't find in my Heart to kill her. [*Whiſtle again.*

Adſheart, I ſhall be left aſhoar; I muſt away.

Lady. You look diſorder'd, Sir; are you in Love?

2d Sail. With your rare gliſt'ning Stones I am; and if your damn'd Faſhion did not heave the living Huſband o're board with the dead Wife, I did not care if I ſaid I was in love with you.

Lady. Then take me where we may live for ever; for indeed I don't like this Cuſtom amongſt us, but muſt obey it. Come, bear me hence, and I will load thee with Wealth enough to buy thy Country.

[*Whiſtle and hollow within.*

2d Sail. Ha! I have no Time to think; come along then; I'll venture to ſwing in a Hammock with you for once.

Blow gently, *Boreas*, *Neptune*'s Rage confound,
And ſet us ſafely upon *Britiſh* Ground,
Where we will drink and ſing till the whole World goes round. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Emir *dragg'd in by* Officers, *with Servants bringing in Loaves of Bread and Bottles of Water.*

Off. What, a Native of *Coſgar*, and tremble at its Laws!

Laws! when even our Kings are ſubject to 'em. For Shame, *Emir*, bear yourſelf like a Man——Come, open the Coffin, and put in the Loaves and Water.

Emir. Ah, I ſhall have but ſmall Stomach to eat. [*aſide.* Confound our Laws; I'm inform'd that no Part of the World is curſt with ſuch, but only us, the reſt live as long as they can: To be buried alive——Oh curs'd Cuſtom! Oh, oh, oh! In perfect Health too! Oh, oh, oh!

Off. In Health! nay my Lord, that you are not; every body expected your Death this Morning; the Fright of which, I ſuppoſe, has caus'd your Lady's: I'm ſure every body thought you very ill.

Emir. Aye, and may be every body thought me willing to die, but every body was miſtaken.

Off. My Lord, we have no Time for Talking; it is not in our Powers to prevent your Fate. Here, lift him into the Coffin. Where are your Cords to let the Coffins down the Mountain? [*They ſeize him.*

Emir. I will not go down the Mountain: Unconſcionable Rogues! (*ſtruggles with them.*) I hope your Wives will die To-morrow——Hold, hold, let me ſee my Wife firſt; ſhe died ſuddenly, and may come to Life again.

Off. Piſh! Piſh! This is Trifling, in with him, I ſay.

Emir. I tell you my Wife was an *Engliſh* Wife, and troubled with Vapours, as all that Country Wives are; ſhe us'd to die and come to Life again ten Times in an Hour, therefore I will ſee her. [*Struggling to reach at her Coffin.*

2*d Off.* Shall he ſee her, Brother?

1*ſt Off.* No, no.

Emir. Ye Dogs, I will. (*Gets hold on't, and pulls off the Lid.*) By Alla, Sun, Moon and Stars, here's no body! Huzza, here's no body, ſhe's alive. [*Jumps and dances about.*

Off. Alive! bring her out then.

Emir. Nay, do you bring her out, if you will, for you ſhall never bring me in.

Off. My Lord, I ſhall make you bring her out; you have buried her in your Garden, I ſuppoſe; but that ſhan't ſerve: Produce her living, or I'll inſtantly proceed to the Ceremony of Burial with you: Where is ſhe?

Emir. Sir, I told you before ſhe was an *Engliſh* Wife, and I believe few Huſbands know where to find them.

Off. This ſhan't ſerve; Where's Mrs. *Iſabinda*, your Niece?

Emir.

Emir. With her Aunt, for ought I know.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh, my Lord, the Ship that was caſt here, yeſterday, is gone off, and with it your Lady, Niece and Maid, with all your Jewels.

Emir. With all my Soul; and there's ſomething for thy News; a boon Voyage, and a merry Gale to them, ſay I; it is the moſt comfortable Loſs that ever Man had.

Off. Why, what a Misfortune's this? Here's our Fees loſt. [*Aſide.*

Emir. And if ever you catch me marrying again, I'll give you leave to uſe your Cords. Dogs! get out of my Houſe, go; troop, Vermin, no going down the Mountain now—Here, kick the Coffins after them, with their Loaves and Water; for there ſhall never be more Occaſion for 'em in this Houſe, I promiſe you——Come, where are my Servants? Here, let me have Muſick and Dancing, to cheer my Spirits.

The Laws of Wedlock all Men think ſevere;
But 'tis Damnation ſure to marry here.

THE

THE

ARTIFICE.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted

At the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

PROLOGUE. Written by Mr. BOND

Spoken by Mr. MILLS.

OUR Wits of late, grown wond'rous Weather-wiſe,
Change, like the various Seaſons of the Skies.
They, each dull Winter, ſullen and ſevere
And cloudy, as its gloomieſt Days appear:
Yawn o'er their Deſks, ſigh forth ſome Tragic-Scene,
Then treat the Town with Products of their Spleen.
Our Author takes a different Way to pleaſe;
Heals injur'd Love, *and cures its* Jealouſies.
You tender Virgins, *and neglected* Wives,
For You, She all her ARTIFICE *contrives.*
You can't deny her——Your Protection ſurely,
She hides your Slips, and brings you off—ſo purely!
Bold in her Sex's *Cauſe, She always rouzes*
'Gainſt their worſt *Foes,* falſe Lovers, *and* dull Spouſes.
But, O! ye Critics! Comic-Bards *are few,*
And we've no Wit *beneath the Sun, that's* New:
Aſk not, in ſuch a General Dearth, *much Wit,*
If ſhe your Taſte in Plot, *and* Humor *hit:*
Plot, Humor, Buſineſs, *form the* Comic *Feaſt,*
Wit's *but a* higher-reliſh'd Sauce, *at beſt;*
And where too much, *like* Spice, *deſtroys the Taſte.*
You Sparks in Red, *ſhe knows, will all befriend her;*
Nay, Faith, you're bound in Honour to defend her.
You, in her Plays, her choiceſt Favours ſhare;
She never fails to raiſe her Men of War.
'Tis ſeldom known, you Brothers of the Blade,
Let Women *make Advances un-repaid.*
You Chiefs in War, who Monarchs can ſubdue,
Yet own——The Ladies Victors *over* You.
A ſingle Helen, *once divinely Fair,*
Summon'd a Croud of Heroes to the War:
And brighter Helens *raiſe your Courage*—There.
You, while our Author pleads in Beauty's Cauſe.
Join in her Side, and Arm in her Applauſe:
Be Heroes *in a* WOMAN's *Cauſe to Day,*
And as you Love *the* Sex, Defend *the* PLAY.

EPI

EPILOGUE.

Written by Dr. SEWELL, 1723.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

SINCE Plotting *is the* Buſineſs *of the* Age,
Our Bard has paid it off *upon the Stage.*
And ſtrongly labour'd in theſe Scenes, to ſhew Ye,
How WOMAN *can in* ARTIFICE *out-do Ye.*
You bungle ſadly, and are always caught
'Ere half your Work is to Perfection brought.
Did our Town-Wives their Schemes no better lay,
What monſtrous Plots *wou'd break out ev'ry Day?*
Ladies, I hope, I've acted to your Mind,
And ſerv'd my Jealous Monſter *in his Kind.*
To play the Prieſt, *and ſteal a Wives Confeſſion;*
What Man can make amends for ſuch Tranſgreſſion?
Shou'd all our Engliſh *Huſbands ſhrive their Wives,*
Women wou'd lead moſt comfortable Lives.
For of all Slavery, 'tis the worſt Condition,
To live beneath a Marriage Inquiſition.
What think you of our Hogan-Mogan Belle?
Didn't ſhe trick the Trickſter nicely well?
The Whipſter thought, forſooth 'twas ſmart and clever,
To ſwill the young Vrow *up, and then to leave her.*
But on the Younker a Dutch *Trick ſhe palms;*
Poiſon *for* Poiſon *gives, and* Qualms *for* Qualms.
What Rake among you, but, in his Condition,
Wou'd even think a Wife *a good* Phyſician?
Did this Dutch *Law our roving Genry bind,*
How charming wou'd it be for Woman-kind!
Then ev'ry Nymph who has vouchſaf'd the Favour,
Might tye her Lover up to good Behaviour:
And after ſhe has put him to the Teſt,
Might take, *or* leave *him,*——*as ſhe* lik'd it beſt.
You, who are woo'd, let me adviſe; beware,
Give o'er your Jealous *Freaks, and truſt the* Fair:
For, look ye, you may rant, and play the Devil;
There's nought but Patience *cures the* Marriage-Evil.
The Thing is plain, *and Inſtances are* common;
No [illegible] *is half a Match for any* WOMAN.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Sir *Philip Moneylove*, Father to *Olivia*, a Man whoſe Morals are only ſubſervient to his Intereſt. - - - - - - - - -	Mr. *Miller*.
Sir *John Freeman*, Heir to 4000*l. per annum*, but diſinherited. In Love with *Olivia*. - - - - - - - - - - -	Mr. *Wilks*.
Ned Freeman, his Younger Brother; poſſeſs'd of the Eſtate. - - - - - -	Mr. *Mills*.
Fainwell, an Enſign under the Name of *Jeffery*; in Diſguiſe, Footman to the Widow *Heedleſs*. - - - - - - - -	Mr. *W. Wilks*.
Mr. *Watchit*, A Country-Gentleman, very jealous of his Wife. - - - - -	Mr. *Griffin*.
Tally, One belonging to a *Pharoah-Bank*; an humble Servant to Widow *Heedleſs*, under the Character of Lord *Pharoah-Bank*. - - - - - - - - -	Mr. *Harper*.
Dimur, a Doctor of the Civil Law.	

W O M E N.

Olivia, Daughter of Sir *Philip Moneylove*. In love with Sir *John Freeman*.	Mrs. *Horton*.
Louiſa, a *Dutch* Lady, formerly contracted to *Ned Freeman*. - - - - -	Mrs. *Younger*.
Mrs. *Watchit*, Wife to Mr. *Watchit*. -	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Widow *Heedleſs*, worth 20,000*l.* affected, vain, and an Admirer of Quality, and reſolved never to marry beneath a Lord. - - - - - - - - - -	Mrs. *Thurmond*.
Lucy, Servant to Mrs. *Watchit*.	
Flora, Servant to *Louiſa*.	
Judith, Servant to Mrs. *Heedleſs*.	

Conſtable, Watch, and other Attendants.

THE

THE ARTIFICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

St. James's PARK.

Enter Fainwell *in a Livery, meeting Sir* John Freeman *in Mourning.*

Fain. HA! *Freeman* in *Black?* Dear *Jack* how muſt I diſtinguiſh thee?

Sir *John.* Dear *Jack!* —— How came you and I ſo well acquainted, Fellow!

Fain. O!——that's too long a Story at preſent.

Sir *John.* What the Devil is this *Metamorphoſis* for, *Fainwell.*

Fain. Love! Almighty Love! Copying of the *Gods*, you know.

Sir *John.* What Game are you in purſuit of?

Fain. The old ſtanding Diſh, a WIFE! There's no Hopes of War, no Riſing in View! and *Subaltern*'s Pay will make a Man rub but ſlowly thro' the World. I have got Leave of my Colonel to be abſent from my Poſt for Two Months, in which Time, I intend to make my Fortune.——You know the Widow *Needleſs!*

Sir *John.* Very well! Ha!——is not that her Livery?

Fain. Yes, Faith, I march in the Number of her Retinue.

Sir *John.* To what End?

Fain. That's uncertain. If you know the Widow, you are no Stranger to her Taſte in Servants.

Sir *John.* I know ſhe keeps none but awkward *Country Louts.*

Fain. Ay! and is a perfect Jockey in her Family, and

takes as much Pains to poliſh her Train, as they do to break their young Colts. Now, you muſt know I paſs with her for as arrant a *Ruſtick*, as ever weilded Cudgel at a Country Wake, or tumbled Girl upon a Hay mow.

Sir *John*. But wherein can this advance your Deſign?

Fain. Why, you muſt know, I make Love to her.

Sir *John*. Make Love to her! what, under the Character of a Footman?

Fain. No, no, under the Character of a Gentleman of Fifteen hundred Pounds a Year in *Glouceſterſhire*, of which Country I pretend to be; for having quarter'd heretofore in that Shire, I counterfeit the Dialect very well.

Sir *John*. But what Service can this be to you?

Fain. Why, I write to her as from Mr. *Worthy*; my Man brings the Letters; and I deliver them as *Jeffrey*, her Footman; and when I find her in Humour, I intend to give her my Picture, in ſo ſimple a manner, that ſhe ſhall take it all for Goſpel.

Sir *John*. But what ſignifies the Copy? How will you introduce the Original?

Fain. That has been done already. I have made her ſeveral Viſits. My Man is now gone to her with a Letter.

Sir *John*. But ſuppoſe ſhe ſhould inquire after this Mr. *Worthy?* It is an eaſy Matter to know all the Gentlemen in *Glouceſterſhire*, and what Eſtates they are poſſeſs'd of too.

Fain. She can't trap me there, if ſhe does: For, between you and I, there is ſuch a Perſon as Mr. *Worthy*, Maſter of the very Eſtate I mention, who has given me Leave to take his Name. —— But I have diſcover'd ſince I have been in her Houſe, that an *Iriſh* Baron is my Rival.

Sir *John*. Then you are undone; for I am told, ſhe declares againſt Matrimony without a Title. But who is he?

Fain. My Lord *Pharoah-Bank*, I think they call him, of the County of *Tipperary*.

Sir *John*. I don't remember ever to have heard of any ſuch Nobleman.

Fain. Recommended, they ſay, by Sir *Philip Moneylove*.

Sir *John*. For which he is to have a valuable Conſideration; for I am ſure, he does nothing out of Honour or Honeſty. I wiſh thee Succeſs with all my Heart.

Fain. I thank you, *Freeman*; but prithee, who are you

in

in Mourning for? Is the old Knight at Reſt Six Foot deep? ha, *Jack?*

Sir *John.* He has been dead to me theſe Seven Years; but is now ſo to all the World, *Fainwell.*

Fain. Sir *John!* I give thee Joy of Four thouſand Pounds *per annum.* [*Embracing him.*

Sir *John.* I hope you'll give me the Eſtate too, *Fainwell*; for, I aſſure you, I have not one Foot of Land by the Death of my Father.

Enter Sam.

Fain. He did not diſinherit thee, ſure.

Sir *John.* Neither better nor worſe.

Sam. I ever thought my old Maſter would dye hard, and take the Left-hand Road.

Sir *John.* Ha! what is *Sam* with you ſtill?

Sam. You know, Sir, I always ſtick as cloſe to my Maſters, as their Breeches.

Sir *John.* Ay! whilſt there is any Money in them; but, I remember, you left me for fear of ſtarving.

Sam. Starving, Oh, no, no!—Not ſtarving, Sir; tho', I muſt confeſs, my Waiſt-band was Three Inches too wide for me.

Fain. You ſaucy Raſcal! ha, ha? Well, did you deliver my Letter?

Sam. Yes, I did, Sir; and into the Widow's own Hands; and, truly, by what I can find, Sir, you have nothing to hope for, if I have any Judgment.

Fain. Why! What have you diſcover'd?

Sam. Why, I obſerv'd when ſhe read your Epiſtle, ſhe ſmil'd ſcornfully, thus——toſs'd your Letter upon her Toylet; turn'd upon her Heel; tipp'd her Maid a Box o' the Ear for grinning, and bid me tell you, it required no Anſwer.

Sir *John.* Cold Comfort!

Fain. Not a Jot the leſs, for giving herſelf that Air. But is it poſſible, that pure Party-Rage could make thy Father ſo unkind, Sir *John?*

Sir *John.* Add to that ſome little Wildneſſes. But the main thing that did my Buſineſs, was this; When I found nothing wou'd open his Purſe-ſtrings, I pretended to embrace his Principles.

Sam. I remember that Time, Sir: We lived in Clover then! Many a delicious Morſel of Fleſh have I ſerv'd up, and ſupp'd luxuriouſly out of your Leavings, Sir.

Sir *John.* But, as the Devil wou'd have it, one Day, in my Cups, I chanced to ſtumble into a Non-juring-Meeting, with half a Dozen honeſt Officers at my Back, drove out the Congregation, ty'd the Parſon Neck and Heels, lock'd the Door, and took the Key in my Pocket.

Fain. Good! And what became of Old Sedition?

Sir *John.* Some of his Flock returning to Evening Prayer, broke open the Door, and freed him from Durance; amongſt which Number was my natural Father.

Fain. Rather Unnatural! That was very unlucky, Sir *John.*

Sir *John.* Ay; for that Action not only loſt me a paternal Bleſſing, but a paternal Eſtate.

Fain. Which would have afforded thee many Bleſſings, Wine and Women, Sir *John*, the only Bleſſings in this World! So your younger Brother *Ned* has the Eſtate, I ſuppoſe.

Sir *John.* Every Acre! my Fortune is cramm'd into ſuch a narrow Circumference, I can cover it with my Thumb. Only——a ſingle Shilling.

Fain. Damn'd Barbarity! 'S' Death! were he my Brother, I'd cut his Throat.

Sam. There's the Inſide of a Soldier for you! [*Aſide.*

Sir *John.* So ſay Paſſion and Neceſſity; but Conſcience and Humanity offer to my cooler Thoughts a brown Muſquet rather. I confeſs, I long to exert the elder Brother, and beat him a little; in order to which, I have done all I could to provoke him to give me Occaſion; but he avoids me as carefully as if he durſt not fight, though I know he's no Coward.

Fain. Well! Heaven be prais'd, I am not afraid of being diſinherited. I wear my Fortune with my Red-Coat; and whilſt there is one Miſchief making Prieſt in the World, Soldiers will never want Bread.

Sam. Ay, the Prieſts have ever been faſt Friends to the Soldiers. Nothing like a Pulpit Drum.—But it ruins the Surgeons Buſineſs quite.

Sir *John.* Ay! how ſo?

Sam. Why, where's the Occaſion for their retailing Lancet,

Lancet, when the other lets the Nation Blood by Wholesale?

Fain. My Raſcal has a Kind of ſmattering after Wit, ha, ha. No more of your Impertinence.

Sam. Impertinence! theſe Gentlemen will allow no body to ſay a good Thing but themſelves. [*Aſide.*

Sir *John.* Had yonder's my Brother coming this Way. How ſtately the Rogue walks, with three Footmen at his Heels.

Fain. Whilſt thou haſt not ſo much as one Scoundrel to pick up a Wench for thee.

Sam. Oh, for that, Sir! with your Leave, he may always command his humble Servant.

Fain. He ſtruts like an elder Brother. He wants nothing but your Title, Sir *John.*

Sir *John.* I wiſh I could transfer it; for it is of no Uſe to me. Honour's a Commodity not vendable among the Merchants; there is no Draw-back upon't.

Fain. That's a Miſtake, Sir *John*; I have known a Stateſman pawn his Honour as often as Merchants enter the ſame Commodity for Exportation; and like them, draw it back ſo cleverly, that thoſe who give him Credit upon't, never perceiv'd it 'till the Great Man was out of Poſt.

Sir *John.* Honour's a ſtale Cheat.

Fain. It may paſs at Court, or the Groom-Porter's; but no Citizen will lend a Shilling upon it.

Enter Ned Freeman.

Ned. Brother! Your Servant. If this young Fellow had not been in a Livery, I ſhould have ſworn it had been Enſign *Fairwell!*

Fain. The very Numerical Perſon you mention, is as you ſee, at your Service, Mr. *Freeman.* I believe you are ſurpriz'd at the Figure I make; but there are Reaſons, which another Time ſhall be yours. In the mean while, I muſt intreat, that wherever you ſee me, you know me for nothing above my preſent Appearance.

Ned. Whatever Deſign you may have in View, it ſhall never miſcarry through any Fault of mine.—Well! how go Matters in the North, Captain?

Sir *John.* Your Party perform'd no Wonders there.

Ned. Nay, if you are entring upon Party Matters, good by-t'ye; You know I always decline Politics in your Company.

Sir *John.* 'Tis the Sign of an ill Cauſe.

Ned. Then Diſputes won't mend it. Here——which Colour would you adviſe me to for a Wedding Suit?

Fain. What; juſt upon the Brink of Matrimony? Is it with the *Dutch* Lady you wrote ſuch Panegyrics on, when you was in *Holland?*

Ned. What, the old Burgo maſter's Daughter of *Haerlem?* No, no! that Affair's ended long ſince. She was a good-natured fond Fool, and, to ſay Truth, I did love her; but the old Carl her Father, did not like a younger Brother for a Son-in-Law then, and I'm a better Friend to my Country, than to take a *Dutch* Wife now, I did him one Piece of Service; I left ſome *Engliſh* Blood in his Family. I met a Gentleman at *Paris*, who told me, ſhe was brought to Bed of a fine Boy.

Sir *John.* If I miſtake not, you made that Lady a Promiſe of Marriage, Brother.

Ned. Cou'd I do leſs for a Maidenhead?

Fain. It is the Cuſtom in *Holland*, after ſuch a Promiſe, the Girl never ſcruples to go to Bed, and thinks herſelf as much your Wife, as if the Parſon had ſaid Grace; and if ever you are found in that Country, their Laws will oblige you to perform Articles.

Ned. Ay, if they catch me in the Corn, let 'em put me in the Pound.

Sir *John.* Whatever you think of ſuch Proceedings, I aſſure you, I ſhould have very little Confidence in that Man who forfeited his Faith and Honour to a Woman.

Ned. Preſerve your Opinion, Brother; the Ladies will like you never the better for't. Every Female has Vanity enough to believe her Charms ſufficient to ſecure what another loſt.

Fain. But who is the Object of your preſent Paſſion?

Sir *John.* Pray Heaven, it proves not where I gueſs! [*aſide.*

Fain. Who is the Beauty that inſlaves you now?

Ned. Nay, I'm not ſo prodigiouſly inſlav'd as you imagine.

Sir *John.* What! and juſt a going to be married.

Sam. Mr. *Freeman* ſpeaks like an experienc'd Traveller;

ler; he is entring upon a Journey for Life; the Whip and Spur are for the ſhort Stages of Love. It would kill the Devil to ride full Speed down a Lane that has neither End nor Turning.

Ned. Ha, ha, ha! *Sam* has a right Notion of Matrimony.

Sir *John.* A Lady muſt be extremely happy with ſuch a Huſband. But may we not know the Lady?

Ned. Yes, yes, Brother, I'm not aſham'd of the Lady; ſhe has Beauty enough for a Wife, and one Charm, as deſirable, as a new Miſtreſs.

Fain. Videlicet.

Ned. Twenty thouſand Pounds.

Sir *John.* Ha! that one Article ſtrikes thro' me. [*Aſide.*

Ned. 'Tis Sir *Philip Moneylove*'s Daughter.

Sir *John.* As I imagin'd!——This Blow wounds deeper than my being diſinherited. Have you that Lady's Conſent, Brother?

Ned. I have her Father's; and he has the Diſpoſal of her Fortune, though left by her Grandfather. She commands not a Penny, if ſhe marries without his Conſent.

Sir *John.* A moſt pernicious Clauſe!——Yet, if *Louiſa*, his *Dutch* Miſtreſs, who I have ſent for, comes Time enough, I may chance to ſpoil your Market. [*Aſide.*

Ned. I think I ſtand very fair; I have had his Promiſe theſe ten Days.

Sir *John.* Juſt the Time that Sir *Philip* forbid me his Houſe! ſince when, I have often watch'd him in, and, fearing the Conſequence, I ſent for his Miſtreſs! and if there is the leaſt Grain of Virtue left in that Heap of Muck and Immorality, Sir *Philip*, I may yet prevent this hateful Match. [*Aſide.*

Fain. I wiſh you Joy, Mr. *Freeman.*——

Sir *John.* Wiſh him Hell! where he may taſte in part the Pains he gives me now.—*Olivia!*—Oh! my *Olivia!* [*aſide.*

Ned. My Brother has no Reliſh for my good Fortune.——I perceive you affect Gravity in my Company, Sir *John*, and ſeem to have no Taſte for any Joy of mine.—Prithee, how have I offended? You may have Reaſon to blame our Father, perhaps; but how is that my Fault? I have really as much Love for you, as if you had been born a Year after me, and will treat you as well.

Fain. That is to ſay, he ſhall live like your Brother.—

Ned. He ſhall live as he thinks fit, Sir; I ſhan't pretend to direct him.

Fain. But you muſt put it in his Power!——Come, ſhall I make a Propoſal?

Ned. Out with it.

Fain. Buy him a Colonel's Poſt in the Guards.

Ned. I don't think to part with any Money that way.—

Sir *John.* Not without it were to ſerve a certain Perſon, you know where. Oh! that vile reſtleſs Principle of yours!———

Ned. Shall never diſturb you with a Commiſſion any where. Look ye, Brother, you ſhan't want for what is Neceſſary.

Sir *John.* Neceſſary! I ſuppoſe you reſerve to your own Judgment how far that Word may extend.

Ned. It ſhall extend ſo far, Sir, as becomes a Brother who has the Eſtate, to him that has none.

Sam. Humph! That is as much as to ſay, in plain *Engliſh*, you may ſtarve or ſteal, and be hang'd, for him. [*Aſide.*

Sir *John.* As far as becomes your elder Brother.

Ned. I can't ſay that, for perhaps you may fancy my Eſtate may become you better than it does me.

Sir *John.* Your Eſtate! [*Going up to him.*

Sam. (*Stepping between.*) Sir, Sir, With your Leave! Where-abouts do you think the Soul of my old Maſter may be now?

Ned. That Thought never enter'd my Head, Sirrah. I know where his material Soul, the Eſtate is, and how to ſpend it too. So, Brother, if you will be chearful.—

Sir *John.* Chearful! Bid the Directors, when there's a Run upon the Bank, be chearful; the Merchant who hears the Shipwreck of his freighted Veſſel; or bid the Mother, weeping over the Corps of her departed Son, be chearful.——Bid them be mad rather, to avoid Reflection.——— Chearful, quotha!

Sam. That's breaking a Man's Legs, and then bidding him cut Capers. [*Aſide.*

Fain. Philoſophy is a noble Study, Sir *John*; but few of us poor Rogues can purſue it.

Sir *John.* With what Elegance might my Brother there, diſplay the Beauty of Patience and Poverty! *Ned.*

Ned. No, Faith, *Jack*, I am no Orator.

[*Keeps looking upon the Paper.*

Sir *John.* Oh! What Serenity of Mind attends Four Thouſand Pounds a Year? whilſt Paſſion, Pride, and all the deadly Sins, fill up the Train of a poor Dog like me.

Sam. That's true to a Tittle, I know it by myſelf. [*aſide.*

Sir *John.* Poor *Olivia!* now I underſtand thy Letter, wherein thou ſaidſt, That we muſt part for ever; but I will ſee thee now, tho' certain Death attend it; though robb'd of Birthright by his younger Brother, let him not hope to take my Miſtreſs from me.

Such an Attempt will far more dang'rous prove:
He robs me of my Life, that robs me of my Love. [Exit.

Ned. That is the Colour for my Money.

Fain. Ay, White is the Bridegroom's Colour.

Ned. Ha! What is my Brother gone?

Fain. So it ſeems — Poor Sir *John.*

Ned. Pox of this Livery, I ſhould have been glad we cou'd have din'd together to Day.

Sam. Now you talk of dining — your Uncle call'd at your Lodging this Morning, Sir, and bad me tell you, he wonders how you beſtow your Time, that you don't come and dine with him as uſual. ———

Ned. Who's that?

Fain. An Uncle of mine, to whom I had once ſome hopes of being Heir.

Ned. And what has ſtifled them?

Fain. Why, the Devil put Matrimony in his Head, and ſpoil'd my Fortune. ———

Ned. Then he has Children, has he?

Fain. One, which happening to be Red-hair'd, and the Parſon of the Pariſh being Sandy, my Uncle, not content with forbiding him his Houſe, bid adieu to the Country, and brought my Aunt to Town.

Sam. An excellent Place to preſerve Virtue in.

Ned. How came he to ſuſpect the Doctor?

Fain. Why, my Aunt is a *Roman Catholic*, you muſt know, and I ſuppoſe my Uncle had a mind to make a good Proteſtant of her, and brought the Doctor to convert her; but finding his Arguments more prevalent for Love, than Religion, thought fit to remove her.

Ned. Ha, ha, ha! Where has he lodg'd her?

Fain. He has taken a Houſe in the *Pall-Mall*, within a Door of my Colonel's.———

Sam. Who has as good a hand at converting, as the Parſon, if he can find a Way to come at her. [*Aſide.*

Ned. In the *Pall-Mall!* If this ſhou'd be my Miſtreſs now? (*Aſide.*) So, the old Fellow is very Jealous of her, you ſay?

Fain. So Jealous, that he locks her up, it ſeems, reſolving to father no Children for the future, but his own; He allows her the Sight of nothing that's Male.

Ned. It muſt be ſhe; this agrees exactly with her Story. (*Aſide.*) Such Reſtraint ſets all the Wheels of Invention at Work, and a Million to nothing, but ſhe'll find a Way to uſe him as he deſerves. And how does ſhe take it?

Sam. Oh! not at all, Sir,——You hear my Maſter ſay, ſhe's lock'd up.

Ned. Her Confinement, I mean, Sirrah?

Sam. Oh! her Confinement.

Fain. Not ſeeing her the laſt Time I din'd there, I inquir'd after her Health, and was anſwer'd, ſhe was indiſpos'd; yet I obſerv'd he cut her a Plate of ev'ry Thing that came to Table, and ſent up to her Chamber, which, as the Maid told me afterwards, is his conſtant Cuſtom of late, when any body dines with him. He is a true *Spaniſh* Huſband.

Ned. And if ſhe proves but a true *Engliſh* Wife, his Children may be nothing a-kin to him, for all his Caution. Is ſhe handſome?

Fain. So handſome, that I could venture my Soul with her; and if I had her Conſent, my Uncle *Watchit*, ſhould be advanc'd in Honours.——You underſtand me.

Ned. Watchit! Mum! that's the Name. *Fainwell* muſt not know where I live. (*Aſide.*) — You would not cuckold your Uncle, would ye?

Fain. Why not? I think a well-bred Gentleman ought to have as much Regard to the Breed of his Family, as a Fox hunter has to thoſe of his Dogs and Horſes. Where do you lodge, Mr. *Freeman?* I muſt bring a School-Fellow of mine to wait on you, one who has a Play upon the Stocks; You muſt give him leave to dedicate to you. It is young *Diſtich.*

Ned. Ha! Little *Diſtich!* I ſhall be glad to ſee him.

When I have finiſh'd an Affair which I have upon my Hands at preſent, I ſhall come ſomewhere to this End of the Town; but I am *Incog.* for a little while.

Fain. What, are you upon an Intrigue?

Ned. Yes, Faith, and with one of the prettieſt Women in Town; a Citizen's Wife, whoſe Huſband is tinctur'd with thy Uncle's Diſtemper: He permits her neither to pay, or receive Viſits; but in Spight of his *Blockade*, I have found means to open a Communication between myſelf and his Female, and hope I ſhall be able to ſpring a Mine, and blow up the Fort of her Chaſtity, maugre all his Iron Guards.

Fain. You talk like an Engineer, Mr. *Freeman*; but if ſhe is ſo cloſely confin'd how got you acquainted with her?

Ned. Very accidentally. You muſt know, her Houſe, and that which I lodge in, were formerly one, ſo that there are Doors remaining, tho' faſten'd up.—Sitting one Evening in my Chamber reading, I heard the Voice of Women, and found by their Diſcourſe 'twas a Lady complaining to her Maid of her Huſband's ill Uſage. *If I were in your Place*, ſays the Maid, I'd be reveng'd of the old Brute: Ay, quoth the Lady, but ſhew me the Means.—Upon which, having bor'd a Hole in the Door, I put my Mouth to it, and cry'd, the Means is ready, Madam, if you'll conſent to it. She was a little ſurpriz'd at firſt, but we ſoon came to a right Underſtanding.

Fain. Ha, ha! ſo ſhe open'd the Door!

Ned. Not that Door: But the Chamber-Maid, who knew her Buſineſs perfectly well, after inquiring who lodg'd at next Houſe, in the Morning, knock'd gently at this private Door, and calling me by my Name, gave me to underſtand that there was a Door, between her Room, and a Garret in our Houſe, which if I cou'd find the Way to open, I might have an Opportunity of playing a Game at Picquet with her Lady ſometimes, in her Maſter's Abſence: I took the Hint, agreed with my Landlord for that Garret, and fell to work immediately. The Paſſage was ſoon open'd, and we came to an Interview, lik'd one another's Propoſals, call'd for the Cards, and ſat down to play, where I had the Game all to nothing, having *Point*, *Quint*, and *Quatorze*, the firſt Deal, had not the old Fellow come in, and forc'd us to throw up our Cards.

Fain.

Fain. For which you both curs'd him, I ſuppoſe; but you have found a Time, 'tis to be hop'd, to finiſh your Game.

Ned. I ſhall do, this Day, I believe. Wiſh me Succeſs, *Fainwell.*

Fain. I do with all my Heart: I know you us'd to be generous, you'll not expoſe her. When you have corrupted her, you may help your Friends, before ſhe falls into the Hands of the Public.

Ned. With all my Heart! Now for the finiſhing Stroke: I'll Home, and watch the old Fellow out, and then *L'Affair il fera fait*, as the *French* ſay — Which Way are you going, *Fainwell?*

Fain. Every Way! I have ſome Twenty How-d'ye's to deliver; the conſtant Buſineſs of Men of my Cloth, you know.

Ned. Ha! yonder comes my Father-in-Law that is to be. I muſt avoid him.

Fain. And the Widow's Lord with him. *(Aſide.)* Pray who is the Gentleman with him, Mr. *Freeman?*

Ned. His Name is *Bite*, to the beſt of my Memory. He belongs to a *Pharoah-Table*, I us'd to ſee him tally ſometimes, that's all I know of him. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Fain. I'm glad I know ſo much of him. *Bite*, quotha! Egad, I'll take care he ſhan't bite me of the Widow.—— Is this her Man of Quality? — *Sam*, go you Home, and don't you be out of the Way, if I ſhould want you. Do you hear?

Sam. Yes, yes, Sir. [*Exit* Sam.

Fain. Egad, this Woman fatigues me more than a long March. But the Hopes of her Gold, like the Hopes of Plunder, gives me freſh Courage for continuing the Siege.

For, to beſiege, *and* ſtorm, *the Soldier's* Trade *is,*
In War, *to conquer* Towns; ——*In* Peace, *the* Ladies.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE *Sir* Philip Moneylove's *Houſe.*

Enter Olivia, *and* Louiſa *weeping.*

li. YOUR Story, I confeſs, Madam, is moving; but I am more ſurpriz'd at *Freeman*'s Inſenſibility, than at his Perjury. It is no Wonder to find a Man falſe; but that he ſhould be blind to ſo much Beauty, is an Argument of Stupidity.

Lou. Not when he changes for ſuperior Merit;
But if you love not the Diſſembler,
Oh, give him back to my deſiring Arms!
For we are fit Companions for each other.

Oli. All I can, beſure I'll do to ſerve thee.
Dear haſt thou bought, the faithleſs, worthleſs Man!

Lou. Too late, I blame my credulous Nature.
Our Sex, like Roſes blooming on the Tree,
Admir'd by ev'ry gazing Paſſenger:
The Flow'r once cropt, a while 'tis worn in Triumph;
Then thrown aſide to wither in Diſgrace.

Oli. Be pleas'd to give this Letter to Sir *John*, and purſue whatever he directs you. Depend upon any Thing in my Power to ſerve you, Madam; my Soul abhors this Treachery, and had he been as dear to me, as his poor injur'd Brother is, I would renounce him now, tho' Life went with him.

Enter Sir Philip.

Oli. My Father! that's unlucky. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Phil.* Pray, Daughter, what is this pretty Reſolution of yours? Who wou'd you renounce?

Oli. One whom you wou'd have me, Sir, if you but wiſh me Happineſs; 'tis that Deceiver *Freeman.*

Sir *Phil.* How! Why, what has Sir *John* recover'd the Eſtate then? If ſo, Egad I ſhall renounce him too, Girl.—Ho'now, who have we hear? Some Letter-Carrier, ha! Pray, who let you in, Miſtreſs?

Oli. Juſtice.
Look on this Lady, Sir, with Eyes more human,
On her whom *Freeman* baſely has betray'd,
Juſt in her riſing Bloom and Pride of Youth.

Sir *Phil.* Why, you'd make an excellent Actreſs; you Rant and Strut it well; but who is this Lady you are ſo tender of, pray?

Oli. She's *Freeman*'s Wife, by all the Ties of Love.

Sir *Phil.* Ties of Love——Hark ye! Has the Parſon ty'd 'em? Love makes none but running Knots, and a Man may ſlip thoſe at Pleaſure; but the Parſon's Nooſe is as ſure as the Hangman's; nothing but the Grave unties it. —— Now if you have him in that String, Madam, you are on the right Side of the Hedge, and I muſt look out for another Son-in-law—Otherwiſe, you muſt look ſharp for another Huſband—that's all.

Lou. By my Country's Cuſtom 'tis I claim him.
I can have no other Huſband;
For all our Vows are regiſter'd in Heaven.

Sir *Phil.* Humph! that's a long Way off, and very few Lawyers go that Circuit. I doubt you'll loſe your Cauſe for want of Evidence too.

Oli. No, Sir, ſhe has a living Witneſs of his Guilt. A Boy, the very Picture of the Villain.

Lou. A Pledge of Love and everlaſting Faith.

Oli. Can you defend his Treachery, Sir?

Sir *Phil.* Can you defend her Folly? Treachery quotha! He's a Traytor who weakens his King, not he who adds to the Number of his Subjects.——You ſay, you claim him by your Country's Cuſtom, pray what Country is that, Madam?

Lou. Holland. Sir.

Sir *Phil* Odſo! *Holland*; why their High Mightineſſes ought to ſettle a Penſion upon you. I wiſh you much Joy of your Son, Madam. I warrant him a Hero, or a Politician. Every *Engliſhman*'s Son, merrily begot, proves a great Man. Fools and Cowards are the Product of our wedding Sheets. I wiſh he had laid ſuch a Foundation in my Family, before the Lawfulneſs of the Pleaſure ſpoils the Breed.

Oli. Are theſe fit Speeches for a Daughter's Ear?
And this the Language of a virtuous Parent?

Sir *Phil.* The Virtue of a Parent conſiſts in Intereſt and Cunning now-a-Days, as your Sex's Modeſty does in Pride and Affectation.

Oli. Monſtrous Precepts!

Sir

Sir *Phil.* I ſuppoſe, Madam, you had nothing but Mr. *Freeman*'s bare Word?

Lou. Words of the moſt ſacred Form! Vows of eternal Faith! Eternal Conſtancy!

Sir *Phil.* But how the Devil cou'd you expect Performance? Can any Man promiſe for Futurity? You ſhould have got him into Bonds. Hereafter let me adviſe you: Do nothing till you have 'em under Black and White.—Then, if they fly the Parſon, catch 'em with the Proctor.

Lou. Unmannerly Advice; but I was told before I came, what ſmall Regard you paid to Juſtice——It is in you, Madam, that all my Hopes are center'd.

Oli. Depend on me, in all I can.

Sir *Phil.* No whiſpering in my Houſe; no caballing; no underhand Dealing.——Look ye, Madam, the Man's diſpos'd of; but if you will let me know whereabouts your Fortune may be, I'll do my Endeavour to get you a Huſband—I will, Faith.

Lou. Since injur'd Virtue is become your Sport,
And you, inſtead of pitying, mock my Sorrow,
I'll try all Arts that may his Soul ſubdue;
But if I fail his Paſſion to renew,
The Traytor dies, to be reveng'd on you. [Exit.

Oli. Why will you raiſe her Indignation thus?
Do you not dread the Conſequence?
Baſe as he is, will you not guard his Life?
O! call her back, and calm her Paſſion;
If you prevent not, you encourage Murder.

Sir *Phil.* No, no, the Threats of your Sex, like Courtiers Promiſes, vaniſh into nothing. Paſſion has left the weeping Corner, and now it bluſters like the North Wind, that's all. I wonder who let this Woman in. I ſhall examine that Point with my Servants. [*Aſide.*

Oli. Are you a Man yet void of all Humanity?

Sir *Phil.* If your Mother were alive, ſhe'd tell you: How dare you call me Father, and queſtion my Manhood? What would you make your Mother, huſſey? ha!

Oli. Oh do not name my Mother! Were ſhe alive, you would not treat me thus. Remember your Promiſe to Sir *John.*

Sir *Phil.* But when I made that Promiſe, he was Heir Apparent to four thouſand Pounds a Year, and nobody dreamt

dreamt of his being diſinherited. — Zounds, do you think I'll throw away my Money upon your Inclination, Miſtreſs? No, mark me, Were thy Mother here all in her Bloom of Beauty; here, here, upon her Knees before me, I would not break my Word to *Freeman*; that is to ſay, whilſt he is Maſter of his Father's Eſtate; therefore urge me no more, but prepare to be his Wife to morrow. D'ye hear? [*Exit.*

Oli. To morrow! ſhort Warning! yet ſhort as 'tis, I ſhall have Time for Reſolution; and you ſhall find it, Father, as unalterable as your own.

If where I've fix'd my Love, *I muſt not wed,*
I'll chuſe a Coffin *for my* bridal Bed. [*Exit.*

SCENE Watchit's *Houſe.*

Mrs. Watchit *ſola.*

Since my Huſband reſolves to immure me, I'm glad my Jayl is ſo luckily ſituated. Here I may hope for ſome Conſolation: The agreeable Addreſs of *Freeman* charms me; my Huſband's Jealouſy provokes me, and the Conveniency of that dear Door is ſo irreſiſtable, that if I ſhould not be able to withſtand Temptation, my Huſband may take it for his Pains: Beſides, as the Poet ſays,

One had as good commit the Fault,
As always to be guilty thought.

There's ſome Pleaſure in reflecting upon paſt Delights: and Confinement will ſit more eaſy, when one knows one deſerves it; but to be ſhut up for nothing, is not to be borne.

Enter Lucy.

Well, *Lucy*, have you given the Signal?

Lucy. There was no need of the Signal, Madam: I found Mr. *Freeman* in my Chamber, waiting the happy Minute. Oh! where theſe Men but half ſo eager after Poſſeſſion!—But then, the Park, the Play, the Bottle, nay an Afternoon's Nap, ſhall have important Buſineſs in it. ——But here he is, Madam.

Enter Ned Freeman, *running into her Arms.*

Ned. My Charmer! I have ſtood Centinel at my Window theſe two Hours, to watch your old Jaylor out; and the Moment I ſaw him hobble over the Channel, I flew to the kind Door, impatient to be let into Paradiſe. Mrs.

Mrs. *Wat.* The impatient Lover, at the Beginning of an Amour, commonly proves the moſt indolent after Poſſeſſion, they ſay.

Ned. That, Madam, in a great meaſure, depends upon the Wit and Temper of the Lady.; after Enjoyment, Love grows nice; Beauty kindles up the Flame: Yet there is more required to keep that Flame alive: But you may boaſt your Sex's whole Perfection: He who puts on your Chains, muſt be your Slave for ever. Where Souls ſympathize, the Bodies fear no Separation. When I but kiſs thee *(embracing her)* my Heart flutters at my Lips, as if 'twould tell you every Thought within.

Mrs. *Wat.* Bleſs me, what do you mean? I doubt you have naughty Thoughts!—Give me the Cards—Come, I muſt have my Revenge.

Ned. That you ſhall, with all my Soul, inſtantly.

Mrs. *Wat.* Be quiet then, and take the Cards.

Ned. The Cards! No, no, my Angel, I ſhall beat you at Cards; there is a ſweeter Game for your Revenge.

Mrs. *Wat.* Piſh! what Game?—Lud!—you ſmother one. Suppoſe any of the Servants ſhould be upon the Stairs?——*Lucy!*

Lucy. (Aſide.) Humph! I underſtand her. I'll take Care of that, Madam. [*Exit.*

Ned. You ſee, my Life, Mrs. *Lucy* knows her Buſineſs: Why ſhould we neglect *ours?*

Mrs. *Wat.* Buſineſs! what Buſineſs? Oh Lud! what would you have me do? [*Struggling a little.*

Ned. Make me the happieſt of Mankind. A thouſand Loves are dancing in your Eyes. Your balmy Lips and heaving Breaſts invite me to the Banquet.

Mrs. *Wat.* Don't talk to me thus, you inſinuating Devil, you!—Let me go!—Oh gad! I an't able to ſtruggle any longer!———

Ned. Why will you ſtruggle at all? Why deſtroy that Pleaſure which your Conſent ſo infinitely would raiſe? Come, lead me to my Bliſs, where, folded in each other's cloſe Embraces, we'll bid Defiance to a Huſband's Frown, and kiſs, and laugh at all his jealous Folly.

Mrs. *Wat.* O Gad!—O, O Lud!—I have not Breath to anſwer———O, O! I muſt not—dare not—will not—O Lud!—I have ſuch a Swimming in my Head!—

Let

Let me go!—Tho' if you do, I am ſure I ſhall fall down.

[*Sinks into his Arms.*

Ned. O my yielding Dear!—Where the Duce ſhall I find the Bed Chamber?

Mrs. *Wat.* 'Tis the next Room——Ha! What have I ſaid? Did you name the Bed-Chamber? Oh Gad! I won't go into the Bed-Chamber.

Ned. No, no, no, my Dear, I would not offer to injure your Modeſty with ſuch a Thought for the World. Go into the Bed-Chamber! No, no, I'll carry thee thither. [*Takes her in his Arms.*

Mrs. *Wat.* Nay, how can you be ſo rude? Lord, whither are you a going? I ſwear I have a good Mind to cry out. [Lucy *ſhrieks without.*

Ned. Ha! What Shriek is that?

Mrs. *Wat.* 'Tis *Lucy*'s Voice! Set me down! my Huſband is moſt certainly return'd. What ſhall I do? O Invention! O Invention! [*Pauſes.*

Ned. Pox take him for an unmannerly Churl, to make a Gentleman riſe from Table before he has taſted the firſt Diſh; and with ſuch an Appetite too!

Mrs. *Wat.* Oh gad! don't loiter here; but fly, fly, Sir!

Ned. But whither, Madam, whither? Which way can I get up Stairs, without meeting him full in the Teeth? Except you have any back-way.

Mrs. *Wat.* I'll venture; (for it is impoſſible for him to get out.) Here, here, Sir, ſtep behind this Screen, and ſtir not for your Life, 'till I give you Notice.

[Ned *goes behind the Screen.*

Enter Watchit *and* Lucy.

Wat. What the Devil did you ſhriek out for? To give Warning, Mrs. *Screech-Owl?*

Lucy. Warning! of what, I wonder? Who could you expect to catch, that you came creeping up in this Manner, to fright a-body out of one's Wits? You ſuffer nothing to come near my Lady but Flies, that I know of.

Mrs. *Wat.* (*Throwing herſelf upon the Floor.*) Oh, Miſery!——Oh, oh, oh!——

Wat. Nothing but Flies! why Flies breed Maggots, Huſſey.

Mrs. *Wat.* Oh undone! Undone for ever!

Lucy. Oh my poor Lady on the Floor! Help, Sir, help.

help.——Where have you put the Gentleman, Madam? [*Aside to Mrs.* Wat.

Mrs. *Wat.* Behind the Screen. (*Aside.*) Oh, oh!

Wat. Pud, What is the Matter, *Pud?*

Mrs. *Wat.* I fear I have broke my Leg, *Mumps.*

Wat. Heaven forbid!——Though if ſhe has, there will be one Advantage in't; ſhe won't teize me to go abroad theſe two Months. (*Aſide.*)—Let me ſee; where abouts haſt thou hurt thy pretty Leg?

Mrs. *Wat.* Juſt in my Inſtep, *Mumps!*——Oh, oh!

Wat. Lucy! Where are you, Huſſey! help me to ſet your Miſtreſs in a Chair. How cameſt thou to fall, *Pudſey?* [*They lift her into a Chair.*

Mrs. *Wat.* Why, hearing her ſhriek, I ran haſtily to ſee what was the Matter; and my Heel happening to catch in my Hoop, down I came, with my Foot double under me. ——Oh dear *Mumps!* you hurt me terribly! Pray lead me to my Bed, that I may lie down 'till a Surgeon can be ſent for.

Ned. (*Peeping.*) Well propos'd.

Wat. No, no, let me rub it a little; I don't find it is broke: One muſt not make Surgeon's Work of every little Accident. It is not broke, *Pudſey*, that's certain.

Lucy. I wiſh your Neck had been broke, when you came Home. [*Aſide.*

Wat. It may be ſprain'd, perhaps. I have ſome camphorated Spirits of Wine in the Corner-Cupboard, behind that Screen. I'll fetch it, and bathe it with ſome of that. It is exceeding good for a Sprain.

Ned. (*Peeping.*) So! I find a Law-ſuit commenced already.

Mrs. *Wat.* If he comes near the Screen, I'm undone. [*Aſide.*

Lucy. What, in the Name of *Jupiter*, will become of the Gentleman?

Mrs. *Wat.* Oh dear, dear, *Mumps!* do not leave me. Give *Lucy* the Key; let her fetch it. [*Catches hold of him.*

Lucy. Ay, ay, Sir, give me the Key; and do you keep rubbing, that the Blood may circulate.

Ned. (*Peeping.*) Well ſaid, Mrs. *Abigail.*

Mrs. *Wat.* Ay, do, dear *Mumpſy!* Methinks there's a kind of Eaſe whilſt you are rubbing it.——Oh, oh!

Wat. (*Riſing.*) No, no, ſhe can't find it; ſhe'll fling down ſome of the Bottles; that's all the Good ſhe'll do.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Wat.* Oh, I ſhall ſwoon, if you ſtir, *Mumps!*—— I ſhall, I ſhall! [*Catches hold of him.*

Wat. Well, well! I won't go! — You Women are ſo impatient! Here, *Lucy*, take the Key. It is in a chryſtal Bottle. Don't you do Miſchief now, amongſt the reſt of the Spirits.

Ned. (Peeping.) I wiſh I were a Spirit, to go out unſeen.— [*Mrs.* Watchit *beckons* Ned *to go off, whilſt old* Watchit *is rubbing her Foot.*

Lucy. She beckons you to go out, Sir.

Ned. I underſtand her. But if the old Fellow ſhould look up?

Lucy. No, no, never fear; I'll help to ſcreen you from his Sight. *(Runs, and flaps herſelf down by* Watchit.] Here, here, Sir, here's the Bottle. I'm ſure 'tis the right.

Wat. What is the Devil in the Wench! have you a Mind to lame me, Huſſey? Why don't you pull out the Cork? [Ned *advances, but as* Watchit *looks up, retires.*

Mrs. *Wat.* Hang the Cork—Rub, rub, rub, dear *Mumps.*

Lucy. (Beckons Ned.) Now, now, now.

Wat. What's now, now! Ha!

Lucy. Why, now the Cork's out! Lord, you don't mind my Miſtreſs's Foot?

Mrs. *Wat. (Aſide.)* Ah! he will catch him, that's certain.——I have ſuch a Terror upon me, that I'm diſarm'd of all Excuſes.

Wat. Where lies thy Pain, *Pud?*

Mrs. *Wat.* Juſt where you are.

Lucy. That I dare ſwear. *(Aſide.)*——Bleſs me, Sir, how my Lady's Ancle ſwells?

Wat. Your Noſe ſwells, don't it? What do you fright your Miſtreſs for, Huſſey? I ſee no Swelling.

Lucy. I don't know how he ſhould. [*Aſide.*

Ned. (Aſide.) She might have laid a Foundation for a Swelling, if you had been civil enough to have ſtay'd away half an Hour longer. [*Advancing to the Middle of the Stage.*

Wat. Come, try to ſtand upon't, *Pudſey.*

Mrs. *Wat. (Shrieking.)* Ah! my dear, dear Life and Soul! I cannot bear it! [*As* Watchit *is raiſing her up, ſhe throws her Arms about his Neck, to prevent his ſeeing* Ned.

Wat. (Struggling.) What, will you ſmother me? How now! Who have we here?

Ned.

Ned. So! he has me!—I admire you leave your Doors open, Sir, and not a Servant in the Way to take a Meſſage.

Wat. Had you any to ſend up, Sir? I don't like a Man that comes up to my Noſe; then tells me, *I admire you leave your Doors open.*—Zounds, was there not a Knocker to the Door?

Ned. I did knock, Sir; but my Buſineſs would not give me Leave to wait.

Wat. Buſineſs! What, to rob my Houſe? or lie with my Wife, I warrant, had I been out of the Way. *(Aſide.)* I pray you, ſweet Sir, what may your haſty Buſineſs be?

Ned. What, in the Name of *Jupiter*, ſhall I pretend? [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Wat.* *(Aſide to* Lucy.) Oh Lud! What Tale can he invent? I tremble every Joint of me.

Lucy. *(Aſide to Mrs.* Wat.) If he proves of the *Iriſh* Breed, all may go well yet.

Wat. I am afraid, Sir, you have forgot your Buſineſs—A clean-limb'd young Raſcal, this;—— and has a damn'd Cuckold-making Air: Zounds, how my Wife eyes him! [*Aſide.*

Ned. I have it; Impudence protect me. *(Aſide.)* The Affair I come upon, Sir, requires your private Ear.

Wat. Sir, I keep my private Ears, for my publick Friends. I have ſurvey'd you round, and round; and, to be plain, I don't like your Phiz, and, may be, I ſhall like your Buſineſs worſe. Therefore, will hear, whether it be worth going out of the Room for, or not.

Ned. I can eaſily pardon your Diſlike to my Face; but I muſt inſiſt upon ſpeaking with you alone.

Wat. I inſiſt upon your ſpeaking here, Sir—The Dog will cut my Throat, perhaps. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Wat.* I'm in Pain for the Event. [*Aſide to* Lucy.

Lucy. The Gentleman promiſes well; have Courage, Madam. [*Aſide to Mrs.* Wat.

Ned. But your Reputation is concern'd, Sir.

Wat. My Reputation does not depend upon your Tongue, Sir; and I'll not ſtir a Foot.

Ned. But have you no Regard to your Lady, Sir? for I perceive this is your Wife.

Wat. And what of that, Sir? What have you to ſay againſt my Wife? Out with it.

Ned.

Ned. I have nothing to ſay, Sir, againſt your Wife.

Wat. 'S'death, Sir! What is your Buſineſs? What have you to ſay? Speak, Sir;——Or, or———

Ned. Nay! if I muſt ſpeak here! Then know, Sir, I am employed by Sir *Andrew Gudgeon.*

Wat. Gudgeon! I doubt, Friend, you have miſtaken your Fiſh; for I know no Man of that Name.

Ned. Hark ye, Sir, a Word. *(Speaks in his Ear.)* You know his Wife, I ſuppoſe, if you don't know him.

Wat. Wife! what Wife? Ad's Heart! ſpeak out, and keep farther off——This Dog is a Pick-pocket, for aught I know. [*Aſide.*

Ned. Why then, I muſt tell you, Sir, that Sir *Andrew* will have Satisfaction, before he and you have done.

Wat. Satisfaction! for what, Sir?

Ned. For lying with his Wife, Sir, ſince you will have it out.

Mrs. *Wat.* Adultery! Very fine, truly!

Lucy. Bleſs me! who could have thought that my Lady had not been ſufficient for you, Sir?

Wat. Zounds! what do you mean, Sir? Do you think to make a *Gudgeon* of me?

Ned. Nor you muſt not think to make a Cuckold of Sir *Andrew*, without making him Satisfaction, Sir. I don't value your high Words, nor your big Looks. I am not to be frighted out of my Buſineſs, Sir. I am a Proctor in the Biſhop's Court, and employ'd by Sir *Andrew*, to exhibit a Libel againſt you for Incontinency.

Wat. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Incontinent! I'll be judg'd by my own Wife.—*Pud!*—come hither, *Pud*—ſpeak the Truth, and no more but the Truth——Didſt thou ever find me a Man given that Way?

Mrs. *Wat.* I wonder you have the Aſſurance to look me in the Face! I find your Suſpicions of my Virtue, proceeded from the Weakneſs of your own—Ungrateful Man! Have I kiſs'd and hugg'd you in my Arms for this?

[*Burſts ſeemingly into Tears.*

Lucy. Ah! Did ever I think this of you, Sir? You, who have ſuch a tender, fond, loving, lovely Wife of your own! I can't help weeping to ſee my poor Lady ſo ill treated.

Wat. Was ever innocent Man thus baited?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Wat.* Ah, *Mumps!* I never thought you were ſuch a Hypocrite———How often have you told me, what a crying Sin Adultery is! And———

Wat. This muſt be a Trick to abuſe me!———Get out of my Houſe, Sir. Zounds, get out of my Houſe!

Ned. Get out of your Houſe! Get ready your Bail, Sir. The Allegations againſt you are ſo plain, and poſitive, you'll ſcarce have any evaſive Anſwer, or to croſs-examine Witneſſes upon new Interrogatories, Sir,——Mind that.

Wat. You and your Interrogatories had beſt march off, Sir, without any more to do, or———

Mrs. *Wat.* If I might adviſe you, make up this Matter, and don't expoſe yourſelf.

Wat. Why *Pud!* do you think I'm guilty, *Pud?* Oh Lud! oh Lud! oh Lud!

Mrs. *Wat.* Why, can you have the Aſſurance to deny it, after what the Gentleman has ſaid.

Ned. His denying it, Madam, will ſignify nothing; we have unqueſtionable Proofs; Cauſes of this Nature never come into our Court, without Demonſtration——He muſt undergo the Sentence uſual in theſe Caſes—Which is, to ſtand in a white Sheet, and humbly confeſs his Faults before the Congregation. Beſides which *(turning to him)* you will be compelled to pay Coſts and Damages.—And if you are found guilty of Contumacy, as your preſent Behaviour ſeems to promiſe, we ſhall get you excommunicated.

Mrs. *Wat.* Excellent Fellow! [*Aſide.*

Ned. Upon which comes out the Writ *Excommunicato Capiendi:* That, whips you up in an inſtant; carries you to the next Jail, and delivers you into *Salvo Cuſtodio* without Bail, or Mainprize.

Wat. What hoa! within there? Where are all my Raſcals? Huſſey, go look 'em, *(puſhes* Lucy) and bid 'em call a Conſtable. I'll Bail and Mainprize you, I warrant you, Sirrah: Why don't you go? [*To* Lucy.

Lucy. I'll not ſtir a Step: You wicked Man, you!—

Ned. A Conſtable!— that may not be ſo well. *(Aſide.)* I'm not afraid of a Conſtable, Sir. Send for him, and welcome; but the leaſt Noiſe you make in this Affair, the better, Sir *Nicholas!*

Mrs. *Wat.* Sir *Nicholas!* here muſt be ſome Miſtake in this; my Huſband's Name is not *Nicholas*, Sir!

Ned. What ſay you, Madam? Is not this Sir *Nicholas Widgeon?*

Wat. No, nor *Woodcock* neither, as you ſhall find, Sir!

Ned. Bleſs me! What have I been ſaying all this while? I aſk your Pardon, Sir, with all my Heart. How the Vengeance could I make ſuch a Blunder? I was directed next Door to the *Sun.*

Lucy. If I miſtake not, Sir *Nicholas* lives at the next Houſe but one. I am glad to find it a Miſtake, Sir, and that you are not guilty of wronging ſo good a Woman, as my Lady is.

Wat. It is a very pretty Miſtake tho', to come into a Man's Houſe, and abuſe, and threaten him with white Sheets, Penance, and the Devil; and then, *I aſk your Pardon, Sir.* A Pox on you, and your Pardon too, Sir.

Ned. Nay, you have Reaſon to be angry, I own, Sir—and I wiſh I knew how to make you ſome Satisfaction.—Madam, can you forgive me? Upon Honour, I'm in ſuch Confuſion!

Mrs. *Wat.* I believe him. *(Aſide.)* The Pleaſure of finding my Huſband innocent, inclines me the more eaſily to pardon your Miſtake, Sir.

Ned. I proteſt, Sir, I am very much out of Countenance!

Wat. I wiſh you were out of my Houſe, Sir———

Ned. If you ſhould ever have any Buſineſs in *Doctors Commons*, Sir, I aſſure you, no Body ſhall be——

Wat. I aſſure you, Sir, that nothing can oblige me more, than to ſee your Backſide; and ſo, ſweet Mr. *Proctor*, with your *Excommunicato Capiendi*, I am your very humble Servant.

Ned. Sir, I am yours entirely. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Wat.* Charming Fellow! [*Aſide.*

Wat. Pox take him, he has given me the Palpitation of the Heart, which I ſhan't get rid of theſe two Hours—— Why, what a Multitude of Troubles will this poor Sir *Nicholas* be in now? His *ſweet Meat will have ſour Sauce.* Odd, there's a pretty Penny to be made of theſe Cuckold-making Dogs, if one could but catch 'em napping. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Wat.* *(Aſide.)* Well, this is a Jewel of a Man, *Lucy.*

Lucy. Ay, Madam, this Man has a Genius, and deſerves a Woman. [*Aſide to her.*

Wat.

Wat. I can't get this Fellow's Miſtake out of my Head; it is a curſed odd one, methinks. [*Aſide.*

Lucy. How does your Foot do, Madam?

Mrs. *Wat.* Pretty well, I think, *Lucy:* Your Hand has done me exceeding Service, *Mumps*——

Wat. Ay, ay, Chick, ev'ry one don't know the Virtue of a warm Hand—— I don't like this ſudden Cure.—To roar out, but now when I touch'd it; and now to walk about, as if nothing ail'd her. [*Aſide.*

Lucy. If you were a Surgeon, Sir, and could effect Cures ſo ſoon, you'd grow rich apace.

Wat. (*Aſide.*) I wiſh you and your Miſtreſs have not all your——I might not always be ſo lucky.

Lucy. To prevent your being made a Cuckold, I grant you. [*Aſide.*

Wat. I took this, juſt in the Nick.

Lucy. Or ſhe had nick'd you. [*Aſide.*

Wat. That is to ſay, juſt as 'twas done.

Lucy. Nay, before it was done; to my Lady's Sorrow. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Wat.* Well, *Mumps*, I muſt remind you of your Promiſe: I muſt go out to Day.

Wat. Fy, fy, you would not walk upon your Foot ſo ſoon; would you?

Mrs. *Wat.* Pho! I tell you my Foot is well: Beſides, I can take a Chair.

Wat. Prithee, what Buſineſs haſt thou abroad, Wife?

Mrs. *Wat.* Why, I want to go to Chapel, in the firſt Place.

Wat. The Saints will hear you as well, from your Cloſet.

Mrs. *Wat.* I can't pray in my Cloſet.

Wat. Nor any where elſe, I believe. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Wat.* Beſides, here are Prieſts in *London.*

Wat. Ay! Enough to corrupt the whole Nation——

Mrs. *Wat.* And it is a mortal Sin not to confeſs, when 'tis in one's Power to do it.

Wat. Pray, what Sins have you committed, that you are in ſuch haſte to unburthen?

Mrs. *Wat.* You are not qualify'd to know.

Wat. Well, ſince your Conſcience accuſes you, you ſhall have a Prieſt. I'll ſend to the What-d'ye-call 'em Ambaſſadors, for one of his; who ſhall take your Confeſſion in

your Closet; but I'll stand at the Door: For I would not trust one of these Pardon-selling Rogues: They have such convincing Arguments for Cuckoldom.

Mrs. *Wat.* Why, do you think, Sir, that I'll be shut up thus, for ever?

Wat. Nay, if you begin to exalt your Voice, then I must tell you, it is my Pleasure to have it so. Let that suffice.

Mrs. *Wat.* No, that will not suffice; for it's against my Inclination.

Wat. Which is not to be suffic'd; for you are never satisfy'd with gadding; if we Husbands should always follow our Wives Inclinations, we should be in a fine Condition.

Lucy. I am sure you have all Conditions, but good ones. [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Wat.* Is this your matrimonial Vow! to imprison me; you that wou'd cherish, love, and worship me!

Wat. So I do, don't I, my dear Flesh and Blood? Thou art my Goddess, and I adore thee; and cannot suffer thee out of my Sight.

Lucy. If you two are one Flesh, how come you to have such different Minds, pray, Sir?

Wat. Because the Mind has nothing to do with the Flesh.

Mrs. *Wat.* That's your Mistake, Sir; the Body is govern'd by the Mind. So much Philosophy I know.

Wat. Yes, yes; I believe you understand natural Philosophy very well, Wife: I doubt the Flesh has got the better of the Spirit in you.—Look ye, Madam! Every Man's Wife is his Vineyard; you are mine, therefore I wall you in. Ads-budikins, ne'er a Coxcomb in the Kingdom shall plant so much as a Primrose in my Ground.

Mrs. *Wat.* I am sure, your Management will produce nothing but Thorns.

Wat. Nay, ev'ry Wife is a Thorn in her Husband's Side: Your whole Sex is a kind of Sweet-brier, and he who meddles with it, is sure to prick his Fingers.

Lucy. That is, when you handle us too roughly. ——

Mrs. *Wat.* You are a kind of Rue; neither good for Smell nor Taste.

Wat. But very wholesome, Wife.———

Mrs. *Wat.* Ay, so they say of all Bitters; yet I wou'd not be oblig'd to feed upon Gentian and Wormwood.

Wat.

Wat. No, you like Sweet-meats better.

Mrs. *Wat.* Confinement wou'd cloy me with them too.

Wat. Or you are no Woman.

Mrs. *Wat.* But what do's this ſignify to our Marriage-Articles? You know the Forfeiture, if you deny me ghoſtly Aid.

Wat. A thouſand Pounds.——You bit me there.——Have a care I don't bite you again. *(Aſide.)*——Well, well, you ſhall have this ghoſtly Aid——But do you conſider, you never had the Small-Pox, and it never was ſo mortal as now; therefore it is not convenient you ſhou'd go abroad; indeed it is not, *Pudſey*——'Tis out of pure Love to thee, Faith, my Dear; for the Small-Pox would ſpoil that pretty Face: It wou'd truly, *Pudſey*. Prithee now, believe thine own *Mumps*.——

Mrs. *Wat.* Away!——I hate your wheedling. Thoſe who languiſh under the Plague, need not fear the Small-Pox. [*Exit with* Lucy.

Wat. Humph! Say you ſo? I ſhall indeed be a Plague to you, if I catch you tardy, Gentlewoman. Odd, I can't put this Foot of hers out of my Head; it looks like an Excuſe to conceal ſome ſecret Failing, and puts me in mind of a youthful Stratagem of my own. Having been a little familiar with one of my Mother's Maids, and like to have been caught, I cut my Finger, and pretended I came for a Rag to bind it up.——This Fellow with his *Excommunicato Capiendo* too, may have more in't than I can ſee through: I reſolve to examine my Servants, if ever they ſaw him before; but in perſonating this Prieſt, I ſhall know all.

Lucy *liſtening.*

Lucy. Shall you ſo?

Wat. I have beſpoke a Diſguiſe; and am reſolv'd to take her Confeſſion myſelf.

Lucy. Indeed!——My Lady ſhall know your Contrivance; and if ſhe does not fit you for your Curioſity, I am miſtaken, old Gentleman. [*Exit.*

Wat. If ſhe has Cuckolded me, tho' but in Thought, I will injoin her ſuch a Penance!

Zoons! I'll ſo ſwinge, *ſo* mortify *the Jade,*
That ſhe ſhall ne'er forget *my* ghoſtly Aid.

ACT III.

SCENE *Widow* Heedleſs's *Houſe. She wiping down the Duſt with her Handkerchief.*

Enter Judith.

Wid. JUDITH! What haſt thou been doing all this Morning, that my Dreſſing-Room is in this pickle?

Jud. Pickle!

Wid. Ay, pickle, Sauce-box; why doſt thou eccho me?

Jud. Eccho you!

Wid. Again!——Indeed I ſhall ſlap your Chaps if you don't learn to leave off repeating my Words after me.

Jud. After you!——Marry, I——

Wid. (Gives her a Box o' the Ear.) You will do it then.

Jud. Will do what? Chem zhour, chem can do nothing to pleaſe you! Chem clean'd it as it had bin vor min Life; zo I dud.

Wid. Life! what is thy Life, Muck-worm, to a clean Room? Doſt thou imagine Rooms lie thus at Court? Ha, Slattern?

Jud. They can't lie better, I think.

Wid. Think! why doſt thou think, Animal? What haſt thou to do with Thought? Mind thy own Buſineſs, and never puzzle thy Noddle with Thought.

Enter Sir Philip *and* Tally.

Bleſs me! my Lord, and Sir *Philip!*—I am aſham'd to be caught in this Diſorder!

Sir *Phil.* My Lord and I have been fetching a Walk, and I could not perſuade his Lordſhip to paſs by your Door, Couſin, without calling. You are his North, and he is embark'd in the Cock-boat of Love, and is conſtantly pointing this way.

Wid You are very pleaſant this Morning, Sir *Philip.* But--

Tally. I aſk your Pardon, Madam; but finding your Door open, and no-body in the Way, the Knight undertook to be Maſter of the Ceremonies, as well as to anſwer the Reproaches I might reaſonably expect from you, for this Liberty——

Wid. Oh, good my Lord, no Apology! That ought to be

be done by me for the Diſorder your Lordſhip finds me in. ——Go, Beeſom, and look for your Fellow Puzzles, and aſk 'em, Why they leave my Doors open? I ſhall be robb'd one of theſe Days. —— Sure, never any body was fatigu'd with Servants as I am. Did you ever viſit a Lady in a Stable before, my Lord? Oh gad, I ſhall be ſtuck, mir'd, and laid faſt, and forc'd to be dug out like a Potatoe.

[*Holds up her Coats, and walks cautiouſly.*

Tally. A Stable, Madam! I proteſt I think your Houſe is as much in Order, as any Lady's in *London*.

Sir *Phil.* Ay, my Lord, there are few of the Quality ſuch Houſewives, as my Couſin. If it be your Lordſhip's good Fortune to marry her, ſhe'll ſet the Ladies at Court a Pattern.

Wid. Fy, Sir *Philip!* This to my Face! it looks like Flattery.

Tally. What would be Flattery to another, is but doing you Juſtice, Madam.———

Wid. Women have no Defence againſt the fine Things you well-bred Men ſay. To raiſe our Vanity, and make us have a good Opinion of ourſelves, you are ſure, is one way to be well in our Eſteem.

Tally. I ſhould think myſelf the happieſt Man living, if I cou'd perceive I had the leaſt Share in yours, Madam.

Sir *Phil.* His Lordſhip complains, Couſin, that you are inexorable.——Hark ye, one Word with you.——Don't overſtand your Market. A Man of Quality is not to be caught every Day.

Fain. (Liſtening.) There's an old Rogue now. [*Aſide.*

Wid. Wou'd you have me marry a Man as ſoon as he aſks me the Queſtion, Sir *Philip?* I think, to have an Amour with a Perſon of Rank known and talk'd of, is one of the greateſt Inducements to Matrimony; eſpecially if it gives the Reſt of my Sex Pain.

Fain. (Aſide.) Right Woman, on my Conſcience!

Wid. My Lord! won't your Lordſhip pleaſe to reſt yourſelf?

Tally. My Reſt depends upon your Ladyſhip.

Fain. (Aſide.) Who ſhall never be a Reſting-Place for you to Tally on.

Wid. I'm certain, it is not in my Power to give your Lordſhip Pain.

Fain. So—Another Trap! but I'll ſpoil the Dialogue.

Enter Fainwell.

Tally. More than your whole Sex.

Wid. Your Lordſhip will make me vain.

Sir *Phil.* If there could be any Addition to the Vanity that thou haſt already. [*Aſide.*

Wid. Oh, *Jeffery!* —— Well, have you delivered all my Meſſages?

Fain. By Meſs, I think ſo.

Wid. Ha! [*Looking wiſtful at him.*

Fain. How many dud you gi' me, Forſooth?

Wid. Madam —— Oh the Clodhopper! [*Aſide.*

Fain. Mrs. What-ni-cull-um, at the *Hog's-Head*, was gone out, chu'd ſeem.

Wid. Madam! Blockhead. [*Gives him a Box on the Ear.*

Sir *Phil.* Ha, ha, ha! this is like to be a diverting Scene:

Wid. How often muſt I inſtruct you to behave yourſelf before Company? Will you never learn Manners, Booby?

Fain. No, I ſhan't, an you go on at thik ſame ſlip-ſlap Rate.——Nouns, an thick be *London* Breeding, ſend me into the Country agen, I ſay.

Tally. If I were thy Lady, Fellow, thou ſhould'ſt have thy Wiſh.

Fain. Say you ſo? Ay! But *curſt Cows have ſhort Horns*, we ſay in our Country,—I ſhall never be your Servant, I hope!

Wid. How now, Sauce-box! do you know who you talk to?

Fain. Yes, I do—better than you think for, mehap.

Tally. (*Aſide.*) How's that? S'death, if this Bumkinly Dog ſhould know me, he'll ſpoil all.

Wid. I have a good Mind, Sirrah, to daſh your Teeth down your Throat.

Fain. So yow ma' an yeu wol. What does he meddle with me for, then? I dud not meddle wi'him; dud I?

Sir *Phil.* You'll have your Bones broke in *London*, Sirrah. I admire my Lord does not cane you, Scoundrel.

Tally. His being this Lady's Servant protects him.

Fain. No, it is that protects yow; for an I had yow in my Country——

Tally. This Fellow and I muſt have a little Confabulation. I muſt ſtop his Mouth.

Wid.

Wid. Sirrah, no more of your Impudence; but give me an Account of the Buſineſs I ſent you about. How does Lady *Lucy*, Lady *Lock-up*, Lady *Love-it*, Lady *Set-up*, Lady *Comely*, Lady *Revel*, Lady *Ramble*, Mrs. *Prim*, Mrs. *Prude*, Mrs. *Coſtly*, and Mrs. *Travel*?

Fain. Nowns! her Tongue runs like the Mill at Vather's Orchard-end, that ſcares Crows fro' the Cherry-tree.

Wid. Does it ſo, Sirrah?

[*Runs to beat him, but* Tally *ſteps in between.*

Tally. Hold, hold, dear Madam; let me intercede for Mr. *Jeffery* this once.

Fain. How civil the Dog is! [*Aſide.*

Wid. Your Lordſhip commands me. Well, Mrs. *Fiſk-out*, at the *Boar's-Head*, which you call the *Hog's-Head*, Clumſy! was gone out, you ſay?

Fain. So ſhe was.

Wid. How's that?

Tally. (*Aſide to* Fainwell.) Madam?——*Jeffery*——Madam——You forget.

Fain. Madam——

Wid. Hoa! you have ſqueez'd out Madam at laſt.

Fain. Squeez'd——Od! would I had the ſqueezing of yow.

Wid. How, Sirah! you ſqueeze me? My Lord! *Philip!* Did you ever hear ſuch a Varlet?

Tally. You ſee, Madam, your Beauty reaches all Degrees. He ſpeaks from his Heart, I dare ſwear.

Sir *Phil.* You have him as you breed him.

Wid. Oh, that's barbarous, Sir *Philip*. You don't know the Pains I take with my clodpated Family.——Well! [*Looking at* Fainwell.

Fain. Yes, they are well, Madam——And hope yow are well, Madam—And they'll all—or ſome of them, will come to ſee yow, Madam——So they gi' their Loves——Loves? No, no,——So they gi' their Service to yow, Madam——An, an, an, an——So that's all, Madam——There's Madam enough for yow now, I think, if yow know when yow have enough.

Tally. Now *Jeffery* has done it. Ha, ha, ha!

Wid. I have been teaching him the diſtinguiſhing Rap, theſe three Days! and yet, I warrant, he'll knock with the

the ſneaking Air of a Taylor. Let's hear how you perform? [*He knocks aukwardly.*

Wid. Execrable!——Didn't I tell you ſo?——There, Blockhead.—— . [*She thunders at the Door.*

Fain. By'r Lady! that's enough to fright all the Dogs in Town.

Wid. In the Opinion of ſuch a Puppy as you are—— Go, bid the Cook ſet on the Tea-kettle, and cut ſome Bread and Butter.——But d'ye hear? don't you bring it dangling in your Fiſt, as you did Yeſterday, Sloven—— If you do, I ſhall throw it at your Head, Sir. Remember to bring me nothing without a Plate: D'ye hear?—You han't breakfaſted, I hope, Sir *Philip?*

Sir *Phil.* Yes, long ſince.

Tally. So have I, Madam.

Sir *Phil.* *Jeffery*'s talking of Dogs, puts me in Mind of a Meſſage from my Daughter. She bid me tell you, ſhe expects a Puppy: Has your Bitch litter'd yet, Couſin?

Wid. Not yet, Sir *Philip.* You never ſaw a poor Creature ſo big in your Life. *Jeffery*, fetch *Miſſa* hither. (Fainwell *going.*)——Hark-ye! Hark-ye!—Come back, (*He runs up to her Noſe.*) What!—will you run your Noſe into my Mouth? Where are your Manners, when you —ve the Room?—— Still that Scrape? I thought I had ſhew'd you to bend your Body only, and keep your Feet upon the Ground.

Fain. By'r Lady, you'll make an ambling Nag o'me by-and-by. [*Exit.*

Tally. (*Aſide.*) Nothing but the twenty thouſand Pounds could make Amends for thy Impertinence.——I admire you give yourſelf the Trouble of Country Servants, Madam.

Wid. I would not keep a Town Servant, my Lord, if they would live with me for nothing. Their whole Attention is Drunkenneſs and Pride. The dirtieſt Trollop in the Town muſt have her Top-knot and Tickin-ſhoes. This City ſpoils all Servants. I took a *Welſh* Runt laſt Spring, whoſe Generation ſcarce ever knew the Uſe of Stockings: And——will you believe me, my Lord? She had not liv'd with me three Weeks, before ſhe ſew'd three Penny Canes round the Bottom of her Shift, inſtead of a Hoop-Petticoat.

Sir *Phil.* That was ſomething better than a Wench at my

my Houſe, who diſrob'd a Barrel, and let all the Ale about the Cellar. One of the Ends of the Hoop working out, diſcover'd the Trick, and at the ſame time flung down a Side-Board of Glaſſes.——Ha, ha, ha!

Tally. Ha, ha, ha!

Wid. Ay, they do more Miſchief than their Necks are worth. If the Parliament don't lay a Tax upon their Pride, there will be no living. I wiſh your Lordſhip would take it into Conſideration.

Enter Fainwell.

Wid. Well!——Where's *Miſha?*

Fain. By Meſs, I can't bring her; not I.

Wid. How ſo? Is ſhe ſo heavy?

Fain. No, ſhe's not ſo heavy: But I can't make her lie upon a Plate, for the Blood o'me, ſo I can't.

Sir *Phil.* Ha, ha, ha! Ridiculous enough!——Ha, ha!

Wid. A Plate, Blockhead! a Plate! did you ever ſee a Dog brought on a Plate, Clod-hopper? Did you?

[*Following him about.*

Sir *Phil.* Pure Innocence, Faith!

Fain. Nay, how do I know your *London* Vaſhions?—You bad me but now, I am zure, to bring you naught without a Plate; ſo you dud.

Wid. What!—Living Things?—Ha, did I ſay Living Things?

Fain. Living Things! S'Blead, the Devil would not live wi'you——The Cobler wants Six-pence for mending your Clogs, *Judith* bod me tell yow.

Wid. Theſe Wretches will diſtract me!——Is that a Meſſage to be delivered to me in Publick? Ha, Thickſcull!——But ſince you had no more Wit, let me ſee what he has done for the Money.——My Lord, you'll excuſe this Piece of Oeconomy. [*Exit Fainwell.*

Tally. O! Madam——

Fainwell *returns with the Clogs upon a Plate.*

Wid. Did you ever ſee the Fellow of him, Sir *Philip?* I proteſt he puts me into an Agony! Why, you Thickſcull'd Raſcal!——You unthinking Dolt!——You ſenſeleſs Ideot!——Was ever a Pair of dirty Clogs brought upon a Plate, Sirrah?—Ha!—Was there?—Was there? Was there? Hedge Hog? [*Follows him about and beats him, Sir* Philip *interpoſes.*

Fain. What d'ye ſtrick me vor? —— The Clogs ar'n't Living Things too, are they?——By the Meſs, I'll take the Law of you, ſo I will, an you thraſh me about at thick ſame Rate. S'Blead, an yow were a Man, I'd dreſs your Jacket for yow.

Sir *Phil.* Fy, fy, Couſin, this is not like a fine Lady.

Wid. That's your Miſtake, Sir *Philip*; my Lady *Flippant* beats her whole Family, from her Huſband to her Coachman.

Tally. (*Aſide.*) I ſhall teach you better Manners, if once I get you.

Wid. Out of my Sight, Sirrah!

Fain. Who the Murrain, cares to ſtay in it, I wonder? Ah! *Jeffery! Jeffery!* thou art right enough ſerv'd!—— Why didſt thou leave thy Sweetheart, *Cicely*, to pine away like a Gooſe in a Pen?

Sir *Phil.* Why, then you are falſe-hearted, *Jeffery?*

Fain. I have been, Sir; with Shame I confeſs it, or I had never come under Miſtreſs's Clutches.——But,

May all falſe-hearted Men my Fortune have,
And who ſlights Woman, *be a* Woman's *Slave.*

I've ſomewhat to ſay to you, my Lord, when Time ſhall ſerve. [*As he goes out.*

Tally. I'll meet you in *Covent-Garden Piazza*, in Half an Hour. [*Aſide to* Fainwell.

Re-enter Fainwell.

Fain. Here's the Knight in Black to ſpeak wi'yow.—— Sir *Freeman*, I think they call him.

Wid. Sir *John Freeman*, you mean——Shew him up.

Sir *Phil.* Hold, hold, let me be gone firſt. I have ſome Reaſons why I don't care to ſee him.——I had ſome Buſineſs with you, Couſin, but I ſhall ſend to you.—— Will you walk, my Lord? Or ſhall I leave your Lordſhip?

Tall. I'll wait on you, Sir *Philip*.——I take an unwilling Leave, Madam: But it may not be convenient to preſs upon your Buſineſs——I long to know what this Fellow has to ſay to me. (*Aſide.*)——Your moſt obedient humble Servant. [*Exit* Tally *and Sir* Philip.

Wid. I am your Lordſhip's——

Enter Sir John.

Sir *John.* I aſk your Pardon, Madam; I fear my Viſit has robb'd you of better Company.

Wid.

Wid. Not at all, Sir *John*: Your Father-in-Law, that was to have been, is juſt gone out; he ſeem'd unwilling to meet you.

Sir *John.* Well he might, after his perfidious Uſage.

Wid. But is your Brother really to marry my Couſin *Olivia?*

Sir *John.* I have Reaſon to fear it; but hope he will be diſappointed. I receiv'd Inſtructions from *Olivia* to wait on you, Madam, to aſk a Favour of you.

Wid. She may command every Thing in my Power, Sir *John.* What is it?

Sir *John.* That you would give a Lady Entertainment in that Apartment which opens into the Back-ſtreet.

Wid. What, is that the *Dutch* Lady, Sir *John?*

Sir *John.* The ſame, Madam.

Wid. She's welcome. May her coming prove propitious!

Enter Judith.

Jud. Here's one Mr. *Freeman* to wait on you, he ſays.

Sir *John.* My Brother; what can he want? Does he uſe to viſit you, Madam?

Wid. He never was here in his Life! I can't imagine his Buſineſs!——Would you ſee him?

Sir *John.* Yes, yes; but not a Word of the Buſineſs I came about.

Wid. You don't think me ſo indiſcreet, I hope: Shew him up, *Judith.*

Enter Ned Freeman.

Ned. Madam, your Servant. Ha! Brother! I'm glad to find you in ſuch good Company. My Brother *Jack*'s a pretty Fellow, Madam.

Wid. So he is, indeed, Sir. He wants nothing but a Wife, in my Opinion.

Ned. (*Aſide.*) Brother, I hope you conceive a Widow, when ſhe makes ſuch Wiſhes in your Favour.——She has Twenty Thouſand Pounds.

Sir *John.* And what then, Sir?

Ned. What then, Sir? Why, then he who marries her, will be worth Twenty Thouſand Pounds——That's all!

Sir *John.* I would adviſe you to marry her yourſelf.

Ned. I thank you, Sir; but I am provided.

Sir *John.* So am I.

Ned. Why then I wiſh you Joy, Brother, if you are ſo

ſure

ſure of it.——Madam, I have a Meſſage to you from Sir *Philip Moneylove*, who intended to have delivered it to you himſelf; but Company coming in, and being to meet a Lawyer at the *Rummer*, where I now left him, he was obliged to leave your Ladyſhip without telling you, that he came to know your Reſolution about a Piece of Land that he mentioned to you ſome Time ago. He would gladly buy it, or exchange with you for another; becauſe that Ground is contiguous to ſome Part of his Eſtate, which he is about to ſettle upon his Daughter.

Wid. Pray, Sir, let my Couſin know, that I gave my Lawyer Orders to treat with him about that Matter.

Ned. Where does your Lawyer live, Madam?

Wid. At Number 2 in the *King*'s-Bench Walks in the *Temple*. Sir *Philip* knows him.

Ned. Very well, Madam.——Brother, where ſhall I ſee you in the Evening?

Sir *John.* I am ingaged this Evening.

Ned. You'll make one in a Country-Dance to Morrow I hope? for that is to be my Wedding-day——

Sir *John.* I hope to baulk you yet. *(Aſide.)*——I can promiſe nothing for Futurity, Sir.

Ned. Humph! You can't!——what you pleaſe, Sir.—Madam, your moſt humble Servant.

Wid. How he triumphs!——How can you bear the Airs he gives himſelf, Sir *John*?

Sir *John.* To do him Juſtice, Madam, I believe he knows nothing of my Pretenſions to *Olivia*. He was travelling, when firſt I made my Addreſſes; and ſince his Return, we have not been ſo well with one another, to communicate Things of this Nature.

Wid. I aſk your Pardon, Sir *John*, for keeping you ſtanding. Won't you pleaſe to ſit, Sir?

Sir *John.* Excuſe me, dear Madam; I intend to take this Opportunity to ſee *Olivia*, whilſt her Jaylor's abroad, let the Conſequence be what it will: and let her know, how much we are oblig'd to you, Madam.

Wid. My good Wiſhes attend you both, Sir *John*. [*Ex.*

SCENE *changes to* Covent-Garden *Piazzas*.

Enter Fainwell, *ſolus*.

Fain. Ha! not here! ſure he don't ſuſpect me; and apprehend

prehend a Duel might enſue; all my Meaſures are broke, if he ſhould—Ho! here he comes.

Enter Tally.

Tally. What can this Fellow have to ſay to me, I wonder? If he has diſcovered me, he wants a Bribe. But I hope it is not ſo: for I ſhou'd be loth to have a Secret of this Nature lie in the Breaſt of ſuch a Blunderer. *(Aſide.)*—Mr. *Jeffery!* I proteſt I did not ſee you.—Well, what can I ſerve you in?

Fain. In nought, that I know of, Zir; but me-haps, I may zerve you in zomewhat, Zir;—my Lord, I wou'd zay. I beg your Pardon, Zir; we dan't zee zuch vine Voke in our Country every Day—zo that I hope yow won't be angry an I ſhou'd not hit on your Worſhip's Name at every turn.

Tally. Angry! no, no, Mr. *Jeffery*, I hate Ceremony.—I find he does not know me; all's ſafe. *[Aſide)* If it were not neceſſary that we People of Quality ſhou'd be diſtinguiſh'd by the Titles and Degrees his Majeſty has been pleas'd to exalt us to, I wou'd not care if I were call'd plain *Jack*.

Fain. If you were exalted according to your Merit, you'd take your Degree at *Tyburn*. *(Aſide.)*—Ay, ay, nothing but right, Zir, nothing but right.

Tally. But which Way am I to be oblig'd to you—Mr. *Jeffery?* I ſhan't prove ungrateful, I aſſure you.—

Fain. Nay, as for that, d'ye zee—that's not the Matter—I dan't want a Bribe. An tho' I be but a poor Fellow, and wears a tawdry Coat here, and am thumpt, and beaten about as you zee, I have an honeſt Heart in my Belly, and good Blood in me too, for aught I know: For yow mun underſtand, Vather was my Lord *Firebrand's* Gardiner, when I was got, chou'd zeem, and they ſay Mother was a deadly pretty Woman.—

Tally. From whence you would infer, that his Lordſhip might be your Father.—Not unlikely; but go on.

Fain. I perceive your Lordſhip is a Suitor to my Miſtreſs.

Tally. I confeſs you are a Man of Penetration. I am indeed an Admirer of hers.—

Fain. The more's the pity.—I'm zorry for't.

Tally. Why ſo?

Fain. Becauſe, I'm zure ſhe'll uſe yow like a Dog: I han't liv'd a Month wi'her, and to my Knowledge, ſhe has

has made Fools of Three or Four; main ſightly Men, I promiſe yow.

Tally. The Devil.

Fain. (Starts.) Mercy o'me! Where, Zir? Dud yow zee any Thing, my Lord?

Tally. No, no, I was only ſurpriz'd. —— Curſedly ignorant. [*Aſide.*

Fain. Surpriz'd! be Meſs, the Devil wou'd ſurprize ony Man, and tho' he were the Parſon o'the Pariſh.

Tally. But has ſhe had ſo many Lovers, ſay you?

Fain. Oh, a mort, Zir, a mort: But I can tell yow one Thing; ſhe likes yow woundy well.

Tally. Ay! How doſt thou know that, my Boy?

Fain. Why, our *Mary* knows all her Heart, mun, an ſhe tells me ev'ry Thing. Odd, an yow knew as much as I cou'd tell yow, yowr Buſineſs might zoon be done, Zir; my Lord, I wou'd zay. ——

Tally. Ay! How, prithee?

Fain. But won't yow be falſe-hearted now, and tell?

Tally. What, againſt myſelf? No, no, there's no Danger of that. Beſides, I hope you don't think I wou'd be ſo ungenerous to you!

Fain. Nay, as for that,——I'm but a Servant; an one Place won't do, another woll, for that Matter. Now what I am going to tell your Lordſhip, is none o'my Buſineſs, as one may zay; but it would make a-body mad to zee a Woman flounze about the Houſe, like a Dog in a Ducking-Pond.—— Now, Zir, an ſhe had a Huſband—He, he, he, he! why me-haps, —— he, he! —— me-haps, I zay, he might vind her ſomewhat elſe to do, zometimes. Yow underſtand me, Zir.

Tally. Yes, yes, very well, *Jeffery:* If I had her once, I'd make her turn over a new Leaf.

Fain. That I dare ſwear. *(Aſide.)* Why, that was my very Thought now.——I wiſh yow had her, Zir; but you'll find it a knotty Piece of Work, let me but tell you that; ſhe deals as ſcurvily with her Sweet-hearts, one Way, as with her Servants another; and, I Cod, I ha' found her Fingers flip-flap, this a-way, and that a-way, like a Flail upon a Wheat ſheaf. [*Flinging out his Arms, and hits* Tally *a Slap on the Face.*

Tally. A Pox of your Similies.—— [*Aſide.*

Fain.

Fain. Odſave me! Dud I hit yow, Zir?

Tally. Oh, no Matter, *Jeffery*,——Go on——

Fain. I hope your Lordſhip's Worſhip will forgive me, Zir; I meant no Harm, not I, Zir.—But as I was zaying,——Miſtreſs will give you the Dog to hold, and yow do'no'give her ſomewhat.

Tally. Think'ſt thou ſo, *Jeffery?* Why, what wou'dſt thou have me do?

Fain. Don't yow know that without telling? There is ſomewhat to be done, Zir, beſide the Parſon, or yow muſt dangle after her till Doom's Day, to no more Purpoſe, than to winnow Corn without a Wind.—Her t'other Huſband dudn't get her with Compliments, my Lord.

Tally. No!

Fain. No, no! He had been in *Ireland*, and knew better Things, Mun.

Tally. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Are we thought to have a particular Method to gain the Women, *Jeffery?* For I am of that Country, you muſt know.——

Fain. Are you zo, my Lord: Nay, then, and all be true they zay o' yowr Country-Men, one need not tell yow which End to begin your Work at.

Tally. Ha! Is ſhe to be won that Way? I thank you for the Hint.——I find thou art a Lad of Parts; and when I am thy Maſter, I'll have thee taught to ſhave, and make thee my *Valet de Chambre*.

Fain. I ſhall ſhave you, I believe, before I have done with you.—With what Aſſurance the Rogue talks. [*Aſide.* I ſhall be main thankful to your Lordſhip, an yow do, Zir; when wol yow come to our Houſe agen?

Tally. This Evening——What is the beſt Time to find her alone?

Fain. Be meſs, I known't that; but an yow find her alone, I'll take Care, Nobody ſhall diſturb yow, an yow'll put it home to her.——

Tally. Wo't thou! Egad, there's a Guinea for thee to drink my Health, then.——Never fear, I warrant thee, Boy, I'll have her. [*Exit.*

Fain. Ha, ha, ha! How generous the Rogue is: Well, I hope by this Stratagem to give her a Diſguſt to his pretended Lordſhip; at leaſt, I ſhall prove, if ſhe has any Thing valuable, beſides her Money.

To

To talk *of* Vertue, *is the* Womens Pride;
But they give Proofs on't, *who* reſiſt, *when try'd.* [*Exit.*

Enter Sir John, *ſolus.*

Sir *John.* This is the Houſe! Oh! for an Art to make myſelf inviſible! [*Knocks, the Porter opens the Door.*

Por. Who would you ſpeak with, Sir?

Sir *John.* With your young Lady, Friend.

Por. I wonder you'll be ſo troubleſome, Sir, I told you before, I would not diſobey my Orders. [*He offers Money.* —I'll have none of your Money, Sir,—I'm not to be brib'd to betray my Truſt, I'd have you to know that.

Sir *John.* Then you muſt be kick'd out of it, Sir.

[*Pulls him out, gives him a Kick, enters, and ſhuts the Door.*

Por. Murder! Thieves! Murder!—This is a terrible Fellow. For my Part I'll never hinder him going in again. —And now he is in, I wiſh I had taken the Money.—— He has ſhut the Door, and the Devil take them that open it, for *Dick.* [*Exit.*

The SCENE *changes to the Inſide of the Houſe.*

Olivia *and Sir* John *meeting.*

Oliv. Dick! Will! John! What Noiſe of Murder is that?——Ah! *Freeman!* [*Half fainting; he catches her.*

Sir *John.* My Life! my Soul! Am I become ſo hateful to thee, that thou can'ſt not bear my Sight?

Oliv. How ill doſt thou interpret my Surprize? The unexpected Joy of ſeeing thee,
When no one Means ſupply'd me with a Hope,
To tell thee,——That to Morrow,———

Sir *John.* Thou art to be my Siſter.

Oliv. Blaſt the Name!

Sir *John.* Periſh my Brother firſt.—If thou art true. If thy Heart has not conſented.———

Oliv. To him nor any, but thyſelf.

Sir *John.* Then not all the Brothers upon Earth ſhall take thee from me. Mrs. *Heedleſs* readily comply'd with your Requeſt, and I have ſent *Louiſa* thither.

Oliv. Alas! I fear that Lady's come too late. The Time's ſo ſhort, the Plot cannot ſucceed!

Sir *John.* Doſt thou think ſo? Yet wilt thou ſtay, and ſacrifice

ſacrifice thyſelf and me? Conſent to fly with me, now, whilſt Sir *Philip* is abroad.

Oliv. But whither ſhall we fly?

Sir *John.* Where Love directs us.

Oliv. I could, methinks, run any Riſque with thee; and thou perhaps, wouldſt do the ſame with me. Now in the Summer of our Love, little Cares would not offend us; But when the Glowing of the Paſſion's over, and pinching Cold of Winter follows, will amorous Sighs ſupply the Want of Fire? Or kind Looks and Kiſſes keep off Hunger?

Sir *John.* I think they would. But Love ne'er reaſons thus, *Olivia.* I fear my Brother's gawdy Train, has rais'd this Picture of Deſpair. He, he, has my Eſtate! Dare I, ſtript as I am, pretend to vye with him? I, who live upon his Bounty!—Bounty! damn the Word! Live on a younger Brother's Bounty, and ſee him wed the Woman I adore!—That Thought will hurry me to Madneſs!

Oliv. You wrong my Love, and I ſhould chide you for it, were our Condition happier. But to ſhew you I am a Lover-errant, conſider what Trade you can take up for a Livelihood. For my Part I can make Purſes by Day, and ſing Ballads by Night. Now, if you can grind Knives, or turn Tinker, I'm yours. [*Slapping her Hand into his.*

Sir *John.* Fortune can never caſt us ſo low. She ſhews thy Vertues more; methinks, this Dawn of Mirth, portends a joyful Day. Haſte then my Faireſt: Let us leave this Place, that we may gain Time, at leaſt, to work *Louiſa*'s Purpoſe.

Oliv. I'll only fetch a few Jewels; a ſure Relief in Time of Need. [*Goes to the Door, ſtarts, and runs back.* Undone for ever! my Father is coming up!

Sir *John.* Miſchievous Accident!—What ſhall we do? Humph: (*Pauſes.*) I have it—Run you to your Chamber, my Angel, and when you hear a Noiſe, come forth, and wonder. [*Exit* Olivia, *Sir* John *lits down on a Couch, and pulls his Hat over his Eyes.*

Enter Sir Philip.

Sir *John.* Thus to be circled, thus to be embrac'd! Oh! that I could hold thee for ever!

Sir *Philip.* Ha! What's this of embracing and holding for ever?

Sir *John.* The Curtain's drawn, and ſee! She's here again!

Sir

Sir *Phil.* She's here!—Who's here? What is the Meaning of this?

Sir *John.* *Jocasta!* Ha! What fall'n asleep so soon?

Sir *Philip.* *Jocasta!* Who is *Jocasta?* What in the Name of Vengeance have we here?

Sir *John.* How fares my Love?

Sir *Phil.* Nay, who the Devil knows?

Sir *John.* Ha! Lightening blast me! Thunder rivet me for ever to *Prometheus'* Rock, and *Vultures* gnaw out my incestuous Heart!

Sir *Phil.* With all my Soul.

Sir *John.* By all the Gods, it is my Mother *Merope!*

Sir *Phil.* *Merope!* Who, in the Devil's Name, is she? Ouns! Where are all my Rascals? Now will I be hang'd if here isn't a Pack of Strollers got into my House. Why, Rogues! Villains! Where are you all? Who have you let in, Rascals? [*Enter two or three Servants.*

1*st Serv.* We let in Nobody, Sir, not we.

Sir *John.* My Sword.—A Dagger.—Ha! who waits there?

Sir *Phil.* Go look!

2*d Serv.* O Lord! No-body, no-body at all, Sir. Fly, Master, fly! It is a Madman, to be sure!

1*st Serv.* Come away, Sir, come away! He'll certainly kill us. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir *Phil.* The Devil go with you all.———

Sir *John.* (*Rising.*) Most triumphant Mischief!——
And now, whilst thus I stalk about the Room,
I challenge Fate to find another Wretch
Like *Oedipus!*

Sir *Phil.* *Oedipus!* Just as I thought; Strollers! neither better nor worse. But how the Devil they got into my House, that's the Question?

Sir *John.* Horror! Death! Confusion! Hell! and Furies!
Where am I?

Sir *Phil.* Where you shan't be long, I promise you.--Ouns, 'tis that beggarly Badge of Quality, Sir *John Freeman!*

Sir *John.* Oh, my *Jocasta!*
Let me hold thee thus, thus to my Bosom,
Ages let me hold thee! [*Runs and catches Sir* Philip *in his Arms.*

Sir

Sir *Phil.* Murder, Murder! S'Death! the Rogue will ſqueeze my Guts out.

Enter Olivia.

Oliv. Bleſs me! What is the Matter, Sir?—Ha! Sir *John!*

Sir *Phil.* How you ſtare, Miſtreſs!—You did not know that he was here!—No, not you.—You was not to have been an Actor in this Droll, I warrant.

Oliv. Not I, indeed, Sir. I heard you cry out, and came to know the Cauſe.

Enter Footmen.

1*ſt Foot.* What is the Matter, Sir?

Sir *Phil.* I'll tell you, Raſcals, by-and-by.

Sir *John.* Gentlemen, you are very welcome to ſtay and ſee the Play: but I muſt beg it may be on the other ſide the Houſe. You'll crowd the Scenes ſo much, that the Actors can't enter.

Sir *Phil.* The Actors! What Actors, Sir?—Ouns, do you think I am to be droll'd out of my Daughter?——I thought I had forbid you my Houſe?

Sir *John.* Piſh, piſh; you are out, Sir; confoundedly out—Hark ye! did you ever rehearſe this Part, Sir?

Sir *Phil.* 'S'Death he'll make me mad!—I ſhall make my Part good with you, I fancy. Fetch me a Conſtable.

Sir *John.* Out again!—Conſtable! Why, there is not ſuch a Word in the whole Play. A Conſtable! Why, they never heard of ſuch a Thing in *Thebes!*

Oliv. Alas, Sir! don't you perceive his Brain is turn'd?

Sir *Phil.* His Brain! If he had had any Brains, he had not loſt his Eſtate.

Sir *John.* If I had had your Conſcience, I ſhould not. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Phil.* (*Pulling off his Hat.*) Sir, will you be pleas'd to walk out of my Houſe.

Sir *John.* Look-ye, Sir, if you ſtudy your Part no better, I'll forfeit you, by *Jupiter.*—Hold, hold, hold! Ad's-Heart, Madam! You entered too ſoon.—Oh, think of ſomething to defer this Marriage but for a Day.

[*Aſide to* Olivia.

Sir *Phil.* What a Vengeance are you whiſpering? ha?

Sir *John.* Why, was that your Cue now? If you don't mind your Cues, you can never make an Actor, Sir——

Here,

Here, Sir! here's a Woman for you, who never trod the Stage before, yet I'll be bold to ſay, that ſhe'll ſurprize you.—Come! hold up your Head, my Dear—Mind your Buſineſs.—Enter boldly, and when you *Exit*, *Exit*—nimbly—Thus——— [*Exit.*

Oliv. I wiſh I could *Exit* with thee. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Phil.* Stark Mad! This comes of ſticking to Principles! I have known Principle ſtarve Five hundred Fools; but never knew it feed one wiſe Man yet.

Oliv. It will never ſtarve you, I'm ſure. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Phil.* I'm glad he's gone.——Come, come, dry up your Tears, and think of him no more. A Coach with Six before, and Six behind, with a pretty Fellow in the middle, will make Amends for Beggary and Madneſs.

Enter Ned Freeman.

Here's Mr. *Freeman!* Leave your Sniveling, and mind your Obedience, I command you.

Oliv. Souls know no Command, tho' Bodies do.

Ned. I deny that Poſition! I'm all yours—in *all* and *ev'ry* Part.

Command me, Madam, now; and try your Pow'r.

Oli. *It ſhall be then, to ſee my Face no more.* [Exit.

Ned. A very extraordinary Wife, I'm like to have, truly!—Very ſingular in her Manners, Faith!———

Sir *Phil.* Oh, never mind what a Woman ſays or does before Marriage. She'll be gentler after.

Ned. That's doubtful; for I can't perceive her to have the leaſt Inclination for me.

Sir *Phil.* Piſh, piſh; when you have been married a Night or Two, you'll tell me another Story, Mr. *Freeman.*—Her Mother was thus before her.

Ned. I wiſh it may prove ſo, Sir *Philip:*
For who by Force *the Courted Bliſs receives,*
Ne'er taſtes that *Joy the* willing Fair-One *gives.*

ACT IV.

SCENE *Watchit's* Houſe.

Watchit, *ſolus.*

Wat. WAS ever Man ſo cheated, chous'd, and cuckolded, as I am? By a Prieſt too, a Pox of his Sanctity!

Sanctity! Well, this was an admirable Contrivance. Little did she think who was her Ghostly Father. Ah! the Wickedness of this Age! Ah! *Tim! Tim. Watchit!* all thy Care is vain. Zounds! why did I grope for what I fear'd to find? I was but a Cuckold in Conceit before! now ev'ry Fool will hang his Hat upon my Horns! Oh; that I had her in *Spain!* I'd Spitch-cock her, like an Eel. —But just Revenge is counted Murder, in our Country; and a Man must be hang'd for doing himself Justice.—— The Priest must be a Conjurer! he must have some Charm to make me sleep sound; or, he never cou'd have come to Bed, and I not hear him. Nay, she says ev'ry Door in the House flies open as soon as he approaches.——— These are fine holy Guides, truly; no wonder there are so many Female Proselytes, when the Priests take so much Pains to convert 'em.——Which way shall I be reveng'd of this Cuckold-making Dog? *(Pauses.)*—No, that won't do,—Ay, it must be so.— [*Goes to the Scene, and calls.*

Pud, Why *Pud*, where are you, *Pudsey?*

Enter Mrs. Watchit.

Mrs. *Wat.* Did you call, *Snub?*

Wat. Snub! How many Names must I have, ha? *Snub!* Pray who taught you that Name, Wife?

Mrs. *Wat.* Taught me! Why, do you think I don't know how to put four Letters together?

Wat. Ay, the Priest has taught her the Art of Coupling! Pox take him for't. [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Wat.* But what did you call me for?

Wat. To tell you that some Affairs oblige me to go out of Town to Night; and that you must not take it ill, if I lock you into the House, that Nobody may come in or out, till I come back.

Mrs. *Wat.* Ay, into my Chamber if you please; I begin to relish my Confinement very well——But may it not be dangerous to travel so late?

Wat. For her Ghostly Father, it may, if I catch him. *(Aside.)* No, no, not at all. Go, get you to your Chamber, *Pud*, I'll follow you; perhaps I may take a Nap before I go.———

Mrs. *Wat.* I wish it might be your last.——*Lucy* shall give Mr. *Freeman* Notice of this lucky Opportunity. [*Aside.* Well, as you please, *Snub*: I'm all Obedience. [*Exit.*

Wat.

Wat. If you were, *Snub*, I ſhould be too happy. Ah! She is a delicious Bit! a tempting Morſel. Ah! theſe Prieſts! theſe pamper'd Prieſts! What would become of good old *Engliſh* Property, had they once Footing here again? S'death, what had I to do with Beauty? What Buſineſs had I for a Wife, a handſome Wife? Of all Men living, I'm the moſt unqualify'd for a Huſband! Huſbands ſhou'd be kind, ſociable, courteous, gentle, loving, blind Animals? if they are ſo bewitch'd to pitch on Beauty.

For He whoever weds a handſome *Wife,*
Engroſſes all the Plagues *of human Life.* [Exit.

SCENE *changes to Mrs.* Heedleſs's *Houſe.*

She *enters on one Side, and* Fainwell *on the other.*

Fain. Dud yow call, forſooth,——Madam?

Wid. Fy, fy, *Jeffery*, will you always be this ſtupid Wretch, notwithſtanding all the Pains I take with you? Is not Madam, as ſoon, and as eaſily pronounc'd, as Forſooth?

Fain. Ay, every whit, d'ye zee, an I cou'd but hit on't; but my Memory is ſhort, and yow hare a-body zo, that yow fright it out of one's Head——Madam.

Wid. Hare you, quotha! I'm ſure you craze me. You behave yourſelf ſo awkardly before Strangers, they will believe, perhaps, that I don't underſtand better. When I'm alone, I don't care: Nay, ſometimes your Blunders conduce to my Pleaſure.

Fain. I cou'd find a way more conducive to her Pleaſure, if ſhe'd give me leave. [*Aſide.*

Enter Judith *and* Sam.

Jud. There's Miſtreſs; an yow mun gi't her yowrzelf; gi't her, an yow wol. [*Exit.*

Sam. My Maſter, Madam, gives his humble Service to you, and begs the Favour of an Anſwer. [*Gives her a Letter.*

Wid. I admire your Maſter will give himſelf and me this Trouble, when I have ſo often aſſur'd him 'tis to no Purpoſe. [*Opens the Letter, and looks over it.*

Sam. Sure, I have ſeen your Face before, Brother.

Fain. Ma-hap, yow may, Friend, and ma-hap, yow mayn't.

Sam. Ar'n't you *Glouceſterſhire?*

Fain. Yes, I am.——I won't deny my Country.——

Sam.

Sam. Is not your Name *Crumplin?*

Fain. Ay, marry, is it; be meſs, I ſhou'd know yow too! *Sam.* Honeſt *Jeffery Crumplin!* I'm glad to ſee thee. [*Kiſſes him.*

Fain. P'ſhaw; I dan't like this ſame ſlabbering Vaſhion. ——But, pray, what may one call yow? I know you'r Face.——Ah.——

Sam. My Face! Why I can't be alter'd in Six or Seven Years, ſure! my Name is *Sly!*

Fain. Odd ſa' me! *Sam Sly!* gi' me thy Hond, (*Shakes him by the Hand.*) Well, an how! an how have yow done, *Sam,* e'er ſen we us'd to break one another's Heads at Cudgels, ha? They told me you was gon over Seas.——

Sam. I han't been in *England* above Six Weeks.

Fain. Say you zo! good lack! Well, an have yow bin in *Glouceſterſhire?*

Sam. Yes, I came from thence but t'other Day; I live with Mr. *Worthy.*

Fain. What, Maſter *Worthy,* of *Worthy*-Hall?

Sam. The ſame.

Fain. Odd, yow had rare Luck, hark-ye, to light on zo brave a Place. Well, and dud yow zee our Volk? how do Vather, and Mother, and Sifters? Ha?

Sam. All well, and briſk, *Jeffery.*

Fain. Odd, Maſter *Worthy* is a main honeſt Mon.

Sam. As lives by Bread, and as well belov'd.

Wid. Ha! theſe two Fellows are acquainted, I find. [*Aſide.*

Sam. They would have my Maſter ſet up for Parliament-Man.

Fain. I wiſh he were qualify'd for it. (*Aſide.*) An he does I'm zure he'll carry't: An Mr. *Worthy* comes to rule the Roaſt, we ſhall zee better Times, I'm perſuaded.—— Well, beſure I'm huge glad to zee yow, *Sam.*——Where may a body zee yow ſome Day to drink a Pot to all our Friends in *Glouceſterſhire?* ha? I have zome there, I believe; ha?

Sam. I'll call on you ſome Evening, an ſhew you where I live.

Wid. Mr. *Worthy* writes me Word, that he is going to *Jamaica.* It is only a Pretence, I ſuppoſe. I'll hear what his Servant ſays. (*Aſide.*) Is your Maſter going to travel, young Man?

Sam. Not for his Pleaſure, Madam——

Wid. I did not ſpeak of Pleaſure; I aſk'd you, if he is going abroad?

Sam. It is in your Power to ſtop him, I believe, if he is, Madam.

Wid. Still foreign to my Queſtion! Can't you anſwer directly, Friend?

Sam. That depends ſo intirely upon your Ladyſhip, that it is impoſſible to anſwer you directly.——I know he has an Uncle dead in *Jamaica*, that has left him Forty Thouſand Pounds; but I alſo know, he is ſo much in love with your Ladyſhip, that he does not care Forty Shillings for't.

Wid. The Fellow's mad! Not care for Forty Thouſand Pounds? Why, the fourth Part on't wou'd purchaſe a Barony.

Fain. If I had the ſixth Part of it, I'm ſure thou ſhou'dſt never purchaſe me. (*Aſide.*) What! is that zame Uncle dead, that came over once with a huge ſight o' Blackamoors at's Tail?

Sam. Ay, ay, *Jeffery!* he's dead.

Fain. Is he zo? He was mainly rich, chu'd zeem?

Wid. You are mainly impertinent, chu'd ſeem.——Pray aſk your Country-man here, if *he* puts in his Verdict, when his Maſter is talking? —Pray tell Mr. *Worthy*, that I ſhall be at home this Evening; and he may, if he pleaſes, give me the Opportunity of wiſhing him a good Voyage.—

Fain. To the Iſland of Matrimony, or I ſhall make but a broken Voyage of it. [*Aſide.*

Sam. I ſhall inform him, Madam. [*Exit.*

Wid. How came you to know this Gentleman, *Jeffery?*

Fain. Who, Maſter *Worthy?* Why, every Body knows him in *Glouceſterſhire*; Vather has work'd for him, and the old 'Squire, theſe twenty Year chu'd zeem. He's a fine Man, and has no more Pride in him, than I have. He keeps a topping Houſe. ——He has humming *March* Beer, and deadly ſtrong Cyder; there's rare Doings at *Curſmas.*

Wid. What Doings?

Fain. Why, he keeps open Houſe for all Comers.

Wid. He ought to be very rich; whoſe Oeconomy is ſo profuſe.

Fain. Rich, Quotha! Nouns, he knows no End of his Means;

Means; he has a mort of Land! I ha' ſeen a Hundred at Dinner in the great Hall, one *Plough-Monday*; all his own Tenants; and Maſter was ſo familiar and ſo merry wi' 'em, and made 'em ſo drunk! Lord, what Work was there!—

Wid. It was a beaſtly Pleaſure; and no Sign of his Frugality, whatever it may be of his good Nature.

Fain. Ah! he is the ſweeteſt natur'd Man in the World. Nobody ever ſaw him out of Humour, that ever I could hear on: His Vather, indeed, won'd bawl and make a Noiſe, chu'd zeem; but as for thick ſame Gentleman, he's quite another Thing; he is ſo good to the Poor, and ſo loving to his Neighbours; that there's not a Man twenty Miles round him, but would run thro' Fire and Water for him.——He is counted a main wiſe Man too; he makes no more of a Lawyer, or a Juſtice of the Peace, than, than, than, yow do of me, Madam.——Nay, it's thought by zome Volk, that he is ſo deep learned, than an he wou'd, he cou'd puzzle, even the Parſon o' the Pariſh.

Wid. That may be; and he no Conjurer neither. He ſhall know what a Favourite he is of yours.——

Fain. That he knows already. [*Aſide.*

Wid. You ſeem to know him perfectly well.

Fain. I wiſh you knew him as well—Madam!

Wid. It is pity he is not a Man of Quality; theſe Qualifications, tho' I confeſs they are very bright ones, ſignify nothing without a Title, *Jeffery!*

Fain. I'm ſure thy Vanity will never intitle thee to the Heart of any Man of Senſe. [*Aſide.*

Wid. Go, get me ſome Tea.

Fain. Did I not hope to command in my Turn; I ſhou'd not obey ſo readily. [*Exit.*

Enter Judith.

Jud. There's a Lady below, that wants yow, ſhe ſays, ——Madam.

Wid. Bring her up.——This muſt be the Lady, Sir *John* mention'd.

Enter Louiſa, *with a Letter.*

Lou. 'Tis from *Olivia*, Madam.

[*Gives her the Letter, ſhe opens it, and reads.*

Wid. You are welcome, Madam—— I'll wait on you to that Apartment my Couſin mentions. It is impoſſible Mr. *Freeman* ſhould know it to be any part of my Houſe, when

he is brought in by the Back-door; your own Servants muſt attend; I'll give Orders that none of mine are ſeen on that Side of the Houſe.

Lou. I am extremely obliged to you, Madam. I have ſent a Letter to Mr. *Freeman*, and expect his Return every Moment.——I'll wait on you, Madam.

Wid. Be pleas'd to walk this Way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws*, Louiſa *coming forwards*, *meets* Flora.

Lou. Is *Frederick* come back, *Flora?*

Flor. Yaw, ye Vrow, an he heb dat Letter gi brought. [*Gives her a Letter.* Exit *Flora.*

Lou. What Pleaſure once theſe Letters gave me!
And with what Eagerneſs I broke the Seals!
Then kiſs'd and dwelt upon each poiſon'd, pleaſing Vow!
And thought the Perjury all faithful Love.
——But now!——
I fear to read; ſo much his Stile is alter'd!——
[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*

MADAM,

I AM not more ſurpriz'd to hear you are in England, *than that you ſo earneſtly deſire to ſee me before I am married. But ſince you promiſe it ſhall be the laſt Trouble you'll give me of this Kind, I deſign to oblige and wait on you immediately, to know your important Buſineſs. If it be to upbraid me with Paſt Conduct, you muſt expect but a ſhort Viſit, from*

Your humble Servant, FREEMAN.

Lou. Perfidious Man; well may'ſt thou not ſtay,
To hear thoſe ſolemn Vows repeated
Which thou didſt make ſo falſely.

Enter Flora.

Flora. Here bin Minheer *Freeman*, ye Vrow.

Lou. Shew him up. [*Exit* Flora.
Oh, my Heart! —— Lie ſtill, thou Flutterer!
And aid me all the cunning Courage of my Sex!

Enter Freeman. *Salutes her.*

Lou. That cold Salute, is not like my *Freeman*.
You was not wont to kiſs me thus!

Ned. Faith, Madam, I keep no Journal of my Pleaſures; ſo can't recollect how I us'd to behave myſelf. [*walks about.*

Lou. With what Indifference he regards me!
Hold in Reſentment. [*Aſide.* *Ned.*

Ned. Pray, Madam, what brought you to *England?*

Lou. Do you aſk? Why I follow where you lead me. Where ſhould I be, but where my Huſband is?

Ned. Hold, hold —— You'll ſpoil my Marriage—— Huſband! Ha, ha, ha! Don't you rave, Child!

Lou. Have you forgot the Promiſes you made me?

Ned. No, nor what you gave me in Return, neither, my Dear.

Lou. Did not you love me, *Freeman?*

Ned. Did not I give thee Proofs of it? How does my Boy do? Ha! I think you muſt lend him me for a Pattern. You have heard I am going to be married, I find.

Lou. Yes—I've heard ſuch a News, but cannot think it true. [*Weeps.*

Ned. I can't help that. Nay, nay, nay, if you are at that Sport, good bye t'ye.—— [*Going, ſhe ſtops him.*

Lou. You ſhall not go.

Ned. Indeed but I ſhall, Madam——Piſh! prithee ſhew me none of your Tragedy-Airs. Let go my Coat. You know, I hate to ſee Women cry.——To what purpoſe are theſe Tears?——I thought I gave you a Caution of it in my Letter. [*Struggles to get from her.*

Lou. O do not ſtruggle to be gone, but hear me; my Tears will fall, but I'll ſtrive to ſuppreſs 'em.

Ned. Do ſo; for if you have any thing to ſay to me, you muſt deliver it in a more entertaining Manner, or I'm your humble Servant. Again! Humph!——I imagin'd how 'twould be——'S'Death! what a Fool was I to come! I hate Upbraidings of this Nature.

Lou. I ſent not for you to upbraid you.
I ſee too well I've loſt your Heart.
May ſhe be happy who enjoys it now.
Yet ſure your Pity's not extinguiſhed too.
Not for my Sake, but for your Child's, I hope it;
Who, if you relieve him not, muſt periſh.——
My Father, ſome three Weeks ago, expir'd,
And left me but a Shilling to ſupport me.
No Friend have we on Earth if you are not one.

Ned. Well! and could not you have told me this without whimpering?—Pox o'the old Dog! A Shilling!—What a Duce ſhall I do with this Heifer and her Calf now! She comes very unlucky too at this Time. If *Olivia* ſhould

hear of her, my Buſineſs will be done there. *(Aſide.)* Send out your Maid, *Louiſa*.

Lou. Leave the Room; but when I call, do as I directed. *(Aſide.)* *Exit* Flora.

Ned.(Sitting down.) What do you pay for theſe Lodgings?

Lou. The People are related to a Friend of mine in *Holland*, from whom I brought a Letter. I believe they let no Lodgings. I would not willingly treſpaſs long upon them.

Ned. Well, my Servant ſhall take Lodgings for you. *(Pulls her on his Knee, and kiſſes her.)* You fooliſh Girl you, to blubber and ſpoil your Face at this Rate, when you have nothing elſe to truſt to! *(He wipes her Eyes.)*—So, there! Kiſs me again, you Chit, you.—I'll take Care of you. I have a Man in my Eye; a Lord too, that is very fond too, of your Country-women.

Lou. What means my Deareſt. [*Riſes.*

Ned. To get thee a good Settlement. A Lord's Miſtreſs lives as great as his Wife, and is as much reſpected in our Country.——And thou ſhalt be initiated, according to Cuſtom.

Lou. Monſtrous, filthy Cuſtom!
Indeed, my *Freeman*, I'll be only thine:
For after thee, I ne'er can love another.

Ned. Piſh, piſh; yes, yes, a Hundred, I warrant thee.—

Lou. Unkind, and cruel!——Can I love——

Ned. Well, well, as to Love, that's not eſſential to a Miſtreſs: Provided the Gallant has your Perſon, you may diſpoſe as you think fit of your Inclination.

Lou. Sometimes to ſee my *Freeman*'s all I wiſh.

Ned. Well, well, you ſhall ſee me; but we muſt manage that Point with Prudence: There muſt be a *Decorum* obſerved at home. For if it ſhould reach my Wife's Ear, it wou'd prevent my ſeeing you at all—Ah, *Louiſa!* I wiſh the Lady I'm to marry, lov'd me as well as thou doſt.

Lou. I hope ſhe does.

Ned. No, faith, ſhe ſays ſhe hates me; ſo that, for ought I know, thou'rt in a fair Way to be revenged of me.

Lou. I wiſh it not, nor would I ſeek Revenge on thee, more than on my own Heart. — *Flora! (Goes to the Scene, and calls.)*——You muſt drink ſomething with me.——

Enter Flora, *with two Glaſſes of Wine on a Salver.*

Lou. Come, here's to your future Happineſs!

Ned.

Ned. I'll pledge that generous Toaſt, and kiſs thee for't. —Why this is as it ſhould be now. *(Kiſſes her.)* If Women underſtood their own Intereſt, they'd find us leſs prepared to reſiſt the Force of their good Humour, than all the Artillery of Tears and Ranting! — Egad! methinks thou art as handſome now, as when I firſt enjoy'd thee: Lips as ſoft, and panting Breaſt as hard as ever!—Oh, you are a tempting Baggage; *(embracing her.)*—What if we ſhould try to get a Girl to our Boy, *Louiſa?*

Lou. What! Sin a-new, e'er we have repented of the paſt?

Ned. Sin, you ſilly Jade! Come, come, we'll repent once for all, my Dear. [*Pulling her.*

Lou. It muſt be quickly then —Or Life will be too ſhort to do it!

Ned. What ſay'ſt thou?

Lou. Forgive me, *Freeman!* thou art poiſoned. [*Falls on her Knees.*

Ned. Ha!—Dye thou then, from whoſe Hand I took it! [*Draws and runs at* Flora.

Flora. (Shrieking.) Ha! ick hab nit dat gedan, Mynheer. [Louiſa *riſes, and runs between the Maid and him.*

Lou. O ſpare the Maid, who acted by my Order,
And turn the Point on me the ſole Aggreſſor.
I had no other Way to keep thee mine.

Ned. Am I then caught! poiſon'd!—What! Die the Death of Rats!—Confuſion! Murdered by my Whore!

Lou. No, I'm thy Wife, thou vile Detractor!
Thou wou'dſt have made me that deteſted Thing!—
Shame on thy Project to expoſe thy Wife!

Ned. Wife! Name that no more, I charge thee,
Leſt I forget thy Sex, and ſpurn thee from me!

Lou. Not name it? Yes, I will, whilſt living, name it.
Call Heaven to Mind, who witneſs'd to your Vows;
By whom you ſwore when firſt our Faiths were plighted.
It was by yon All-ſeeing Power above,
At whoſe Tribunal we ſhall ſoon appear.
Death ſummons now our trembling Souls to Trial;
Stript of Excuſes, Cuſtom, and Evaſion;
This guilty Deed of mine will fall to thee.
There, there, our Marriage Contract is recorded!
There is a Judge from whom you can't appeal:

Your Jury can't be brib'd to ſave you:
Your caſting Witneſs is your broken Vows!
Ned. Methinks her Words pierce like a Dagger, thro' me,
And more than ever, now I wiſh to live——
Repair thy Fault, and call Phyſicians hither. [*To* Flora.
Lou. Call the kind Phyſician of the Soul,
Thy Body can receive no help from Art.
The Poiſon is too ſtrong, t'admit of Antidotes.
Ned. Then Heav'n have Mercy on my Soul. [*Kneels.*
O my *Louiſa!* canſt thou forgive me? [*Riſes.*
O could Revenge, the blackeſt Fiend in Hell,
Shroud itſelf beneath that Angel's Form?
Lou. Call't not Revenge, but Love.—— Be Witneſs, Heav'n.
I drank the healing Draught, with greater, ſtronger
Guſt of Pleaſure, than other take rich Cordials,
To lengthen fleeting Life, which I deſpiſe.
Since in fair Fame I could not live thy Wife,
My only Wiſh was, we might dye together.
Oh! my Heart!
Ned. The Poiſon works! I feel it too in mine!
Oh! might I live to make thee Satisfaction.——
Lou. And wou'dſt thou do it? wou'dſt thou marry me?
Ned. As willingly as I did ever promiſe thee.
Lou. My Soul revives at thy returning Virtue,
Only to bear the Rack of deep Deſpair——
Now, now, I do repent the deſperate Deed,
And wiſh my *Freeman*'s Life a longer Date.
I ſhould have trod the Paths of Death alone!
But 'twill not be!——A few ſhort Minutes hence
We both ſhall be no more!
Ned. Oh! Shock of Nature! Bitterneſs of Thought!
O! whither am I going?——
Haſte! Let the holy Man be call'd!
And 'tis moſt fit a Lawyer too be ſent for.
Something I muſt adjuſt before I go——
And then, oh! World, farewell!
Lou. Haſte *Flora*, and obey. [*Exit* Flora.
Ned. I feel a ſtrange Diſorder in my Brain!
My Heart beats faſt too, and my Spirits flutter!
My boiling Blood runs ſwiftly thro' my Veins,
In haſte to man the laſt Retreat of Life!
Oh! *Louiſa!* wou'd I had married thee—— *Lou.*

Lou. Do it now. 'Twill wipe off many Sins from thee,
When we appear in t'other World together———
The virtuous Act may plead my Pardon too,
Thou canſt but forgive the Raſhneſs of my Love.
Again, upon my Knees I aſk it.

Mrd. As willingly as I would be forgiven.
A ſudden Faintneſs ſeizes me all over:
I will be thine, if Life will laſt ſo long.

Lou. Bleſt Sound!——Come lean on me.
I'll lead thee to my Bed.
Where we will reſt, and wait the holy Man.
The Bridal Bed, *from whence we* both *ſhall riſe,*
Diſrob'd of Scandal, to ſubſtantial Joys. [Exeunt.

SCENE *changes to* Watchit's *Houſe.*

Mrs. Watchit *in a Night-dreſs on a Couch.*

Mrs. *Wat.* I wonder what carries my Huſband out of Town ſo late! But no Matter, is gives me an Opportunity to ſee *Freeman*, who I know will be here as ſoon as *Lucy* has given the Signal.—Ha! ſure I heard the Door go.

Enter Watchit.

Wat. I have unluckily forgot my Powder-horn; and how I ſhall find it in the Dark, I can't tell—I don't care to diſturb the Family for a Candle.

Mrs. *Wat.* He is here already—Oh, the dear impatient Man!—Bleſs me, *Lucy*, why did you let him come ſo ſoon? I don't think your Maſter is got out of the Street yet.

Wat. How's this? [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Wat.* And if he ſhould take it in his Head to come back, I ſhould be terrible frighted.

Wat. Ounds! I'm Thunder-ſtruck! this Dog of a Fryar is here already! and of *Lucy*'s bringing. Oh! the Jade! Ad's-heart! I might have waited without Doors 'till Dooms-day.

Mrs. *Wat.* Diſtraction! What have I ſaid?—It is my Huſband's Voice; what will become of me now? [*Aſide.*

Wat. Here needs no Conjuration. My Turtle ſeems willing enough to coo with him; and is only afraid I ſhould return to ſpoil the Sport. Oh the Strumpet! But let me hear what this Rogue anſwers. Which Way will ſhe get off now, I wonder? [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Wat.* I have no Pretence to get off, but by going

Aside.) Well, *Lucy* tells me you are the moſt dextrous [illegible] at this Buſineſs. ——

Wat. Buſineſs! What are they come to Buſineſs, already?

Mrs. *Wat.* I know not why; but methinks, I'm [illegible] afraid to venture on a Stranger.

Wat. A Stranger? What, then this is a new Rogue?—Ounds! I ſhall be cuckolded by Church and State.

Mrs. *Wat.* How now! What do you mean? You won't come to Bed to me, ſure?

Wat. You'll take it very ill if he don't—— Ounds, I han't Patience to hear it out.

Mrs. *Wat.* O Gemini! What do you do? —— How dare you be ſo rude?

Wat. There's a Queſtion to aſk a Man that ſhe has brought into her Bed-chamber.

Mrs. *Wat.* If my Huſband ſhould come.

Wat. As he really is————

Mrs. *Wat.* If he ſhould catch you————

Wat. As he moſt ſurely will——Thou Sorcereſs.

Mrs. *Wat.* Nay, nay; indeed, and indeed, but I won't.

Wat. Indeed, and indeed, but you will.——This is a thorough-pac'd Cuckold-making Dog!—— How ſoftly the Villain whiſpers! —I can't hear one Word he ſays.

Mrs. *Wat.* What gave you the Aſſurance to imagine I'd cuckold my Huſband, who is the beſt of Huſbands?

Wat. That's a Lye.

Mrs. *Wat.* Let me go, will you? I pro[illegible] I'll cry out.

Wat. That's another Lye.

Mrs. *Wat.* Nay; Lord! Piſh; don't—Fy!—What do you do? [*Speaks as if ſhe was ſtruggling with ſomebody.*

Wat. 'S'Death! I ſhall ſtand and hear myſelf cuckolded! —A Light! a Light, there! Thieves, Thieves! A Light, a Light!—— [*She riſes haſtily. He pulls out a Piſtol.*

Mrs. *Wat.* Ah, Heavens! What Noiſe is that? Why *Lucy, Lucy!* Thieves, Thieves! A Light, a Light! (*She gropes about, and lays hold on his Piſtol.*) Thieves!—Ah, a Piſtol! Murder, Murder! Oh ſave my Life, and I'll lead you to all the Money, Plate, and Jewels in the Houſe. Oh, oh, oh!

Enter Lucy *with a Light.*

Mrs. *Wat. Mum's!* Oh, ſave me, ſave me!

[*Flies about his Neck.*

Wat.

Wat. Off, thou foul Adultreſs! Don't think to ſmuggle me, 'till your leud Paramour eſcapes.

[*Snatches the Candle, and looks about.*

Lucy. Bleſs me, Madam! Maſter looks as if he would eat a-body! What was all this Outcry for?

Mrs. *Wat.* I'll tell you anon. [*Aſide to* Lucy.

Wat. Where have you hid this Rogue of your providing, Huſſey? Ha?

Lucy. Of my providing? what do you mean, Sir?

Mrs. *Wat.* Nay, nay, don't ſtand prating; but call up the Servants to aſſiſt your Maſter.——Don't, dear *Mumps*, don't be too venturesome. The Thieves have Piſtols, and may kill thee.

Wat. May they ſo! A Pox o' your Sneer—Now does ſhe look as if ſhe knew not a Word of the Matter.

Mrs. *Wat.* I hope to prevent your knowing one Word of the Matter, that's my Comfort. [*Aſide.*

Lucy. Why, what ſhould ſhe know, Sir?

Wat. Go look, Mrs. *Pander.*

Mrs. *Wat.* I'm ſure, I know nothing, but that I was wak'd with the Cry of Thieves, Thieves! If it was a falſe Alarm, ſo much the better: It did me Service, however, for it wak'd me out of a Dream, that frighted me as bad as the Noiſe did.

Wat. A Dream! Why, what was you dreaming on, pray?

Mrs. *Wat.* Why, methought *Lucy* had brought me a Corn-cutter, a great, fat, clumſey, black Fellow; but the moſt dextrous Fellow in the World, ſhe told me, at that Buſineſs.

Wat. (Aſide.) Ha! I remember dextrous was one of the Words ſhe ſpoke. Perhaps it might be nothing but a Dream.

Mrs. *Wat.* And the impudent ugly Villain, methought, would have come to bed to me. I was ſtruggling with him in my Sleep, and vowed I'd cry out juſt as the Noiſe wak'd me.

Wat. Say'ſt thou ſo, *Pud!* And was all this ſplutter about a Corn-cutter?——Why then, to tell thee the Truth, thou didſt cry out, and I thinking Thieves were got into the Houſe, cry'd out too; for I never dream't of thy talking in thy Sleep, Child.——I don't remember ever to have heard thee before.

Lucy. So have I, an hundred Times; but y… loud, that nobody's Noiſe can be heard but … —— This Corn-cutter has put the Corn-make… Head. I ſmell the Plot already.

Mrs. *Wat.* *(Aſide.)* It takes, as I could w… where was *Freeman, Lucy?*

Lucy. Gone out, Madam.

Mrs. *Wat.* *(Aſide.)* 'Twas lucky that he w… *Mumps!* I know what you thought.

Lucy. Ay, Madam, he thought you had got … through the Key-hole. Had I a Huſband o… Temper, I'd fit him, I warrant him. He ſh… jealous of me for nothing.

Wat. That I dare ſwear.

Lucy. As you are of my Lady. She has a c… Life, has ſhe not? To have you vex and teaze, … her Reſt for nothing.

Wat. Take care I don't break your Head for …

Lucy. I care not if you do. I will ſpeak. … not uſe my Lady worſe, if ſhe had cuckolde… You are like ſome litigious Farmers, who p… Neighbours Cattle for a Treſpaſs, tho' they … Ground than they can ſtock themſelves.

Wat. Huſſey! You have Stock for the wh… ——Get out of my Sight, or I'll break your … Stairs.

Mrs. *Wat.* Excellent Wench! *(Aſide.)* Fy… you talk to your Maſter? I aſſure you I ſha… my Service, if you don't behave yourſelf bett…

Lucy. I ſhall get another, I hope, if yo… think I'll be ſuſpected of procuring Gallants … he not aſk where the Rogue was of my procu… bring my Action againſt you for Scandal. I … but my Reputation to live by. Take that … you take all. If he's your Huſband, Ma… mine. [*Ba…*

Wat. No, thank Heaven, I have enough … Mrs. *Wat.* Leave the Room, I ſay.

Lucy. It's for, for, your Sake—or, or—I… out! *(Sobs.)* Take away *my* Reputation!

Wat. Oh! the wondrous Reputation of a C… —This Slut has ſtrangely provok'd me. … rid of her. [*Aſide.*

Wat. (*Aſide.*) I wiſh I knew what brought him and if he intends to go again.

(*Aſide.*) Ah! that the Huſband of that charming ſhould be cornuted by a Prieſt!——

Wat. (*Aſide.*) What would I give to be rid of his ny? Yet I dare not aſk him, how he deſigns to himſelf, for my Soul.

What art thou thinking of, *Pudſey?*

Wat. Of your Unkindneſs, *Mumps!* To pretend s out of Town, and leave me ſtarving in Bed by I'm ſure if you lov'd me, you would not let Bu- ke you from my Arms. Indeed, indeed, you would *Mumpſey.* [*In a wheedling Tone.*

Ah! thoſe pretty Pouters! I muſt kiſs them, thou g Pug thou: (*Kiſſes her.*) Doſt thou really love wn *Mumpy?*

Wat. Naughty *Mumps!* is that a Queſtion now! given you all the Signs of it? Don't I lie cloſe to ack? and warm your Feet every Night in my Lap? eep gently out o' Bed in the Morning, without you? Don't I? Can you deny all this, *Mumps?*

No, nor I won't deny it, *Pudſey.* And I hope llow me ſome Merit in my Turn, *Pudſey.*

Wat. Nay, *Mumps,* I ſcorn to derogate from your I muſt confeſs, you never do any thing to break s, but when you are ſo naughty to leave me.—— n I do ſo tumble, and toſs—and dream—and am ſo fright—as I was now, you know——Well, I you than't go out again to Night!—If you do, I ove you again theſe three Days; ſo I won't.

[*Pats him on the Cheek.*

Thou handſome Creature! Oh! 'twas that be- g Leer, that ſnapt my Heart——What has ſhe in d now?—I never knew her in this wheedling Hu- but ſhe had ſome Deſign. (*Aſide.*)—Well, *Pudſey,* this begging Face put on for?

Wat. That's a Secret paſt your finding out. [*Aſide.*

What can I do to pleaſe my *Pudſey?*

Wat. E'en very little, truly. (*Aſide.*)—I could tell *umpſey*; but may be, you won't do it.

But may be I will do it. [*In a fond Tone.*

Wat. Won't you go out no more to Night, then?

But

But ſay your Prayers, and go to Bed, and ſnore like any little Pig in your *Punny*'s Boſey?

Wat. (*Aſide.*) Humph! Now is ſhe afraid of her gouſtly Father. She certainly ſmokes my Deſign—On my Conſcience, ſhe's in Love with him—I warrant, he's a ſtrapping young Dog—— Ounds! if I can but light of him!

Mrs. *Wat.* What is he pondering on? Pray [illegible] does not take me at my Word, and ſtay at Home in Complaiſance. (*Aſide.*)—What, won't you anſwer me, *Mumps*?

Wat. Why *Pudſey*, thy Kindneſs ſo confounds me, [illegible] I know not what to anſwer thee—I am loth to diſpleaſe thee, and yet I muſt leave thee inſtantly.

Mrs. *Wat.* (*Aſide.*) Little does he think, that 'tis the only Thing he can do to pleaſe me. I hope *Freeman* is come home by this Time.

Wat. I only come back for my Powder-horn; that's all, *Pud*; but I'll make all poſſible haſte back. I will [illegible] *Pudſey*, to make thee eaſy.

Mrs. *Wat.* Or otherwiſe. (*Aſide.*) Well, if it muſt be ſo (*ſighing*) I muſt be content, and make myſelf [illegible] I can without you, *Mumps*. [*In a* [illegible]

Wat. Ay, ay, I won't be long from thee; go, [illegible] get me a Dram, I'll but take my Powder-horn, and follow thee—— [*Enter* Mrs. Watchit.

Watchit *ſolus*.

I know not what to think. Sometimes I think ſhe loves me—and ſometimes I think ſhe does not. And if Father *Domine* comes within the Reach of my Blunderbuſs, [illegible] at him: If not, ſhe ſhall produce him: I'll confront her by her own Confeſſion. If once I get him in my Power, I'll turn his own *Inquiſition* upon him. His *Church* [illegible] tortur'd Heretick, as I will him.

I'll teach him to keep Handmaids *of his own*.
And let his honeſt Neighbours Wives *alone*. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE *Mrs.* Heedleſs's *Houſe*.

Heedleſs, *Sola*.

Wid. I AM ſtrangely divided between Inclination and Grandeur. I confeſs, I like Mr. *Worthy*'s Perſon better

than my Lord's; but marry him, and I shall be call'd Mrs. *Worthy*: Then, where's the Distinction between me and my Brother's Wife: And who in their Senses would part with twenty thousand Pounds, to be nothing what one was before? My Lord can make me a Woman of Quality, and intitle me to treat all below me with Contempt. That carries a valuable Consideration——— Methinks, there is an Air in the very Footman of a Woman of Quality. He approaches with such profound Submission! And in a Tone so soft——*Did your Ladyship call, Madam?* Whereas, now, my blundering Rascals come bolting up to my Nose, with a *Dud you want me, Forsooth?* ———Ha! Lord *Pharaoh-Bank.*

Enter Tally.

Tally. I hope you'll pardon this abrupt Intrusion, Madam. It is intirely chargeable on the Impatience of my Lord. Command my Absence, I beseech you, if I break in upon your more diverting Thoughts.

Wid. I had no Amusements, my Lord, but what ought to give way to better Company.

Tally. You do me a particular Honour in that Distinction.

Wid. If I had not some Skill in the Choice of my Acquaintance, I should be stifled with Impertinence. The first Lesson I teach my Servants, is, to distinguish between Persons of Rank, and the Dross of Human-kind. I am pleas'd to find my Instructions are not lost upon 'em, by admitting one of your Lordship's Figure upon such easy Terms.

Tally. Such an Approbation from a Lady of your good Sense, cannot fail of inspiring me with a better Opinion of myself, and a Confidence of my not being unwelcome to my dear Widow. *(Kisses her.)* She kisses softer than a Southern Wind!

Wid. Pugh! I hate to be complimented with Fragments of another's Wit, my Lord. It argues a Decay of Charms in the Person you address.

Fainwell *peeping.*

Tally. I own it is a Fault, Madam. Your Ladyship has Beauty enough to inspire the dullest Genius with something more.

Fain. *(Aside.)* You mean, she has Money enough to inspire you with Impudence.

Tally. Apollo and the Muses dwell upon these Lips. Another Kiss, and I shall be———

Wid. A Poet.

Tally. Whatever you would have me.

Wid. Say you ſo, my Lord? I have an old [illegible] into my Head—Will you give me a Proof of my Power, my Lord? I want an Elegy.

Tally. On a departed Monkey, or a favourite Kitten, preſume.

Wid. No, upon a living Subject.

Fain. (Aſide.) A pretty new Invention, to bury People before they are dead.

Tally. A living Subject! An Elegy upon a living Subject!

Wid. You are not inſpir'd yet, I find, my Lord. I want a Characteriſtick of human Life; dead, and yet ſenſible.

Fain. (Aſide.) Myſtery!

Tally. Popery, downright Popery! May the Church of *England* defend us.——Let me ſee! What dead Folks have we among the Living?——There's a [illegible] An old Beau—A broken Tradeſman—A [illegible] ſon—A *Quondam South-Sea* Director—An Eunuch—an, an old Maid.

Wid. You have hit it, my Lord.

Tally. Then crown my Succeſs with another Draught of *Nectar*.

Fain. [*Aſide.*] How warmly the Rogue [illegible] makes Love with as much Aſſurance as if he had [illegible] Bottles of *Burgundy* in his Belly, and a [illegible] port his Impudence.

Wid. I proteſt, one ſhou'd take your Lordſhip for a Soldier; for you attack a Woman, as they do a Fortify'd Town.

Tally. Love and War agree in every [illegible] Widow; the Blockade of a Town reſembles the Obſtinate Woman, and a phlegmatick Lover, who [illegible] her into Compliance. A Kiſs now and then from [illegible] Lover, is like ſtealing a March, and ſurprizing the Enemy by a circumſpect General. But eager and repeated Kiſſes are, like Storming, more glorious to the Aſſailant.

[*Embracing and kiſſing her.*

Fain. (Aſide.) Theſe Rogues happen into good Company ſometimes, one may know by their Gleanings of Wit.

Wid. Oh gad, my Lord, what do you mean, by ruffling one at this Rate?

Tally. Judge my Meaning, by the Quickneſs of my Paſſion.

g of my Heart, and Trembling
onable Proofs of Love, and e
Come, come! Thou art ne
ing!—My Life, my Soul!
Pleasure.
ow, my Lord?
e.) Sure she won'd not have

w! for a Woman of thy Ex
! — Come, come, the Sigh
refresh thy Memory.
!—Nay, fy—Be civil, my L
[Sa
e.) Humph! — If it come to
r Volly of Kisses, and she su

, struggling is your Sex's P
Resistance but inflames Desire.
esh, I'll cry out, my Lord.
all my Heart. Your Serva
han to come, if you do.——
of that.
secure the Rogue thinks him
will positively enjoy thee this N
please.
ot at all, my Lord, if you wer
England!
the Parson this Minute t
[A
d! You stop one's Breath——
Man!
ient, quotha! Who can be
mpatience for the Blessing?—
my Lord, let us sign Articles——
e thee a *Charte-Blanche*.
I may this Night take Po

ince your Lordship will ha
ou mou'not go in, an yow
effery's *Voice.*) (Fainwell
ll you, I had your Lady's
muſt, and will go in: So,
your Leave.

Fain-

00141341

Digitized with financial assistance from
Hemendra Kothari
on 06 November, 2019